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CAR. I. TABORIS.

Quotcumque libros iudex unum iudicem lego.

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F.R.C.S.E., L.S.A.,

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THE  
WORKS  
OF  
M<sup>R</sup>. Thomas Brown,  
In PROSE and VERSE;  
Serious, Moral, and Comical.

CONTAINING,

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>A Dialogue between two Oxford Scholars.</p> <p>A pleasant Dialogue of the <i>Saints</i>, after the manner of <i>Lucian</i>.</p> <p>An <i>Essay</i> on the Satyr of the <i>Ancients</i></p> <p>A short <i>Essay</i> on Modern Satyr.</p> <p>A Satyr of <i>Persius</i>.</p> <p>A Satyr against <i>Woman</i>.</p> <p>A Satyr on Marriage.</p> <p>A Satyr on the French King, occasion'd by the Peace of <i>Reswick</i>.</p> <p>Mr. Brown's Petition to the King and Council, under Confinement.</p> <p>The Satyr against <i>Wit</i> burlesqu'd.</p> <p>An Oration in Praise of Drunkenness.</p> <p>A Declamation of <i>Adverbs</i> in Latin.</p> <p>The same in English.</p> <p>A Declamation in Praise of <i>Riches</i>.</p> <p>A Declamation in Praise of <i>Poverty</i>.</p> <p>Mr. Brown's Table-talk or Amuse-</p> | <p>ments, Serious and Comical.</p> <p>— his Pocket-Book.</p> <p>— his Comical View of <i>London</i> and <i>Westminster</i>.</p> <p>Poems, Epigrams, and Latin Verses.</p> <p>Observations on <i>Homer</i>, <i>Virgil</i>, <i>Ovid</i>, &amp;c. Collected from his MS. never before printed, with Mr. Brown's Collections of Letters.</p> <p>Original Letters, address'd to several of his Friends.</p> <p><i>Aristanetus's</i> Letters, in two Parts, translated from the <i>Greek</i>, with large Improvements.</p> <p>Letters from the best <i>Latin</i> Authors.</p> <p>Letters from the best <i>French</i> Authors.</p> <p>Letters from the Dead to the Living, in Three Parts; the Third Part never before Printed.</p> |
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To which is prefix'd,

A CHARACTER of Mr. *Tho. Brown* and his WRITINGS, by *JAMES DRAKE*, M. D. Fellow of the College of Physicians and Royal Society.

London, Printed for SAM. BRISCOE, and Sold by B. Bragg, at the Raven in Pater-noster-Row. 1707.

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A  
**CHARACTER**  
OF  
*Mr. Tho. Brown & his Writings.*

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Written by *James Drake*, M. D. Fellow  
of the College of *Physicians* and *Royal Society*.

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**T**H E unfair and injurious Liberties that have been taken with *Mr. Brown*, since his Death, render it necessary, by a just *Character*, to remove that Load of Dirt and Ribbaldry, which have been thrown upon his Ashes; and to vindicate his Wit and Learning from the rude Insults of those that have neither. *Oxford* was an early Witness of his extraordinary Genius, which he signaliz'd at *Christ-Church* whilst yet very Young, by divers Odes, and Copies of excellent *Latin* Verses, and other extraordinary Exercises, many of which are extant in some of the Printed Exercises of that *University* upon publick Occasions, but under other Names; a Practice very frequent there, for the Youth of Wit and Learning to grace those of better Quality with their Productions, and especially necessary to *Mr. Brown*, whose Fortune obliged him to prefer Money (which he only wanted) to Reputation, of which he had enough. There is but one (that I remem-  
ber)

## Dr. Drake's Character

ber) preserv'd with his own Name to it, which is Printed in the First Volume of the *Musa Oxoniensis*, under the Title of *Soteria Ormondiana*; which tho' written while he was very Young, is equal to any Modern Ode whatsoever. This may suffice to give the Learned Reader a Taste of the Delicacy of his *Latin* Poetry, which would his Fortune have allow'd him to have cultivated with due Care and Application, he might perhaps have excelled any Modern whomsoever in it.

By this Talent, and some witty Pieces in *English*, which because *Ludicrous*, tho' ingenious, and such as are not only excused, but admir'd in Youth, he took no Care to preserve, he became Famous in the University. But the Disadvantages of a narrow Fortune, and an Education in a private Country-School, which intituled him to no Academical Preferment, would not suffer him to continue very long there, where the Expence was like to be too great for him, and the Prospect of Preferment too little. From thence he came to Town, without any other Recommendation, than a Stock of Wit and Learning sufficient to have advanc'd him to a much better Fortune than he ever lived to see. His Wit soon procur'd him a numerous Acquaintance here, who being greater Admirers, and more competent Judges of that, than of his Learning, made him more Ostentatious of it, and perhaps think it the  
furer



furur Recommendation. His Conversation was always pleasant and entertaining, seldom serious, but like his Humour, which was negligent and chearful, fitter for Company than Business, which made it very much coveted by those who knew no other Use of Time, than to pass it away agreeably. By these he was much esteem'd and cherish'd; and as they were the most fond of him, so they were the most agreeable to his Temper, which was naturally averse to Business and severe Thinking, so it's probable, if his Fortune had been easier, the World had seen less of his Writing. But those merry Companions that robb'd him of his Time, were not the Men that could provide for his Subsistence: A Jest and a merry Tale, tho' they might sometimes pay for his Wine, would not find Cloaths and Lodging: For those, he was forced to have Recourse to his Pen; Wit and Learning being the only Revenue he had to subsist upon. The first Piece which made him known to the Town, was an Account of the Conversion of Mr. Bayes, in a Dialogue, which met with a Reception suitable to the Wit, Spirit, and Learning of it.

But this, tho' it brought him abundance of Reputation, did not add much to his Substance; for, tho' it made his Company exceedingly coveted, and might have recommended him to the Great, as well as to the Ingenious, yet he was of an Humour not to chuse his Acquaintance by his Interest,

## Dr. Drake's Character

rest, and slighted such an Opportunity then, as others, by improving Wisely, have risen to great Dignities and Preferment by.

The Stile of his Dialogue was like that of his ordinary Conversation, lively and facetious, and the Matter full of sound Argument and fine Learning, but managed according to his natural Temper, with a great deal of Humour, and in a Burlesque way, which make both the Reasoning and the Reading, which are abundantly shewn in 'em, extreamly surprizing and agreeable. The same Manner and Humour runs through all his Writings, whether Dialogues, Letters, or Poems; of all which kinds of Writings, he has left behind him not a few. The only considerable Objection which the Criticks have made to his Writings, is, That some of 'em have thought they wanted Delicacy, not considering, that Delicacy is not the Character of Humour, and perhaps scarce consistent with it. But in answer to this, it may be affirm'd, that there is as much Delicacy in his Writings as the Nature of humorous Satyr, which is the chief Beauty of his Works, will admit; which requiring strong Ideas, will sometimes unavoidably have 'em hard too. But that Delicacy which they so much require, by too much softening the Colours, weakens the Drawing. Others have complain'd, That his Writings are unequal, a Fault that no Man that hath writ much, ever avoided, not *Homer*, *Horace*, or *Virgil* themselves



## of Mr. Tho. Brown:

excepted. That this was not his Fault, beyond the unavoidable Condition of Humanity, is apparent from the Equality of his Dialogues, of which the Second and Third Part of Mr. Bayes's Conversion are not inferior to the First; nor were they worse receiv'd in the World; a Fate which has befallen few Second and Third Parts. The same may be said of his other Dialogues, in which kind of Writing no *English*-Man has hitherto excell'd him, perhaps few will hereafter equal. His Letters, tho' written loosely, and in a careless way to private Friends, bare the true Stamp and Image of their Author, and the same Humour and Spirit runs through 'em. The Variety of his Learning, may be seen in the *Lacedæmonian Mercury*, where abundance of Critical Questions of great Nicety are answer'd with a great deal of Solidity and Judgment as well as Wit and Humour. But that Design exposing him too much for his Humour to the Scruples of the Grave, and to the Curiosity of the Impertinent, he continued not that Design long.

But perhaps one, and that the main Reason, why Mr. Brown has been charged with Inequality in his Writings is, that most of the Anonymous things that took with the Town, were father'd upon him.

This, tho' an Injury in Reality to him, is a plain Demonstration of the Universality of his Reputation, when whatever pleas'd from an unknown Hand, was ascrib'd to him:

## Dr. Drake's Character

him : And thus he came to be the reputed Author of many things very unworthy of him. In Poetry, he was not the Author of any long piece; of which, if any be found less correct than might be expected from a Man of his Judgment and Learning, it must be imputed to his being unambitious of a Reputation in that kind; however, that Negligence is abundantly recompenced by the Richness of his Fancy. His Poems are most of 'em Imitations of Antiquity, and so called by him, but generally so improved under his Hands, they may justly be esteem'd Originals : They were generally *Odes*, *Satyrs*, or *Epigrams*, and tho' most of 'em be admirable, and some almost inimitable, yet perhaps they are not much out in their Judgment, who think his Poetry not the best part of his Works.

Of his Translations in Prose, &c. much need not be said; they were many, and of various kinds; but in general, thus much, that he was just to his Authors, and understood *Greek*, *Latin*, and *French* excellently well, which were the Languages out of which he Translated; nor was he ignorant of the *Italian* and *Spanish*. His *English* was pure, his Stile strong and clear; and if he was not so nice in the Choice of his Authors as might be expected from a Man of his Taste, he must be excused, because doing those things for his Subsistence, he did not consult his own Liking so much as his Booksellers, and took such as they offer'd  
the



## of Mr. Tho. Brown.

the best Price for. Nor can he be blamed for this, since Fortune having provided no other way for him to Live by, Prudence directed him to prefer the Drudgery of *most Gain* before a more spacious one of *Applause*, and taught him not to barter his *Ease* and *Profit* for the Reputation of being nice.

To sum up all, if he cannot be called one of our best Poets, he was undeniably one of our greatest Genius's; and tho' some may have excelled him in some Particulars, scarce any one has reach'd him in all. It was his Misfortune to appear upon the Stage of the World when Fears and Jealousies had sour'd the Peoples Blood, and Politicks and Polemicks had almost driven Mirth and good Humour out of the Nation; so that that careless gay Humour, and negligent chearful Wit, which in former Days of Tranquility would have made him the Delight of Princes, was in a quarrelsome contentious Time lost upon a parcel of thoughtless Men, whom either want of Interest or Ambition rendred uncapable of serving themselves or others.

These, because they did not like some things that were at that time done, or because they did not care a Farthing what was done, possessed themselves first of Mr. Brown, as a Man whose Conversation was the best of their Entertainment; and he on the other Hand, who aimed at nothing more than living pleasantly, indulg'd his own Humour amongst 'em; and living at  
his

his Ease, without Care, sought no farther. Thus, tho' in his first Dialogue he was so happy both in the Choice of his Subject, and in the Execution, as to be read and known by Name to the Ingenious of all Ranks and Conditions, yet he was so regardless of his own Interest, as scarce to make himself known by Face to any Body about the Court, where his Work was at that time in the highest Esteem. But this careless Humour, which lost him that Opportunity, follow'd him through the whole Course of his Life, and submitted him to some undeserved ill Usage and Insults, and gave Courage to petty Scriblers, who envied his Merit, to arraign him upon his Fortune, who yet were never so proud as when their Trifles were by ill Judges taken for his; and took a Pride in attacking him, tho' they never got more by their Performance, than the Reputation of having neither Sense nor Manners.

Some things have been publish'd on him since his Death, with as little Truth in Fact, as Wit in the Performance; the *Authors* of which have shewn but one Sign of Sense, which is, in suppressing their *Names*.



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THE  
 WORKS  
 OF  
 Mr. *Tho. Brozen*  
 IN  
 PROSE *and* VERSE.

---

*A Dialogue between Two Oxford Schollars.*

*A.* **W**ELL! I see thou art resolv'd to leave us.  
 I will not say, Go and be Hang'd ;  
 but go and turn Country-Parson.

*B.* That's almost as bad, as the World goes  
 now : But thanks to my Stars, I know a better  
 Trick than that.

*A.* It may be thou art fallen out with all  
 Mankind, and intendest to turn Quack, or  
 as they call it in the Country, Doctor.

*B.* No such matter, the French can kill Men  
 fast enough ; and for the Women, thou knowest  
 my kindness——

*A.* But some of them have Lived too long ;  
 and there are others so miserable, that even  
 Compassion will incline thee to help them out

of the World. I can assure thee 'tis a profitable Calling, for whether thou dost Kill or Cure, thy Fees will be put into thy Hand, and Ladies Bed-Chambers, thou knowest, are Comfortable places.

B. Yes, when they are found. But prithee speak no more of it, for I am resolv'd against it.

A. What then, art Thou resolv'd for the Law; methinks Thou should'st have too much University Learning, and too much Wit for that Profession.

B. And too much Honesty——But I'll spare thee the pains of guessing, and tell thee in short what my Condition is, and what I design. My Portion is all spent save Fifty pound; and with that I am resolv'd for *London*, or some other Wealthy place, where Conventicles abound; and as a Man of a Tender Conscience, and infinitely dissatisfy'd with several things in the Church of *England*, I will endeavour by some means or other to force my self into an Acquaintance with some of their leading Men, and more especially with some of the most Zealous and Powerful Women among them: And this point once gain'd, I doubt not, but before my Stock is half spent, I shall receive a Call to be Pastor of, or Holderforth in some Congregation or other——Why dost smile.

A. At my Friend's design. And I cannot but admire how it came into thy Head. Thy Ability to manage such a design, I know very well, but how thou wilt dispence with the Knavery of it I am yet to learn.

B. That's a small matter. As the World goes, one must practise a little Knavery, or resolve to leave the World. Dost not know that Religious Cheats are Licens'd by a Law? And shall I live

and



and dye without taking advantage of it? Believe me, Friend, Nature has fitted me pretty well to be one of the Godly Mountebanks, and a little Art, together with few Months Conversation with that sort of People, will supply all Natures defects. Cannot I put on, when I please, a grave and serious Countenance; and with Head depending on one Shoulder a little more than on the other, sigh for the Iniquities of the Times, and the Corruptions of the Church? Cannot I wipe mine Eyes with the fair Pocket-Cloath, as if I wept for all your Abominations? Cannot I groan in Spirit as if ready to burst with Grief and Compassion? And cannot I likewise when Time serves, and Company is dispos'd to be kindly affected with it, smile and fleer as takingly? And what hurt is there in this? Sure I may use my own Fee as I please, *Et si populus vult decipi decipiatur.*

*A.* But where's your Conscience all this while?

*B.* Why, 'Tis to be pretended for all this, and several things more—And the pretence of Conscience is a good Legal Warrant against all Opposers. In short, Sir, I must live, and my Conscience tells me so, and you must help me to live, it is my own, and neither you nor any other Mortal has any thing to do with my Conscience.

*A.* A pure Rogue! But what if my Conscience force me to discover thy Roguery, when thou art too far engag'd in it to make a fair Retreat?

*B.* Behold the Blinders of Mankind, the folly of Humane Learning. How much better is one Dram of Grace than all the vain Philosophy of the World? Let me tell thee, my Friend, and I do it from the very bottom of my Bowels,

That it is a very dangerous thing to suffer Conscience to command thee: Thou hadst better command it---verily Beloved it is better to command it: 'Tis good, 'tis good I say, to bring it under the Yoke. Believe---Alas, that you will be so hard of Belief! You break my Heart, indeed you do, by your Imperfuadableness---

*A* Go, Go thou Canting Rascal to the Conventicle, and there be a Reproach to thy Mother and to all Old Acquaintance.

*B.* And go thou to some pitiful Country Vicaridge; or if thy Stars favour thee, get the biggest Parsonage in thy Country, and I'll wager my Head against thee, I'll get more Money in one Year in a small Congregation of the Saints, than thou wilt do in three---

*A.* But a little gotten in an Honest way and with an upright Heart, will be sweeter than all thy Gains.

*B.* I intend not to dispute with thee about Honesty. It was much commended and but little practised, when the World was better than it is now. But I'll undertake to convince thee, that the Conventicling way is the only Thriving way, and the best way for me to take at this Time.

*A.* Do so then, I'll hear thee with a great deal of Patience, though I know there is nothing but Hypocrisy at the Bottom---

*B.* First then, if I have a desire to take Orders in your way, I must to a Bishop; and before the Good Man with two or three of his Presbyters will lay Hands upon me, I must undergo an Examination in several points of Divinity, as they please. This must needs go much against me, because I am well aware that I am but a small Divine.

*A.* Very



A. Very Right.

B. Then supposing I am so fortunate as to pass Muster, I cannot be ordained before I have Subscribed and taken some Oaths. Neither of which will pass very well, if I am ever so little Popishly inclined, or Socinianiv'd, or have entertain'd any odd *Crotchets* in any point of Religion, (and 'tis but seldom that great Wits are without some) or if I know my self to be of a proud and pragmatistical Temper, not very apt to own any Superiors, and consequently not very able to withstand the Temptations I am like to meet withal to Faction, Sedition and Rebellion.

A. Right still.

B. But supposing me to swallow all this, and to be Ordain'd. Before I go to Exercise my Office, the Bishops Secretary or Register will present me with some Parchments and Wax, and these I must take for my Credentials; for which I must present him with some Crowns, which for a poor Man that knows the worth of Money will go like so many Ounces of his best Blood. Is not this, think you, a very fine and hopeful Beginning? And can a Man hope to thrive that takes not better steps at first setting out? But now all this I clearly escape in my design'd way. I have no need of any outward Call, one from within will do my Business; and a pack of Phrases, without much Divinity, together with a Demure look, and some other Remarkable signs of Grace, either in my Face, or in the fashion of my Cloaths, will do as much as all the Parchment and Wax in the World. By Virtue of which I can hold forth the Gospel boldly, and pray out of a Nonsensical Sermon without fear of any Spiritual Court; and Scratch and Tickle the Ears, the Itching Ears of my Godly Hearers, till they cry out, O precious Man! How sweet

and gracious are his Lips ! O happy people upon whom the Honey of the Gospel does drop so sweetly, so abundantly ! O that we were sensible of our Happiness ! O that we had but enlarg'd Mouths to receive it !——And besides this, I am at Liberty (O precious Liberty, who would part with it for a Kingdom !) to find fault with any thing my Superiors do. I can compare your Bishops to *Baal's* Priests, and your Civil Governors to those that lick up the Spittle of the *Whore of Babylon* : I can bewail their Blindness, with all the signs of Grief and Compassion ; and with all the Spight I am capable of entertaining, Envy against their Malice to the Truth——And the more I spend my self this way, the more enlarg'd towards me will the Hearts of my Good People be, and the more open their Purfes.——

A. A subtle Rogue.

B. But then, in the second place, in your way, when I have done what I have said before, I cannot exercise the Office, which cost me so dear, to any purpose of Profit, without some Curacy, Vicaridge or Parsonage ; and after either of these I may Hunt till my Pocket is as Empty as 'twas when it came from the Taylor. I may possibly meet in a short time with some rich Impropiator, who receives two or three Hundred Pounds a Year in Tithes, who may out of his Christian Charity, or Generous Liberality vouchsafe to promise me Ten Pounds a Year beside a *Sunday* Pudding, for which I must wear out mine Eyes and Lungs, and humour the Imperious Gentleman as much as his Groom or Butler. Or the like Fortune may befall me under a Goodly Pluralist, who will not favour me much more, though he may Condescend to call me Brother. But to put the best Case in short,



short, we will suppose a Vicaridge or Parsonage to become Vacant, of an Hundred Pound value in common Estimation; and the poor painful Priest standing fair in the Opinion of the Neighbourhood is recommended to it; It is ten to one but there is an *Abigail* in the Patron's House, that must be Married, or there is a Steward that has look'd after his Worship's Business at very small Wages for several Years, and He must be gratified: or (as it often happens) the Gentlemen's Hounds and Whores have weaken'd his Estate, and He must be dealt withal in way of Bargain and Sale; or if he be in a better Condition, it may be he has a fancy to some of the Churches Revenue, and thinks no Money so sweet as that which comes from the Clergy. And which of these soever it is, poor *Pil-Garlick* is but in sorry Circumstances. If there be nothing but Matrimony in the case, 'tis two to one but that he is undone. If there be not any thing of that, but all must be done by hard Silver or Gold, or something Equivalent, as a Lease of Tithes, or the like—— I am certainly Ruin'd, the Oath of Simony will be a continual Scourge to me, and I may wear away my unhappy life before I shall recover the Money I have paid or engag'd to pay——

*A.* This is not to be deny'd.

*B.* But suppose my good Fortune brings me a Presentation to a Benefice in the most Honourable way; I must first with my Presentation to the Bishop; and if my Patrons Title and my own Testimonials be accepted of, I must again subscribe and swear. And from him I am sent to an Arch-Deacon or Rural Dean for Induction with Wax and Parchment the value of Five or Six Pounds; and this Charge with that of Journeying will render the little Clergy-man as poor as *Job*. And

when he comes to the long wish'd for place, 'tis Five to One, he finds an old rotten House ready to fall upon his Head, and the little ground about it laid waft (for Vacancies are generally beneficial to poor Knaves) And a poor disconsolate Widow, with several Children about her, ready to Dye at the sight of Him, and all her Relations and Friends come flocking about him, to desire him to compassionate her Condition and to allow her One Years Profit at least.——This is the joy that poor Booby must expect to meet with, when he knows very well that he has need of Peoples Charity himself.

*A.* This may be too true.

*B.* But then, when I have got over all these Rubs, and begin to shew my self in my Parish, and expect that something of Money should come in unto me to defray my former Charges, the Church-Wardens tell me, that they have a Sequestration upon my Living, and the Profits are at their Disposol till I have taken it off; and withal, that a considerable Sum of Money has been disburs'd by them, for the service of the Cure during the Vacancy, which must be repaid them. Which sad News puts me upon another Journey and Costs me a Pound, or a Mark at least. And when this is done I find my Living is in the Kings Books, and the First Fruits must be Compounded for, and paid, which will make me much worse than nothing (as they say) and I must live upon the little Credit I have gotten by my Title to the Benefice. —— But now, my Friend, in my intended way, there is nothing of all this. If a Church will not call me, I can call a Church, and without a penny Charge receive the Profits thereof, being King, Bishop, Arch-Deacon and every thing my self. I shall  
be



be wholly on the gaining side, and not one Person the better for my Preferment.

*A.* Very good.

*B.* Let me then suppose my self to be settl'd in my Vicaridge or Parsonage; I shall quickly feel my goings out. Besides Tenths to be Yearly paid to the King, and the Charges of Visitations by way of Procurations, Synodals, and I know not what more; The Charge of attending upon my Superiors when they are pleas'd to command me; The Charge of entertaining Officers, and I know not how many sorts of Men coming to me upon publick Business; I shall find a Charge to lie heavy upon me from my own Parish: Hospitality must be kept, and none of my Parishioners must go from me with dry Lips, or empty Bellies. I must contribute equally with all of them to the maintenance of the Militia, the Poor and I know what besides; And upon some occasion or other, some of them will be spunging on me every day.—What this may cost me every Year let my Friend compute it if he pleases. I proceed to another Charge, which poor Country Parsons do at this Time find more heavy than all. No Act of Parliament passes for Money for the King but the Clergy are included in it. And tho they have no Representatives, or Votes by Representatives in Parliament, (except you will say a Knight or two in a County are intrusted to Vote for them) and have not the least power, either as Commissioners or Assessors in Levying of Taxes, which puts them in a worse condition than the meanest Free-Holder that can expend Forty Shillings a Year, and lays them open to the Malice and Spight of every Atheistical or Factious Knave in the Neighbourhood; they must pay equally with their Neighbours, whose Estates have no such Burthens upon

on



on them, and are Estates of Inheritance: Equally did I say? I may say double to what they pay; for I am sure upon good and certain grounds, that considering the Charges they are at in the ways before mentioned, and that the far greatest part of what they can claim as due to them by Law, must come from a Multitude of People, some of whom are Poor and cannot Pay, and others Knavish and will not Pay, except they be compell'd by Law; which as the Case stands with the Clergy is a Remedy worse than the Disease; that the Country-man that has but Forty Pounds a Year is in a far better condition than the Parson that has Fourscore, tho he has that Forty Pounds a Year but for his Life, as the Parson has his Fourscore.

*A.* I can readily believe all this; for 'tis but three days since I heard an Honest Country-Parson say, That his Charge was so great upon the Accounts mention'd, that he did not know how to maintain himself and his Family in any tolerable sort, tho his Living was commonly reputed with Sixscore Pound a Year. And he told me and others very seriously, That by the late Assessments which were made and deliver'd into the Commissioners upon Oath, he had paid and was to pay for Threescore pound a Year, as much as some of his Neighbours did for Sixscore Pound of good Land of Inheritance. And which is more, he told us that a profest Papist in his Neighbourhood, who by the late Act of Three Shillings in the Pound was to pay double for his Estate, was not charg'd with so much as himself for the same value in Tithes and a small Glebe. But nothing troubled him so much as that after all this, he and his poor Brethren who would gladly part with their Benefices, if it could be done lawfully, for less Money than Three Hundred Pound, should



should be made Gentlemen and forc'd to pay Twenty Shillings a piece as such, tho some of them hardly know how to get Bread to Eat.

B. Very well on my side, A wonderful Encouragement indeed 'tis for a Man to turn Country Parson: May I rather be a Hog-heard. But there is this of comfort in it, for those that look that way, that this may occasion a great fall in the price of Presentations. But let so much suffice for that, and let me proceed to something farther, *viz.* That as I shall be quickly sensible of the Charge I must be at in my new Parsonage, so when I come to demand my Dues for the defraying of that Charge, and the maintenance of my Family, I shall find it a hard matter to get them. If I be minded to Farm out my Tithes, my Parishioners will bid me half the worth of them. If I will take them in kind, they will Cheat me of little less than the half. And that which will vex me most of all, I must not dare to tell them of their Injustice; for if I do I shall certainly have their ill will and as many mischievous Tricks plaid me as they can possible. And should I lay aside all Care for their Souls to watch their subtle practises, and do no more for them than any Lay Impropriator does where he is concern'd, they would be too hard for me in many things, so full of Cunning and Knavery are Clouted Shoes——

A. Well, let them pass; for I can easily think of many things relating to them and their Cheats which need not take up our Time. I desire to have a short Account of the Advantage thou dream'st of in thy intended way.

B. Dream, do you say? You shall hear and confess that I think and speak nothing but Demonstration. Suppose me then in my Congregation as their Pastor, Teacher, Holderforth, call

cail it what you please ; you must know, that they will be a select number of People (not like your Churches, a Herd made up of few Sheep and a Multitude of Goats) most of them of the sweet Female Sex (whose kindness towards the Spiritual Pastors or Teachers is never less than their Zeal for what they teach them) scatter'd up and down, here and there in several of your Parishes. And for the better Edification of these precious Souls, it will be in my power to chuse the place of my Residence or Abode : And if I do not chuse a convenient place 'tis my own Fault. Instead of an old rotten Parsonage or Vicaridge House, I promise my self Forty, Fifty or Threescore good Houses, where I shall be entertain'd with such fulness of Delight, yea, and Empire too (not like your pitiful Curates or Chaplains that must sneak to the Groom and Butler) that even the Gentlemen that pretend to make a God of their Landlords will be apt to Envy me. And if I resolve to enter into the Matrimonial state, I shall be strangely unfortunate, if instead of an *Abigail*, I meet not with some Opulent Widow, or some tender hearted Virgin of no ordinary Fortune, who with yearning Bowels will offer me her best Assistance and Endeavours to *build me a House*——

*A.* Excellent ! 'Tis the common Fortune of a Conventicle.

*B.* Suppose me then a House-keeper ; I dare promise my self at least an Hundred Pounds a Year, which will be paid me Quarterly without the least trouble or Charge. I say I dare promise my self so much, because I am well assur'd that several Holdersforth about mine own size, receive two or three Hundred Pound a Year. And all this, if I please, may be spent on my own dear self ; for besides this, That no Obligation  
to



to Hospitality will lye upon me, and I shall be troubled with few Visitors but such as will bring their Entertainment with them, if they send it not before them; or will pay me richly for what I gave them; I shall not be liable to pay one Penny out of my Income to Bishops or Chancellors, to Church or Poor, no, nor to the King and Queen. And what a Happiness, think you, will this be, to live under a Government, and to enjoy so much good under its Protection, and not part with one Farthing towards the support of it! And pardon us (my Friend) if we think our selves much the Happier, that your poor Parsons, Vicars and Curates, do with so much Charge preserve and nourish the Tree, under which we sit so safely, and enjoy our selves so pleasantly.—

*A.* Very pleasant indeed. But methinks, to a generous Soul this should be a very disagreeable way of Living.

*B.* That's thy Ignorance Friend. For what can be more agreeable to thee than that which comes freely, which is so far from being Extorted, as your Tithe Pigs and Geese are, that it is even forced upon us. And if the good Wife does rob from the Husband, or the Husband does subtract a little from you to oblige and cherish us, it will not be the less but rather the more sweet unto us. You never yet heard that the *Israelites* were offended with their Jewels and other fine things, because they were the spoils of the *Egyptians*.—

*A.* Very true; but prithee do not prophane Scripture: And tell me whether thou must not be a Slave to the Humours of thy precious People for all this; and how thou hopest to bring thy self to it.

*B.* Alas!

B. Alas! That a Man should live so long in the University, and have his Eyes and his Ears open to get some knowledge of the World, and yet ask such a Question, and have need of Instruction. I'll resolve and instruct thee in few words, because I must hasten from thee upon necessary Business. Know then, that they are generally People that will be easily managed, and it can hardly be imagined that they should be otherwise, because they have been Teacher-ridden for many Years. Their Understandings have been so baffl'd with Phrases and Distinctions, that they have but little use of them: And for their Affections, I shall be at Liberty to turn my self into any shape to Command them; and I do not doubt in the least but I shall have as Absolute an Empire over them, as ever the Pope of *Rome* had over the best natur'd of our Fore-Fathers. But if any should prove more intractable or less ductible than others, I shall not be without some Tricks for 'em, which will not cost me half the pains as your Parsons are found to be at, to keep a poor Interest among their Parishioners.—— But whereas you speak of my being a Slave, let me tell you in short, that I know no greater Slaves than the *Church of England Clergy* are; and I have never thought of them of late, but the Fate of *Issachar* has come into my Mind, *a strong and patient Creature Crouching down between two Burdens*. On one side there are Laws or Acts of Parliament, on the other Canons, and lest these should not pinch you enough, there comes ever and anon Declarations, Injunctions, Orders, and I know not what besides, which must be submitted to, or the poor Creature must suffer for it. There was a time indeed when you were accounted one of the three Estates of the Realm, and the first and greatest



greatest of the Three; but now you are swallow'd up by the other Two, and you stand but for Cyphers in the Government. Your Privileges are daily lessened; and your Burdens are daily increased; for besides the Burdens which your Predecessors did bear, and you as Clergymen do bear still, many of the Burdens of the Laity are laid upon you, whilst you enjoy the Privileges of neither. You are made meer Tools for the Great ones to work their Designs by; and when they have compassed their ends, they expose you to Contempt and Scorn, and encourage the vilest of People to tread you under foot. Your Power and Authority, as the Ministers of Christ is next to nothing. You may talk in your Pulpits, as Mountebanks upon the Stage, but few think themselves obliged to mind what you say. And as for your Censurs which formerly were dreaded as Thunder-bolts, they are generally contemn'd, and there is one bare word which will defend the vilest and most scandalous Men against them all. Some parts of your Office (in some cases at least) you cannot execute according to your Rule, without galling your Consciences; and if you fail to do it, there is a Cruel Whip ready for your Backs. And tho' your Principles are infinitely Serviceable to Government, Order and Peace, yet you are treated rather like Enemies than Friends thereunto; as Men of pernicious Principles and of no Conscience. Whilst others whose Principles are big with Nonsense and Irreligion, and who draw Consequences from them destructive to all Government, and productive of Anarchy and Confusion, are favour'd and respected as Men of Conscience, Sobriety, and Godliness, because they scruple the wearing of a Surplice, Sir. If you know not these things, you know nothing.

Judge

Judge then whether you may not be accounted Slaves. I would add something of the Freedom of the Conventicle Holders-forth.—Free as the Light they are, and safe as the Sun in the Firmament: They are ty'd to no Rules but their own, and those they may change as they please themselves.—But I must leave thee at present for the Dispatch of necessary Business.

*A.* One Word before thou goest, *viz.* That as Happy as the Conventiclors are at present, the Case may quickly be alter'd with them and us.—

*B.* Yes when the World becomes Wise: But that is not to be expected in this its declining State.

*A.* But there is, thou knowest, an Union designed between all disagreeing Parties: And good Men hope it will quickly be effected.

*B.* But they who have their Eyes in their Heads, know very well, that it will not be done by the ways of Condescension and Comprehension, except there be a Miraculous change wrought upon the Dissenting Parties. Make it once their Interest to Unite with you, and do something to save their Honour, and then I shall entertain some Hope: But till this done I'll prepare my self for what I said at first was my Design. And do thou turn Country Parson or be----



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A N  
E S S A Y  
U P O N  
S A T Y R.

**H**ORACE entitles his two Books of Satyrs indifferently, *Sermones* and *Satyræ*; And since these two Names give different Ideas; for certain Reasons it is necessary to explain what the *Latins* understood by the Word *Satyr*. The Learned *Casaubon* is the first, and only Man that has with Success attempted to shew what was the *Satyrical Poesie* of the *Greeks*, and the *Satyr* of the *Romans*. His Book is an inestimable Treasure, and I confess I have had great Helps from it; which is the use we ought to make of the Works of those extraordinary Men, who have only gone before us to be our Guides, and serve us as Torches in the thick Darkness of Antiquity. But you must not have your Eyes so continually fix'd on them, as not to regard whither they lead you; for they deviate sometimes into Paths, where you cannot safely follow them. This Rule I my self have observ'd, in forsaking my Guides, and past that Way which no Body be-  
C fore

fore me has done, as the following Discourse will convince you.

Satyr is a kind of Poesie, only known to the Romans, being not at all related to the Satyrical Poesie of the Greeks, as some learned Men have pretended. *Quintilian* leaves no Doubt upon this Point, when he writes in Chap. 10. *Satira quidem tota nostra est.* The same Reason makes *Horace* call it in the last Satyr of Book 1. *Græcis intactum Carmen.* The natural and true Etymology is this: The *Latins* called it *SATUR*, *quasi plenum*, to which there was nothing wanting for its Perfection. Thus *Satur color*, when the Wooll has taken a good Dye, and nothing can be added to the Perfection of it. From *Satur* they have made *Satura*, which they wrote sometimes with an *i*, *Satira*: They used in other Words, the same Variation of the Letter *u* into *i*, as in *Maxumus*, *Maximus*, *optumus*, *optimus*. *Satura*, is an *Adjective*, which has reference to a Substantive understood; for the Ancient Romans said *Saturam*, understanding *Lancem*. And *Satura Lanx*, was properly a *Bason* fill'd with all sorts of Fruit, which they offer'd every Year to *Ceres* and *Bacchus*, as the First Fruits of all they had gathered. These Offerings of different things mix'd together, were not unknown to the Greeks, who call'd 'em πανκαρπον θυσιαν a Sacrifice of all sorts of Fruit, πανσπερμιαν & πυρεσταν an Offering of all sorts of Grain, when they offer'd Potherbs. The Grammmarian *Diomedes* has perfectly describ'd both the Custom of the Romans, and the Word *Satura*, in this Passage *Lanx referta varris multisq; primitiis, sacris Cereris inferebatur, & a copia & Saturitate rei, Satura vocabatur: cujus generis lancium & Virgilius in Georgicis meminit, cum hoc modo dicit,*

*Lancibus*



*Lancibus & pandis fumantia reddimus exta,*  
and—*lancesq; & liba feremus.*

From thence the Word *Satura* was apply'd to many other Mixtures, as in *Festus: Satira cibi genus, ex variis rebus conditum.* From hence it pass'd to the Works of the Mind; for they call'd some Laws *Leges Saturas*, which contain'd many Heads, or Titles, as the *Julian, Papian* and *Popean Laws*, which were called *Miscellas*, which is of the same Signification with *Satura*: From hence arose this Phrase, *Per Saturam legem ferre*, when the Senate made a Law, without gathering, and counting the Votes in haste, and confusedly all together, which was properly call'd, *Per Saturam sententias exquirere*, as *Salust* has it after *Lelius*. But they rested not here, but gave this Name to certain Books, as *Pescennius Festus*, whose Histories were call'd *Saturas*, or *per Saturam*. From all these Examples, 'tis not hard to suppose, that these Works of *Horace* took from hence their Name, and that they were call'd, *Satura quia multis & variis rebus hoc carmen refferunt est*, because these Poems are full of a great many different Things, as *Porphyrus* says, which is partly true. But it must not be thought it is immediately from thence; for this Name had been used before for other things, which bore a nearer resemblance to the Satyrs of *Horace*; in explanation of which a Method is to be follow'd, which *Casaubon* himself never thought of, and which will put things in so clear a Light, that there can be no Place left for Doubt.

The Romans having been almost four hundred Years without any *Scenical Plays*, Chance and Debauchery made them find in one of their Feasts the *Saturnian* and *Fescennine Verses*, which

for six ſcore Years they had inſtead of *Dramatic Pieces*. But theſe Verſes were rude, and almoſt without any Numbers, as being made *extempore*, and by a People, as yet but barbarous, who had little other Skill, than what flow'd from their Joy, and the Fumes of Wine. They were filled with the groſſeſt fort of Raileries, and attended with Geſtures and Dances. To have a livelier Idea of this, you need but reflect upon the honeſt *Peaſants*, whoſe clowniſh Dances are attended with *extempore* Verſes, in which, in a wretched manner they jeer one another with all they know. To this *Horace* refers in the firſt Epistle of his ſecond Book,

*Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem,  
Verſibus alternis opprobia ruſtic a fudit.*

This Licentious and Irregular Verſe, was ſucceeded by a fort more correct, filled with a pleaſant Railery, without the Mixture of any thing ſcurrilous, and theſe obtain'd the Name of Satyrs, by reaſon of their Variety, and had regulated Forms, that is regular Dances, and Muſick, but undecent Poſtures were baniſh'd. *Titus Livius* has it in his ſeventh Book. *Vernaculis artiſcibus, quia Hiſter Tuſco verbo Ludio vocabatur, nomen Hiſtrionibus inditum, qui non ſicut ante Fescennino verſu ſimilem compositum temere, ac rudem alternis jaciebant; ſed impletas modis Satiras, descriptio jam ad Tibicinem cantu, motuſq; congruenti peragebant.* Theſe Satyrs were properly honeſt Farces, in which the Spectators and Actors were rallied without Diſtinction.

*Livius Andronicus* found things in this poſture, when he firſt undertook to make Comedies, and Tragedies in Imitation of the *Grecians*. This Diverſion appearing more noble and perfect, they



they run to it in Multitudes, neglecting the Satyrs for some time, though they receiv'd them a little after; and some model'd them into a purpos'd Form to act at the end of their Comedies, as the French act their Farces now. And then they alter'd their Name of Satyrs for that of *Exodia*, which they preserve to this day. This was the first and most ancient kind of *Roman* Satyr. There are two other sorts, which tho' very different from this first, yet both owe their Birth to this, and are, as it were, Branches of it.

This I shall prove the most succinctly I can.

A Year after *Livius Andronicus* had caus'd his first Efforts to be acted, *Italy* gave birth to *Ennius*, who being grown up, and having all the leisure in the World to observe the eager Satisfaction with which the *Romans* receiv'd the Satyrs, of which I have already spoke, was of Opinion, that Poems, tho' not adapted to the Theatre, yet preserving the *Gaul*, the Railings and Pleasantness, which made these Satyrs take with so much Applause, would not fail of being well receiv'd; he therefore ventur'd at it, and compos'd several Discourses to which he retain'd the name of Satyrs. These Discourses were entirely like those of *Horace*, both for the Matter and the Variety. The only essential difference that is observable, is that *Ennius*, in Imitation of some *Greeks*, and of *Homer* himself, took the liberty of mixing several kinds of Verses together, as *Hexameters*, *Iambics*, *Trime-*  
*ters*, with *Tetrimeters*, *Trochaics* or *Square Verse*; as it appears from the Fragments which are left us. These following Verses are of the *Square* kind, which *Aullus Gellius* has preserv'd us, and which very well merit a place here for the Beauty they contain:

*Hoc erit tibi Argumentum semper in promptu-  
situm,  
Ne quid expectes Amicos, quod tute egere  
possies.*

I attribute also to these Satyrs of *Ennius* those other kinds of Verses, which are of a Beauty and Elegance, much above the Age in which they were made; nor will the sight of 'em here be unpleasant.

*Non habeo deniq; nauci Marsum Augurem,  
Non vicanos aruspices, non de Cicero Astrologos,  
Non Iliacos Conectores, non Interpretes Homi-  
num:*

*Non enim sunt ij aut Scientia, aut Arte Divini;  
Sed Superstitiosi vates, Impudentesq; harioli,  
Aut inertes, aut insani, aut quibus egestas Im-  
perat:*

*Qui sui questus caussa fictas suscitant sententias,  
Qui sibi semitum non sapiunt, alteri monstrant  
viam,*

*Quibus devitias pollicentur, ab ijs Draehman pe-  
tunt,*

*De devitijs deducant Drachman, reddant cetera.*

*Horace* has borrow'd several things from these Satyrs. After *Ennius* came *Pacuvius*, who also writ Satyrs in Imitation of his Uncle *Ennius*.

*Lucilius* was born in the time when *Pacuvius* was in most Reputation. He also wrote Satyrs. But he gave 'em a new turn, and endeavoured to imitate, as near as he could, the Character of the old Greek Comedy, of which we had but a very imperfect Idea in the ancient Roman Satyr, and such, as one might find in a Poem,  
which



which Nature alone had dictated before the Romans had thought of imitating the Grecians, and enriching themselves with their Spoils. 'Tis thus you must understand this Passage of the first Satyr of the second Book of Horace,

— *Quid, cum est Lucilius ausis,  
Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem?*

Horace never intended by this to say, That there were no Satyrs before Lucilius, because Ennius and Pacuvius were before him, whose Example he followed : He only would have it understood, That Lucilius having given a new Turn to this Poem, and embellished it, ought by way of Excellence to be esteemed the first Author. Quintilian had the same Thought, when he writ, in the first Chapter of the tenth Book, *Sattira quidem tota nostra est, in qua primus insignem laudem adeptus est Lucilius.* You must not therefore be of the Opinion of Casaubon, who building on the Judgment of Diomedes, thought that the Satyr of Ennius, and that of Lucilius were entirely different : These are the very Words of this Grammarian, which have deceived this Judicious Critick. *Sattira est Carmen apud Romanos, non quidem apud Græcos maledicum, ad carpenda hominum vitia, Archæa Comædia charactere compositum, quale scripserunt Lucilius & Horatius, & Persius. Sed olim Carmen quod ex variis Poematibus constabat, Satira licebatur, quale scripserunt Pacuvius & Ennius.* You may see plainly that Diomedes distinguishes the Satyr of Lucilius, from that of Ennius and Pacuvius ; the reason which he gives for this Distinction, is ridiculous, and absolutely false : The good Man had not examin'd the Nature and Origin of these two Satyrs, which were entirely like one another, both in Matter and

Form; for *Lucilius* added to it only a little Politeness, and more Salt, almost without changing any thing: And if he did not put together several sorts of Verse in the same Piece, as *Ennius* has done, yet he made several Pieces, of which some were entirely *Hexameter*, others entirely *Iambics*, and others *Trochaic's*, as is evident from his Fragments. In short, if the Satyrs of *Lucilius* differ from these of *Ennius*, because the former has added much to the Endeavours of the latter, as *Casaubon* has pretended, it will follow from thence, that those of *Horace*, and those of *Lucilius*, are also entirely different; for *Horace* has no less refin'd the Satyrs of *Lucilius*, than he on those of *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*. This Passage of *Diomedes* has also deceiv'd *Doufa* the Son. I say not this to expose some light Faults of these great Men, but only to shew, with what Exactness, and with what Caution their Works must be read, when they treat of any thing so obscure and so ancient.

I have made appear what was the ancient Satyr, that was made for the Theatre I have shewn, That that gave the Idea of the Satyr of *Ennius*: And, in fine, I have sufficiently prov'd, that the Satyrs of *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*, of *Lucilius* and *Horace*, are but one kind of Poem, which has received its Perfection from the last. 'Tis time now to speak of the second kind of Satyr, which I promised to explain, and which is also derived from the ancient Satyr; 'tis that which we call the *Varronian*, or the Satyr of *Menippus*, the Cinic Philosopher.

This Satyr was not only composed of several sorts of Verse, but *Varro* added Prose to it, and made a Mixture of Greek and Latin. *Quintilian*, after he had spoke of the Satyr of *Lucilius*, adds, *Alterum illud est, & prius Satira genus, quod non so-*



*La Carminum varietate mistum condidit Terentius Varro, vir Romanorum Eruditissimus.* The only Difficulty of this Passage is, that *Quintilian* assures us, that this Satyr of *Varro* was the first, for how could that be, since *Varro* was a great while after *Lucilius*? *Quintilian* meant not that the Satyr of *Varro* was the first in Order of Time, for he knew well enough, that in that respect he was the last: But he would give us to understand, that this kind of Satyr, so mix'd, was more like the Satyr of *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*, who gave themselves a greater Liberty in this Composition, than *Lucilius*, who was more severe and correct.

We have now only some Fragments left of the Satyr of *Varro*, and those generally very imperfect; the Titles, which are most commonly double, shew the great Variety of Subjects, of which *Varro* treated.

*Seneca's* Book on the Death of *Claudius Boetius*, his *Consolation of Philosophy*, and that of *Petronius Arbiter*, are Satyrs entirely like those of *Varro*.

This is what I have to say in general on Satyr; nor is it necessary I insist any more on this Subject. This the Reader may observe, that the Name of Satyr in Latin, is not less proper for Discourses, that recommend Vertue, than to those which are design'd against Vice. It had nothing so formidable in it, as it has now, when a bare Mention of Satyr makes them tremble, who would fain seem what they are not; for Satyr, with us, signifies the same thing, as *exposing*, or *lashing* of some thing, or Person: Yet this different Acceptation alters not the Word, which is always the same; but the *Latins* in the Titles of their Books, have often had regard only to the Word, in the extent of its Signification, founded on its Etymology, whereas we have

have had respect only to the first, and general Use, which has been made of it in the beginning to mock, and deride; yet this Word ought always to be writ in *Latin* with an (u) or (i) *Satura*, or *Satira*, and in *English* by an (i) those who have wrote it with a (y) thought with *Scaliger*, *Hensius*, and a great many others, that the Divinities of the Groves, which the *Grecians* call'd *Satyrs*, the *Romans* *Fawns*, gave their Names to these Pieces; and that of the Word *Satyrus* they had made *Satyra*, and that these *Satyrs* had a great Affinity with the *Satyrick* Pieces of the *Greeks*, which is the absolutely false, as *Casaubon* has very well prov'd it, in making it appear, That of the Word *Satyrus* they could never make *Satyra*, but *Satyrica*: And in shewing the Difference betwixt the *Satyrick* Poems of the *Greeks*, and the *Roman* *Satyrs*, *Mr. Spanheim*, in his fine Preface to the *Cæsars*, concerning the Emperor *Julian*, has added new Reflections to those which this Judicious Critick had advanced; and he has establish'd, with a great deal of Judgment, five or six essential Differences between those two Poems, which you may find in his Book. The *Greeks* had never any thing that came near this *Roman* *Satyr*, but their *Silli* [σῖλλοι] which were also biting Poems, as they may easily be perceived to be yet, by some Fragments of the *Silli* of *Timon*. There was however this Difference, That the *Silli* of the *Greeks* were *Parodious*, from one end to the other, which cannot be said of the *Roman* *Satyrs*; where, if sometimes you find some *Parodia's*, you may plainly see that the Poet did not design to affect it, and by consequence the *Parodia's* do not make the Essence of a *Satyr*, as they do the Essence of the *Silli*.

Having



HAVING explain'd the Nature, Origin and Progress of *Satyr*, I'll now say a Word or two of *Horace* in particular.

There cannot be a more just Idea given of this part of his Works, than in comparing them to the Statues of the *Sileni*, to which *Alcibiades* in the Banquet compares *Socrates*. They were Figures, that without had nothing agreeable, or beautiful, but when you took the Pains to open them, you found the Figures of all the Gods. In the manner that *Horace* presents himself to us in his Satyrs, we discover nothing of him at first that deserves our Attachment. He seems to be fitter to amuse Children than to employ the Thoughts of Men; but when we remove that which hides him from our Eyes, and view him even to the Bottom, we find in him all the Gods together; that is to say, all those Vertues, which ought to be the continual Practice of such as seriously endeavour to forsake their Vices.

Hitherto we have been content to see only his out-side, and 'tis a strange thing, that Satyrs, which have been read so long, have been so little understood or explain'd: They have made a Halt at the out-side, and were wholly busy'd in giving the Interpretation of Words. They have commented upon him like Grammarians, not Philosophers; as if *Horace* had writ merely to have his Language understood, and rather to divert, than instruct us. That is not the end of this Work of his. The end of any Discourse is the Action for which that Discourse is compos'd; when it produces no Action, 'tis only a vain Amusement, which idly tickles the Ear, without ever reaching the Heart.

In these two Books of his Satyrs, *Horace* would teach us, to conquer our Vices, to rule our Passions,

Passions, to follow Nature, to limit our Desires, to distinguish True from False, and Ideas from Things; to forsake Prejudice, to know thoroughly the Principles and Motives of all our Actions, and to shun that Folly which is in all Men, who are bigotted to the Opinions they have imbibed under their Teachers, which they keep obstinately, without examining whether they are well grounded. In a Word, he endeavours to make us happy for our selves, agreeable, and faithful to our Friends, easie, discreet, and honest to all, with whom we are oblig'd to live. To make us understand the Terms he uses, to explain the Figures he employs, and to conduct the Reader safely through the Labrynth of a difficult Expression, or obscure Parenthesis, is no great matter to perform: And as *Epictetus* says, there is nothing in that Beautiful, or truly worthy a wise Man. The principal, and most important Business, is to shew the Rise, the Reason, and the Proof of his Precepts, to demonstrate that those who do not endeavour to correct themselves by so beautiful a Model, are just like sick Men, who having a Book full of Receipts, proper to their Distempers, content themselves to read 'em, without comprehending them, or so much as knowing the Advantage of them.

I urge not this because I have my self omitted any thing in these Annotations, which was the incumbent Duty of a Grammarian to observe; this, I hope the World will be sensible of, and that there remains no more Difficulty in the Text. But that which has been my chief Care, is, to give an Insight into the very matter that *Horace* treats of, to shew the solidity of his Reasons, to discover the Turns he makes use of to prove what he aims at, and to refute or illude that which is opposed to him, to confirm the Truth of his Decisions, to make the

Delicacy



Delicacy of his Sentiments perceiv'd, to expose to open Day the Folly he finds in what he condemns. This is what none have done before me. On the contrary, as *Horace* is a true *Proteus*, that takes a thousand different Forms, they have often lost him, and not knowing where to find him, have grapled him as well as they could; they have palm'd upon him in several Places, not only Opinions, which he had not, but even those which he directly refutes: I don't say this to blame those who have taken Pains before me on the Works of this great Poet, I commend their Endeavours, they have open'd me the way; and if it be granted, that I have some little Advantage over them, I owe it wholly to the great Men of Antiquity, whom I have read with more Care, and without doubt with more Leisure. I speak of *Homer*, of *Plato*, and *Aristotle*, and of some other Greek and Latin Authors, which I study continually, that I may form my taste on theirs, and draw out of their Writings, the justness of Wit, good Sense and Reason.

I know very well, that there are now adays some Authors, who laugh at these great Names, who disallow the Acclamations, which they have receiv'd from all Ages, and who would deprive them of the Crowns which they have so well deserv'd, and which they have got before such August Tribunals. But for fear of falling into *Admiration*, which they look upon as the Child of Ignorance, they do not perceive that they go from that *Admiration*, which *Plato* calls the Mother of *Wisdom*, and which was the first that opened Mens Eyes. I do not wonder that the Celestial Beauties, which we find in the Writings of these incomparable Men, lose with them all their Attractives, and Charms, because  
they

they have not the Strength to keep their Eyes long enough upon them. Besides, it is much easier to despise than understand them. As for my self, I declare, that I am full of Admiration, and Veneration for their Divine Geniusses: I have them always before my Eyes, as Venerable and Incorruptible Judges; before whom I take pleasure to fancy, That I ought to give an account of my Writings. At the same time I have a great Respect for Posterity, and I always think with more *Fear*, than Confidence, on the Judgment that will pass on my Works, if they are happy enough to reach it. All this does not hinder me from esteeming the great Men that live now. I acknowledge that there are a great many who are an Honour to our Age, and who wou'd have adorn'd the Ages pass'd. But amongst these great Men I speak of, I do not know one, and there cannot be one, who does not esteem, and honour the Ancients, who is not of their Taste, and who follows not their Rules. If you go never so little from them, you go at the same time from Nature and Truth; and I shall not be afraid to affirm, that it wou'd not be more difficult to see without Eyes or Light, than 'tis impossible to acquire a solid Merit, and to form the Understanding by other means, than by those that the *Greeks* and *Romans* have trac'd for us. Whether it be that we follow them by the only force of Natural Happiness, or instinct, or that Art and Study have conducted us thither. As for those who thus blame Antiquity, without knowing of it, once for all I'll undeceive them, and make it appear, that in giving all the advantage to our Age, they take the direct Course to dishonour it; for what greater Proofs can be of the Rudeness, or rather Barbarity of



an Age, than in it, to hear *Homer* called dull and heavy, *Plato* tiresome and tedious, *Aristotle* ignorant, *Demosthenes* and *Cicero* vulgar Orators, *Virgil* a Poet without either Grace or Beauty, and *Horace* an Author unpolished, languid, and without force? The *Barbarians* who ravag'd *Greece* and *Italy*, and who laboured with so much fury to destroy all things that were fine and noble, have never done any thing so horrible as this. But I hope that the false taste of some particular Men without Authority, will not be imputed to the whole Age, nor give the least Blemish to the Ancients. 'Twas to no purpose that a certain Emperor declar'd himself an Enemy to *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Titus Livius*. All his Efforts were ineffectual, and the Opposition he made to Works so perfect, serv'd only to augment in his History the number of his Follies, and render him more odious to all Posterity.

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A Short

## ESSAY

ON ENGLISH

## SATYR.

IT would appear as vain and superfluous to pretend to an Essay upon the Satyr of the Ancients, after what hath been already said upon that Subject in the preceeding Pages, by one of the most Judicious Criticks that *France*, or any other Nation hath produced. The Reflections are Beautiful, founded upon the true Learning, and give a just Reputation to their Author: But, since different Countries have their different tastes of Wit, and the foregoing Observations was Calculated for, and are naturally adapted to the Genius of the *French* Nation. I shall venter to touch upon the Original of *English Satyr*, and reflect how far our Modern Authors have succeeded in that way of Writing. Posterity has been very little beholding to the Ancient *Greeks* for Satyr, I believe *Archilochus* will be found the only Person of that Country, who had a Stile and Genius capable of correcting the Vices of their Country-men; and Painting their Crimes in the disagreeable Colours they deserved; and making them as  
bitter



*bitter* in the Reflection, as perchance they might be supposed *pleasant* in the Enjoyment. That Poet exerted the Vigour of Satyr, and pointed his Verses with Revenge and Wit; his Ungenerous Father-in-law asham'd to be expos'd for Actions that render'd him unworthy Life, discreetly Hang'd himself, and by that means found a sure Retreat from the just Resentments of his Angry Son-in-law. It must be acknowledged that *Lycambes* Complimented the *Jambicks* of *Archilochus* with a most convincing Proof of their Wit and Goodness. Yet those Verses that occasion'd so remarkable a Tragedy, either by the Immorality of the Author, or the Impropriety of the Language and Numbers they were writ in, have been lost to Mankind; and all that Lives of him now, is his Name and the Story of his Success.

Whether the *Romans* took their hint of Satyr from the *Greeks*, or invented that sort of Poetry themselves, I shan't determine; without dispute, if Satyr did not find its Birth in *Italy*, it did both its Improvements and Perfections.

The *Romans* had several good Satyrists, but *Horace* and *Juvenal*, both whose Works have escaped the Ruins of time, and the *Roman Empire* Challenge with Justice a Superiority before all the rest; and have divided the admiring World into two Classes of Opinions.

I shan't pretend to make any comparison between those two celebrated Authors; that Affair has been sufficiently touch'd upon by an abler Hand. I shall only observe from the Gentleman-like Learning of the one, and the Vigorous Morals of the other, the *English Satyr* hath derived both its Force and Virtues. But however it happens, tho' the *English Language* seems

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to

to have as Natural a tendency to Satyr, tho it contains as much Strength, as brisk a Fire, and Numbers as agreeable as any, to that sort of Poetry, the Latin only excepted; and notwithstanding the Genius of the English Nation, has a peculiar richness of Thought, magnificence and force in Expression, a Natural Beauty in describing the Passions of Mankind, tho our Notions are solid and just, and our Morals without dispute, just as Conscientiour as our Neighbours; yet it must be acknowledged that *England* has produc'd very few Poets who have Court'd the Revengeful Muses with Success.

*Poetry* has had its *Crisis* in these Nations, as well as in other Countries. It was during the Reign of King *Charles* the II. that Learning in general flourish'd, and the Muses like other fair Ladies, met with the Civillest sort of Entertainment. The Immorality's the English learnt from the Court of *France*, during the unhappy Exile of that Prince, and the luxurious Idleness which succeeded the long fatigues of our Civil Wars, frequently gave Births to Lampoons and Satyrs; but as the first of these were perfectly Malicious, and the last pointed too much at great Men, lashing the Persons more than the Vices; they escaped the Censure of Posterity, and are interr'd in the Tombs of Forgetfulness. Those Embrio's of Satyr were succeeded by three great Wits all Contemporaries, with little difference in their Age, and great Similitude in their Writings. Satyr was the principal Talent of them all: In which way of Writing, my Lord *Rochester* and my Lord *Dorset*, exceeded all the Modern Poets, and perchance were not inferiour to the best of the Ancients. *Oldham* indeed has not imitated *Juvenal* so well as my Lord *Rochester* has Paraphras'd upon *Boileau*. But then,



as there is no comparison betwixt *Boileau* and *Juvenal*, so there's no conclusion to be made from my Lord *Rocheſter's* exceeding his Original, and Mr. *Oldham's* not coming up to the Genius, Beauty and Fire, of his *Roman* Example.

These three are the greatest *Satyrists* of the *English*, and have their ſeveral Beauties diſtinct and apart from each other. My Lord *Rocheſter* and *Dorſet*, had all the advantages of a generous Education; the greatness of their Genius was improved by the Acquiſitions of Art; and their Natural Parts were Cultivated by the Care of the ableſt Maſters. *Oldham* ow'd every thing to himſelf, nothing to his Birth, but little to the Precepts of *Pedants*, and ſeems, as it were, Predeſtinated to the Service of the Muſes, and the rediculing that Claſs of Men, who of all Perſons leaſt deſerve to draw the Appellation of their Order from the Sacred Name of *Jeſus*. His Conceptions were Noble, infinitely Bold, full of Fire and Vivacity; he ſeldom was Flat, and generally ſpoke to the purpoſe; he always was an Enemy to Vice, encouraged the Good and Vertuous. Yet, on the other Hand, it muſt be confeſs'd, that the ſame Author was always in a Paſſion; that he was inclinable to Rail at every thing; that both his Thoughts were too Furious and his Stile too bold to be Correct, or partake of thoſe Beauties, which even his great Maſter *Juvenal* did not think unworthy his Care. His Curſes were Cruel, and ſometimes ſtretch'd to that degree that his Verſes could be term'd no longer *Satyr*, but rather the hot Expreſſions of ſome witty Mad-man. *Satyr* is deſigned to expoſe Vice and encourage Vertue; he Obeyed but half of that ſolid Maxim. 'Tis true, he Expoſ'd and Rail'd at Vice, but then his perſuing both the Theme and Perſons, too

far obliged the Criminal he expos'd, to believe that the sharpness of his Satyr proceeded rather from some Personal disgust than any aversion to Vice and Immorality in general. Instead of Correcting the Manners of the Age, he fermented the Passions of the Vicious, and rendred their Minds only capable of such Sentiments as Revenge and Fury suggested. *Juvenal* himself taught *Mr Oldham* the way; and was in some measure guilty of the fault which is Universally objected against his Schollar. But then it must be uaged on the *Romans* behalf, that he lived and writ in the time of *Domitian* the most scandalous Emperor, and most infamous of Men. There's no occasion to mention his cruel Treatment of the *Chrstians*. *Juvenal* was a *Pagan* Author, and neglected the ill usage of the *Nazarenes*, he had no other regard in the Fire of his Writings, than to reform a Luxurious, Bloody Court; a Cowardly Senate, and a Despicable Populace. These were the proper Engines and Subjects of a Tyrant; the Immorality and Baseness of the *Roman* Empire, might justly exact the heaviest Censures; and if *Juvenal* sometimes forget his Morals and Philosophy, it must be attributed to the Reasons I have mentioned; but *Mr Oldham* could not alledge such pretentions for that ungovernable heat which appears in all his Poetry, nor indeed can the Court of King *Charles* be compared to that of *Rome*, tho it must be own'd, there happened, but too often, sufficient Arguments for Satyr, whilst he sate upon the Throne. Whether *Mr Oldham* would have Corrected his Writings, if he had attained to a longer date of Years, and seen the Turns and Changes of Fortune which happen'd soon after his Death, is uncertain; yet, this Character ought to be allowed his Memory, (and I believe *Mr Dennis*, who



who hath Judiciously Criticised upon his Passion of *Byblis* will admit) that he was Born a Poet, had a Genius very Bold and Sublime, that his Thoughts were generally very Noble, that his Heat was Masculine, and always pointed against Vice; that he was one of the best Translators, had a Vein rich enough of his own without borrowing from the Labour of others; and that if Fortune had permitted him time, and those opportunities which some Poets of greater Quality enjoy'd, he had not only equall'd them, but been superior to all that went before him. The Earls of *Rocheſter* and *Dorſet*, had the happineſs to addreſs themſelves to the Muſes, favour'd by a noble Extraction, and bleſt abundantly with the Goods of Fortune. Their Natural parts wanted very little aſſiſtance from Study, or the Precepts of the Dead; and the Vivacity of their Wit might have prefer'd them to the eminent Station they poſſeſs, if Providence had not been ſo propitious to them in their Birth. Yet, tho the Quality of theſe two Great Men, their Inclination to Poetry in general, and Satyr in particular, was much the ſame; their Learning and great Capacities not much unlike; yet there was a wonderful difference in their Humours and Morals. My Lord *Rocheſter* was always witty, and always very ill Natured; he never troubled himſelf much about correcting the Vice, unleſs it diſturb'd him in his Pleaſure, (for reforming the Age was none of his Province) he generally took care to expoſe the Perſon, and that in ſuch a manner, as uſually begat more Crimes in thoſe that were the Subjects of his Satyrs, than he corrected faults. His Wit was often Prophane, and he neither ſpared Prince nor God, from whom he received both the greateſt Abilities a ſplended Title and a magnificent

Fortune. My Lord *Dorset* was as much his Equal in Learning and Sense, as he was inferior to him in Ill Nature and Invectives; his Natural sweetness led him to speak better of Mankind as my Lord *Rocheſter* ſpoke always worſe than they deſerved; and as my Lord *Dorſet*'s Morals and Integrity, his Candor and his Honour, were infinitely beyond his Rivals, ſo his performance in Satyr was no leſs. And this may be added to his Character, that his Writings contain'd as ſevere a reprehension as any others, either of the Ancients or Moderns. But had the Air of Court, and a particular richneſs of Expreſſion, if poſſible, even beyond my Lord *Rocheſters*; and what was yet more Wonderful, is, that he was able to exert ſo vigorous a Satyr, when his Compaſſion for Mankind and Conſideration of Learned Men, render'd him the moſt Generous Patron of the Muſes, and the moſt certain Friend of good Men in Diſtreſs.

*For Pointed Satyr, I would Buchurſt chooſe,  
The beſt good Man with the worſt Natur'd Muſe.*

This was my Lord *Rocheſter*'s Character of his Lord-ſhip, and all the World knows my Lord *Rocheſter* never flatter'd any Perſon. I ſhant add any farther Remarks upon a Gentleman whoſe Worth, Learning and Judgment, all will allow, that have any of theſe diſtinguiſhing Qualities of their own; who was as much beyond the Celebrated *Macenus* of the Romans in Learning, and the favour of the Muſes, as that Favourite exceeded him in the advantages of Riches and good Forrune.



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*Epitaphium* FLEETWOODI SHEPHERD.

*O Vos, qui de salute vestrâ securi estis,  
Orate pro animâ miserrimi peccatoris  
Fleetwoodi Shepherd, etiamnum viventis,  
El ubicuncq; est, peccantis!  
Qui fide exiguâ, & tamen spe impudentissimâ  
Optat & spectat, quam non meruit,  
Felicem resurrectionem.  
Anno religionis & libertatis restaurata terio  
Rerum potentibus fortissimo Willielmo  
Et formosissimâ Mariâ.*

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Per Thomam Brown Amicum Fleetwoodi  
Shepherd.

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**S** T A Viator! sive tu Veneri, sive Baccho vix-  
(eris Idoneus;  
Et si quando a Scortis vel poculis vacat,  
Reminiscere defuncti in Baccho & Venere fratris  
(Fleetwoodi She pherd  
Qui vitijs, & (quod in ipso vitiosissimum erat)  
Ingenio piè renunciavit.  
Apolline jam nullo, Venere nulla,  
Et, quod magis dolendum, Baccho nullo;  
Cui nihil non in vultu erubescit præter frontem  
Nec

Nee ulla meretrix displicuit, præter Babyloniam  
(cam

Fortitudine & sobrietate pari:

Quippe qui nulli hosti bellum unquam indixerit,  
Si excipias Sitim.

Qui Comiti *Dorsetensi* a risu,  
Cubiculario Regio à sanctioribus biblijs,  
Et Poetarum Macœnati a dactylis & spondæis.  
Nihil unquam facete dixit, quod, salvo pudore,  
Nec liberè, quod salvâ religione dici potuit.  
Promissorum usq; & usq; profusus,  
Montes aureos pollicetur.

At ubi bonæ fidei hominem sperabis,  
Poetam, sed sola illâ vice, verum induit.  
Qui ut mensâ aliena semper vixerit,  
Sic Jocis alienis non suis inclaruit.

Nec alium edidit jocum, nisi quem  
Sackvilianæ genti & fortunæ debuerit.  
Inter Aulicos Theologum, inter Theologos Au-  
(licum Profitetur,

Inter Magnates literatum,  
Et (quæ magna hominis modestia est)  
Inter literatos nihil.

Anno publicæ paupertatis,  
Et (si paupertati Poësis semper a tergo Adhæreat)  
Anno publicæ Poëseos restauratæ tertio,  
Cum de bicipite nostro Parnassio certaret,  
Hinc bifrons Drydenus,  
Inde bicornis Shadwellius;  
Quorum hic de facto, ille de Jure  
Archipoeta cluit.



*Litera Pastoralis.*

**Q**UÆ scombros, Quæ thus meruit, damna  
 (natur ad ignes,  
 Longaq; funereo est pompa parata rogo:  
 Purpurei adstant Carnifices, hastataq; cingit  
 Turba, edunt raucos æra recurva sonos.  
 Proh pia pompa rogi! proh gloria funeris! Auctor  
 Non meruit fato nobiliore mori.

---

*Julii Mazarini Cardinalis Epitaphium.*

**H**IC jacet Julius Mazarinus,  
 Gallix Rex *Italicus*,  
 Ecclesiæ Præsul laicus,  
 Europæ prædo purpuratus:  
 Fortunam omnem ambiit, omnem corrumpit,  
 Ærarium administravit et exhaustit,  
 Civile bellum compressit, sed commovit,  
 Regni Jura tuitus est, & invasit,  
 Beneficia possedit, & vendidit,  
 Pacem dedit aliquando, diu distulit;  
 Hostes cladibus, Cives oneribus afflixit:  
 Arrisit paucis, Irrisit plurimos,  
 Omnibus nocuit.  
 Negotiator in templo, Tyrannus in Regno,  
 Prædo in ministerio,  
 Vulpes in concilio,  
 Grassator in bello,  
 Solus nobis in Pace hostis.  
 Fortunam, olim adversam, aut elusit, aut vicit,  
 Et nostro seculo vidimus Adorari

Adorari fugitivum,  
Imperare civibus exulem,  
Regnare Proscriptum.

Quid deinde egerit ? Rogas ? Paucis accipe,  
Lusit, fefellit, rapuit ;

Ferreum nobis induxit seculum, sibi ex auro nostro  
Aurum fecit :

Quorundam capiti, nullius fortunis pepercit  
Homo crudeliter Clemens.

Pluribus tandem morbis elanguit,  
Plures ei cælo mortes irrogante,

Cui Senatus Olim unam tantum decreverat,  
*Vincemi* se arcibus inclusit moriturus

Et quidem aptè

Quæsit carcerem.

Diu cedentem animam retinuit, ægrè reddidit.

Sic retinere omnia dedicerat,

Nihil sua sponte reddere.

Constanter tamen visus est mori ; quid mirum ?

Ut vixit, sic obiit dissimulans.

Ne morbum quidem noverunt qui curabant,  
Hac unâ fraude nobis profuit.

Fefellit Medicos.

Mortuus est tamen, nifallimur, & moriens

Regem Regno, Regnum Regi restituit.

Reliquit,

Præsulibus pessima exempla,

Aulicis infida concilia,

Adoptivo amplissima spolia,

Paupertatem populis.

Successoribus suis omnes prædandi artes,

Sed



Sed prædam nullam :

Immenſas tamen opes licet profuderit

Id unum tantum habuit ex ſuo quod daret

Nomen ſuum.

Pectus ejus poſt mortem apertum eſt.

Tum primum patuit vaſtrum cor

Mazarini,

(moveretur,

Quod nec precibus, nec lachrymis, nec injuriis

Diu quæſivimus, invenere Midici

Cor lapideum.

Quod mortuus adhuc omnia moveat & adminiſtret,

(ne mireris,

Stipendia in hunc annum accepit.

Nec fraudat poſt mortem, vir bonæ fidei.

Quò tandem tandem evaſerit rogitas?

Cælum ſi rapitur, tenet, ſi datur, meritis, longe

(abeſt.

Sed abi Viator & cave,

Nam hic tumulus

Eſt ſpecus Latronis.

---

*In Diadema Regium a Bluddio,  
Furto ablatum.*

**B**luddius ut damnum ruris repararet Aviti,  
 Addicit fisco dum diadema suo.  
 Egregium sacro facinus velavit amictu  
 (Larva magis Reges fallere nulla potest)  
 Excidit ast ausis tactus pietate profanâ,  
 Custodem ut servet, maluit ipse capi.  
 Si modò sævitiam texisset Pontificalem  
 Vestre sacerdotis, rapta corona foret.

---

*Epitaphium Domini Dr. JAMES,  
Custodis Coll. Om. Anim. Oxon.*

**H**IC Jacet qui sub nullo lateret Marmore,  
 Thomas James, S. S. Theologiæ Doctor,  
 Collegii hujus verè custos,  
 Optimo dignus monumento,  
 Nullius indigens:  
 Quem nec parvus invidiæ Sermo,  
 Nec propria modestia,  
 Nec mortis umbræ possunt cælare,  
 Cujus in laudibus celebrandis,

Nec



Nec Fama loquax, nec ipsa mendax,  
Poterit esse Epitaphium ;

Sed plura vetat magnarum

Virtutum comes vercundia,

Hoc igitur omnia breve claudat encomium,

Vivus amicos habuit homines,

Moriens Conscientiam,

Mortuus Deum.

Ætatis suæ LXVII.

Obiit 5. Januarij, Anno Dom. CIO DCLXXXVI.

---

M. S.

*Johannes Fell, S. T. P.*

**L**ongworthiæ Bercheriensium natus,  
In hanc Ædem,

A patre Decano admissus

Alumnus Undecennis.

Magistrale togam ante induit quam fumeret  
(Virilem,

Sacros Ordines

Diaconatus, vacillante Ecclesiâ,

Presbyteratûs, penitus everfâ,

Ausus est suscipere.

Et Ecclesiæ reliquias eâ fovit curâ

Quæ prælusisse videatur Episcopatui.

Spectatâ,

In utrumq; *CAROLUM* fide

A filio tandem restaurato

Tutelam hujus Ecclesiæ Decanus accepit.

Et

Et huic, tantæ plus quam par Provinciæ,  
Episcopatum unâ Oxoniensem  
Feliciter administravit.

Sed dum salutis publicæ intentus  
Negligeret] suam,

Ab Ecclesia iterum periclitante desideratus est.

\* Diaconus A.D. 1647. } } Diaconus A. D. 1660.  
Presbyter A. D. 1649. } } Episcopus A. D. 1675.

\* Natus, Jan. 23. A. D. 1625.

Mortuus, Jul. 10. A. D. 1686.

*On the other side.*

Monumentum sibi fieri Vetuit  
Beatissimus Pater.

*Thomas Willis & Henricus Jones*

Posuere,

Eduabus sororibus repotes:

Pietatis esse Arbitrati,

Huic uni ejus mandato non obtemperare,

Prædicandum sibi.

Minimè censuere hunc talem virum,  
Meliolem quam ut vellet laudari,

Majorem quàm ut possiet.

Desideratissimi Patris pietatem,

Non hoc Saxum.

Sed hæc testentur mænia,

Munificentiam, hujus loci ædificia

Liberalitatem, Alumni,

Quid in moribus informandis potuit, hæc Ædes,

Quid



Quid in publicis curis sustentandis Academia ;  
 Quid in propaganda Religione, Ecclesia, (Fancilia,  
 Quam Feliciter Juventutem erudierit, Procerum  
 Quam præclare de Republica mourerit tota  
 (Anglia,  
 Quantum de bonis literis, universus orbis  
 (Literatus.

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## *An O R A T I O N in Praise of* D R U N K E N N E S S.

*Design'd to be spoke at Oxford in the time of the Act.*

**T**HIS Dome, this *Lycaum* is only Consecrated to such whose smiling Aspect bespeaks them Friends to the good natur'd God of Wine, whose Sacred Rites I esteem, and whose eminent perfection, *Drunkennes*, I intend to make the Subject of my ensuing Discourse. Nor must the Philosophers or Divines here exert their Austerity, nor interpose with their Maxims of Decency and good Manners : I acknowledge my self of no Sect but that of *Epicurus*, whose Drunken Atoms Reel'd into Order, and fram'd a World so infinitely Beautiful. A World that produces ten Thousand Pleasures, but none so great or agreeable as those that proceed from the soft Enchantments of the *Vine*, a Plant that has greater Power over the Minds and Nature of Mankind, than the subtle Draughts of *Circe* or *Medea*, you smile and think me in the Condition, I would perswade my Audience to be in. But Gentlemen—— you are mistaken, I am Sober to my own Misfortune ; and Soberly, I desire, I advise and exhort you all to be Drunk, Sobriety makes a Man revengeful, or fit to ruin the Com-  
 mon-

mon-Wealth : In Drunkenness the injur'd forgets his Sentiments of Passion, remembers neither the blows of his Enemies nor of Fortune; is as great as an Emperor, and if he speaks a little Treason or so, never acts any against the Government. 'Tis Wine that enlivens the Conversation, makes the Soldier bold and daring, refines the Politicks of the Statesman, and makes the Casuistical Divine most Orthodox in his Opinions: If we look back into the Primitive History of the first Ages, into the Originals of Nature from the very first Structure of the World, we shall find that Drinking to Excess has been a Custom approv'd of by all Nations: Our great Grand-mother *Eve* was certainly Drunk of the Grape before she Lusted for the Apple; and if she had had any Conscience she might well have been contented with the first, without Coveting the latter. The Confusion of *Babel* was a parcel of Drunkards, who fell out among themselves, when they had taken a Cup of the Creature; and they separated themselves into several Troops and Companies, in order to raise that agreeable Plant which gave them so comfortable a Liquor; but, why do I dwell upon a Truth that is notorious to all manner of People, or endeavour to convince the World of the Antiquity of Drunkenness, which now stretches it self thro' all the Universe. The Custom of Nations is the Law of Nations, and the wise *Athenians* obliged their Common-wealth to submit to such Customs as were of three Years standing, as if enacted in the most solemn manner. But Drunkenness has possess'd the VWorld, and been a practical Vertue these three Thousand Years and upwards, and only Younger than the Divine ones are. I see Gentlemen you begin to change your Sentiments, and this Assembly must acknowledge, if that Drunkenness may justly



justly challenge a Priority in practice before all other Virtues whatsoever. The Annals of our Fore-fathers can produce no Custom so Primitive, or fitter to be imitated by Posterity. The Custom of Drunkenness we received from our Fathers, to whom the same Virtue was transmitted from their Ancestors, and made Illustrious by the Tradition of so many Ages. I am of Opinion, that if the *Jews* had been as careful in Collecting Transactions of this Nature, as Recording to Futurity, the respective Births of their Sons and Daughters in some Folio of Bulk and Piety. This Sage Practice would appear much Ancienter than the Books of *Moses*; and even to extend it self backwards to the Patriarchs of the Anti-diluvian VWorld, *Noah* the *Janus* of Antiquity past away the Melancholy Hours of Confinement in the fine VWooden VWorld of his own Structure, with a consoling Bottle, and in gratitude to the Juice which they made the Patriarch so Merry during the most dreadful Convulsions of Nature, upon his happy Descent from that floating Castle, he planted a Vine, and drank heartily of the Juice thereof; He bless'd his Sons, and his Blessings are as permanent as the Heavens. To enumerate all the Merits of Drunkenness would exceed the Limits of my intended Harangue, I shall only insist upon the Prudence of those good Patriots, who with great VWisdom first institute

*Bacchus*, Mysteries celebrated by the greatest part of Mankind, and however the Names and Appellations of such Tracts, or Drunken Ceremonies may differ, yet the Fact and Practice is the same in all the Polite Governments of *Europe*. *Spain*, *France* and *Italy*, have their Carnivals: The Drunken *Mahometan* his Days of Excess before the *Biram*. The *Protestants* and *Lutherans*

E

their

their Holy-days, and this Reverend City, what the Learned call their *Act*. These are times Dedicated to Drinking, and all the Irregularities that attend the wanton Fumes inspired by the God of Wine, such Hours slide away with Pleasure, indulge the wearied Senses, soften the Soul with extreme delight, and flatter the Mind with endearing B——y hints of Happiness: The Melancholly are not entertain'd upon these occasions, with other Objects than such as are likely to dispel the dismal Clouds of Miseries, such as render the Soul Serene and Gay, Superstition, and the dull Religious, meet in these Rencounters with no Hobgoblins or dancing Faries, no Stories of Purgatory, or the Punishments of the Dead; the Priests impose no longer on Mankind, nor amuse the People with empty Representations of what they give no Credit to themselves. Methinks I see some among you inclin'd to contradict my Assertions, and ready to run upon Invectives against the celebrated Rites I have been Discourfing of; but let me tell you, besides the injustice you do the generous Liquor of the Grape, you speak against a Truth confirmed by common and daily experience, by the use of the Ancients, and the practice of the Moderns, to satisfy you of the stupenduous effects of Drunkenness, and its unlimited power and advantages to all Orders of Men, reflect upon those Scenes which a Thousand times have been obvious to your Eyes; look upon that Sober Mechanick, how dull, how heavy is the Animal, scarce by his Intellects to be distinguish'd from the Inhabitants of the Deserts, the Beast of the Fields, or Fowls of the Air, but when Wine ferments the grosser particles of his Brain, and lends its kind assistance. He then proves himself a rational Creature

turns



turns Politician; argues upon the right of Empire, makes War and Peace, beats the *French* with his Stratagems, rallies the *Germans*, and laughs at the slow *Portuguese*. He turns a State-Critick, and Harangues his Audience upon the most important Affairs; the same Divinity encourages the Youth of this University, obliges them to lay aside their Modesty so injurious to their Fame, they find Rhetorick, Divinity, Physick, Philosophy, Law and all other Sciences in a Bottle, they take their Degrees without the usual Formalities and Expence; boldly set up for Doctors and Preach upon the nicest points of Knowledge, with the utmost assurance imaginable, they expect to be made Deans and Bishops, and think their Parts give them a just Title to so Eminent a Station; nor does the Young only reap the Benefits that proceed from the force of Wine; the Old, whom Age and Diseases have render'd almost incapable of Action, or partaking in the Pleasures or Business of the World, find themselves Vigorous and Lusty by drinking full Bumpers of that sparkling Juice, from thence they find their Nature and Inclinations chang'd, as well as Strength renewed. They dance away the Laziness of Age, make Love as if they had recover'd time, and had never seen above Twenty Winters, when their Hoary Heads confess their Years, and stupifie the World with so powerful an alteration, but what is equally surprizing, their Temper is chang'd, their darling Humour, Avarice is lost, and their Hearts become unbounded, and free as the God by whom they are possess'd. Wines give all things, it makes the Dull Ingenious, the Modest Bold, the Fearful Brave; refines the Judgment of the Doctors and make their Opinions most Canonical. It must be confess'd that the Notion

of Liberty is deeply imprinted in our Hearts, there being certainly nothing more advantageous, nothing more beneficial, more pleasing and agreeable to Humane Reason. 'Tis Liberty that by it's Origine and Excellency imparts to us a great resemblance, and as it were, unites us with the Divine Nature it self: For the God's tho' they enjoy immense Pleasures, yet their highest Excellency consists in their having their Will unlimited by any Superior Power. You that are Enemies to Drunkenness, consider seriously the Course of all Sublunary things; consider whether 'tis not the Drunkard, that before all others can boast of this Liberty, and acts as uncontrollable as the God's themselves. If such a one affronts his Friend or his Neighbour, the Civil Magistrate, or the Government, 'tis imputed to Wine; the considerate World says, *the Man was not himself*, he escapes publick Justice and private Revenge, and that Liquor that renders him happy in his Thoughts, makes him also secure, and protects him in his Person. If the Drunkard commits a Murther, he will be Hang'd when he is Sober, so that he has all the reason in the World to repent of and avoid Sobriety: If this seems a Paradox, I beg the Favour you would try the Experiment, and put such a Crime in execution: If an honest Gentleman is a little too much heated with the Fumes of VVine, and plays the Hero in the Streets, Affronts the Men, Ruffles the VVomen, Roars like a Lyon, and becomes as Mad as the Tygars that draw the Gods he pays Obedience to. Such a Person meets with all the Civility imaginable, every one is ready to flatter him, to speak the softest words, and use the tenderest Actions in order to reduce him to Reason; but when he returns to his Senses, when the next Morning has dissipated the



the Divine Fumes of the last Nights drinking. What Plagues must the poor Sober Mortal undergo, his Spouse who addrest herself within some few Hours so kindly, raves like a Fiend, the Tune is now alter'd, she breaks out, —Is this the Course you take? Must I be always a Slave to your Humours? Is this the effect of a Gentleman-like Education? Is it thus you provide for your Family? What occasion is there for more Arguments to prove what in it self is so apparent and beyond contradiction: That there is no comparison in happiness betwixt a Sober and a Drunken-Man, no more than betwixt the most Miserable and the most Happy, since the first linger away their Lives in perpetual Drudgery, in Slavery and Obligations; the last enjoy all the Sweets of an unbounded Liberty; those have their Chains whilst these are as unconfin'd as the greatest Monarchs, and scarce inferior to the Celestial Beings. What lustre has a Crown, and what Pains does Mankind take to extend an Arbitrary sway over their fellow-Creatures. Ambition has carried very often Mankind from the Paths of Justice; and how many Thousand have been Sacrificed for the attaining the Royal Dignity. Now if I can make it appear by undeniable Instances, that a Drunkard does not only fancy himself a King in his own Conceit, but acts, is respected and attended as such, and purchases this Sovereignty only with a few Bottles, which is sometimes obtained by the Great, by Perjuries and Blood-shed; you must confess that he is as happy, if not much happier, than a King. What can appear more like a great Prince than to see a Drunkard seated in an Elbow Chair, Majestically spewing, whilst one Servant holds the Basin, another fetches him Cordials, and a third

pitied his Condition, and uses the softest expressions to divert his Masters Peevishness or Fury. The Royal Drunkard uses his Hands and Feet very briskly, and upon the least occasion, his Domesticks feel their Sovereign's Resentment. 'Twas in these Pleasures *Heliogabalus* spent his Imperial Hours, in drinking the most Noble and Generous Wines, and Eating the greatest Rarities that Art or Nature could produce. He neglected the other advantages of Empire, and sought a more pleasing and solid satisfaction in the enjoyment of Wine and good Company; drinking largely got *Promachus* his Reputation, and *Anacreon* was as famous for a Bottle, as he was soft and pleasing in his Poetry. Let us Drink then my Friends, for to morrow we may Dye. Pray how do you like these Assertions? You seem to approve them well enough; but you will be better pleas'd, when I assure you, that those who take delight in Drinking, commonly make a very graceful appearance both in Bodies and Faces. Perhaps you will answer. How can Drunkards seem agreeable. Well—— I wonder at you, for if we measure Beauty, either by Bulk or Complexion, the Drunkard in either of these makes a most glorious Figure; without surveying the whole frame of his Body. Pray take notice of his Belly, how plump and round it is? Of what a magnificent Circumference? How strong and large are his Leggs, fit and proportion'd to support the Noble Structure above? Next, pray view his Face, how round, how smooth his Cheeks, like those the *Painters* give to Infant Angels, or the illustrious Son of *Semele*, as Purple as his Wine, and always smiling like the God of Love. The Drunkards Voice is Hoarse and Manly, not like the squeaking trills of an *Eunuch*, but like the Martial

Kettle-



Kettle-Drum; and gentle Sleep concludes the Story, assists the God of Wine, and renders himself Obedient to the Divine Boy, when the Thunder of *Jove*, nor the Arrows of *Cupid* can't command him. Oh! Charming Virtue, Drunkenness; Mistress of all Pleasures, that Conquers all things, all the Race and Generations of Men. What Hero of Antiquity can the Tables of the *Greeks* or the Histories of the *Romans* produce or Conquer, that hath held, and yet does, so many Nations, and so great Personages in Chains. In vain does *Hercules* boast of all his Victories, of his *Hydra*, the *Amazonians*, and the Hellish *Cerberus* Wine has overcome more Ladies and greater Monsters than e'er the Son of *Alcmena* could subdue. All Empires and Kingdoms submit themselves to Drunkenness; she makes them stagger with the Power of her Breath; she Reigns Imperially in *Germany* and *Denmark*, Lord's it over *Poland*, *Sweden* and *Norway*. Amongst the *Dutch* she is a Stadt-Holder, and even extends her Dominion to this University, Reigns over the Doctors Fellows and Students.— But hold, perhaps you'll affirm, that only the thinking of strong Liquors has had the same effect upon me, as the drinking of them occasions in others; and that I am too tedious and proli in a matter obvious in it self to the meanest Understanding, I shall therefore trouble my Audience no farther than only to add, that 'tis highly reasonable, that a Custom establish'd and continu'd since the beginning of the World to this Day, ought to be preserv'd inviolable; that a Custom fram'd and cemented by Nature, supported by Reason, and practis'd with success, ought to be deliver'd down to Posterity; be maintain'd with Honour, and had in Veneration by all succeeding Ages.

A

*Bantering Adverbial***Declamation,**

Written by Mr. *Tho. Brown*,  
 upon a Pair of *Bellows* at  
 Mother *Warner's* in *Oxford*;  
 for the use of Mr. *Alfred*  
*C-----r*.

*Divitis Cujusdan Avari Filius Templum*  
*Æsculapio vovit, si readolescat Pater,*  
*Pater readolescit, & exheredat Fi-*  
*lium.*

*Contra' Patrem.*

**Q**Uandoquidē enimverò (Judices) nec  
 sanè Laboriosè satis et anxie, præterea  
 mediùs fidiùs; Curiosè nimis et sedulò  
 meherculè, nec enim aliter aut rectè aut  
 eruditè, violentè parùm et negligentè protinus,  
 nimirum olim sicuti et nunc candidè juxtà et offi-  
 ciosè,



ciosè, quippè tam diù lautè quàm diù pecuniosè, nec rectè nec prospere sicut semper, extemplo scilicet et inconsideratè, priusquàm quandoquidè olim necnon itaq; cum ubiq; turpiter et inhonestè, idcirco nec gloriosè parumper et humiliter sed quid opus est pluribus?

Ferunt Achillem Darij Reges Gazas evolventem, quem turpiter prope Persianos Montes fudit *Julius Caesar*, Parthorum Imperator iratum subinde *Alexandro* fuisse, quod fracto cum Hispanis fædere Hæctori Galliæ Regi Bellum indixit, non nisi Luctu et Lachrymis Memorandum. Quippe cum Germanicos Agros Tybris jam inundasset, multusq; Fluvij Sonitus in Iphis aeris Plagis Terræ motum movisset Jam prope periisset Tybris nisi secundas messès misisset Nilus Ausoniæ Fluvius. Sed quid facit Virtus, si Fortuna contrarietur? Aut quid prodest suum Marito Jus si Conjux interim induat Femoralia? Recte semper mihi visus sapuisse Consul, qui Fabium Maximum: Ignaviæ condemnavit, et Avaritiam aiebat Cujusq; Mali Originem. Quapropter ob has rationes (nec Asiaticè, sed Laconice loquor) Corulos verisimile est Legatos ad Æquinoctialem misisse nuper Cassiopeiæ Cathedram, quam summà tunc Temporis Fraude invaserat Innocentius, ejus nominis Millefinus. Æquator autem ut fere accidit in adversis Rebus) Copiarum nihil pollicitus est, sicut et Satyricus erudite Observavit,

*Ille autem in lectis sultis pedibusq; Stragulis,  
Textis purpura et ostro dormiturus sæpe cubabat.*

Coluri igitur extemplo Argonavim instruxere Armis, cum Antarctico Polo Amicitiam contrahere (qui nuper in Ecylypticâ summâ cum Laude Gladiatorium Munus exhibuerat) Pleiadesq; et geminum Ursæ sydus multâ cum Æsculapij Phalange

Phalange circumcingere cæperunt. Memorabile est de Romulo, qui cum *Julij Caesaris* Mortem audisset, protinus Hermophroditum peperit. Quod ad Me spectat (Judices) de Patris Hereditate deijcior, non aliam orationem, quam propter Amorem et Charitatem; fateor me esse Cupidissimum et Patri simillimum, et quovis Asino Membrosiorem, quod vel ipsæ Vicinorum Conjuges testari possunt. Dicunt me esse inopem Ingenij, et ipso Coræbo impudentiorem; si quis tamen, Judices, rite perpenderit, quomodo a me transigitur Tempus, non mirabitur si non Latini tantum mihi suppetat Sermonis, quantum (ut aiunt vulgo) me ad Lectum refectorium asferre possit. Post peractas Matutinas Preces, quibus raro intersum utpote quas parum intelligo, rursus Lectum peto; illic, instar Pecudis, jaceo, donec Promptuarium accedere et venter et Tempus postulant; cum sonandis Tympanis Hora vocat altera, si quis me vellet reperire in Turri inveniet (*among the Bells*); tum itur in Culinam et illic ambulatur donec a Togatis in Aulam cocatur; sed quid ridetis Amici?

*Quid potestis dicere de illa Persiano?*

*De Jove quid vos sentitis Mundoq; futuro?*

Si Catonis Distica unquam legissetis, meliores a Vobis Mores expectarem; sed non vobis est novum sumere Murum de Melioribus Vestris, et Ludibrium facere de quovis Ingeniosissimo. Cohibete Risum, socij bibacissimi, et Matri *Joannæ* persuadebo, ut credat mihi pro bis 12 Botellis, quas crastina nocte clamantes et cantantes potabimus,

Ocyus Ventis, et agente himbos

*Aifred C——r.*

Ocyus Euro.  
Thus



## Thus Translated, by Mr. Brown.

**F**Orasmuch really, worthy Auditors, (under the Rose be it spoken) as I hope to be fav'd, sincerely by *Jove* : neither diligently enough, nor carefully, as in the days of *Yore*, but helter skelter, slapdash, confusedly; not indeed otherwise than his Right, and topsy turvy ; for by the By, Gentlemen, notoriously enough, and manifestly, that hereafter, nay for the future, hastily, rashly, and so forth. But what need I bring more Topicks for Illustration, since you see it is as plain as a *Cows Thumb* ; for upon this account it was, that *Achilles*, that fam'd Arithmetician, as he was looking over *Darius's* Mony Bags, was a little before so cursedly mumpt by *Julius Cesar*, King of the *Parthians*, by the Mount *Danubius*, not a Stone cast from the River *Atlas*, that he had scarce a word to throw at a Dog, fell immediately into a great Huff with *Alexander Magnus*, Haberdasher of small Wares, because contrary to the League made with the *Spaniards*, he fell foul upon *Hector*, *Boetius* King of *Gallia* ; the Reason, as the Event sheweth, was not without good ground, and indeed every *why* hath its *wherefore* : For the River *Tiber* a little after over-flowing all *Germany*, and the great Noise the Deluge made, causing great Earthquakes in the *Atmosphere*, all *Theffaly* had in the twinkling of a *Shoeing-horn* been certainly undermin'd by *Lobsters*, had not the *Ausonian* River *Nile*, been as good as his word, and sent them good store of *Garlick* and *Oynions*. For my part, 'tis a hard matter to pass  
one's

ones Judgment upon such disputable Questions. But I am verily perswaded in my Conscience, that *Socrates* was not beside the Cushion, when he condemn'd *Fat*; *Maximus* a Roman Shoemaker of *Lingridge*, and swore before the Senate, till he was black in the Face, that Avarice was the Root of all Evil. You wou'd stare perhaps, worthy Auditors, shou'd I in sober sadness tell you, that this same unlucky Business made the *Coluri* *Saturn's Coach-Horses* send an Embassy to the Equator about *Cassiopeia's Hair*, which was about that time invaded by *Pope Innocent*. (*ejus nominis Millesimus*) The Equator indeed (as it commonly happens to those that are down in the Wind, and under the Hatches) sent neither Ammunition, Horse nor Foot, as it is somewhere egregiously observ'd by the *Satyr*ist,

*She in a Bed, that had Back, Mat and Tester,  
Snor'd all Night, and nothing did infest her.*

However, the *Coluri*, that sure were blustering Bullies, and never hung an Arse for the matter, but slap dash Rigg'd the Ship *Argo* with new *Pallizadoes*, and made Articles with the *Antartick Pole*, who had lately to his great Credit (for he play'd excellently well at *Back Gammon*) shew'd notable signs of his experience at *Quarter-staff* at the *Bear-Garden* in the *Ecliptick*, till at last he routed *Sagittarius*, *Orion*, and the rest of the Enemies, and so made himself *Dominus fac totum* of the Field. To prove this, Gentlemen, you may see the Story of *Romulus*, who when he heard that *Julius Caesar* was put out of the *Commons*, and gone the way of all Flesh, fell into such a Passion, that he was straightway deliver'd of an *Hermophredite*. For my part (Judges) and a Fig for you, I can say so much of my self.

Thou



Thou canst take off thy *Potus*, *Alfred*, as well as e're a Man of them all; and for a Fellow that is well hung, never a Stallion, or Coach-Horse can come near thee. If ye doubt of this, go into *St. Abbs*, and ask the *Ash-Woman* there. And thou art as like thy Father, as if thou hadst been pick'd out of his A——se: They say indeed that I had a Knock in the Cradle, and am somewhat white Liver'd; if they dealt squarely with me, and consider'd how Times go with me, they'd scarce at all wonder, if I had not so much Latin as wou'd bring me to Bed. After *Morning-Prayer*, which I seldom come to, because in an unknown Tongue, I presently lye down again, and take a Civil Nap, till both my Belly and Time warn me to the *Buttery*. Then from 9 till 10 I am ringing the Bells; if any one hath any Business with me he may find me in the *Tower*. Then I walk as grave as a *Coach-Horse* up and down the *Kitchen*, till my Belly tells me it has struck Eleven. But Faith, Gentlemen, it seems you had never very good Breeding thus to laugh at my Ingenuity, and sport so rudely with my Wit. But hark ye now, be Civil and a little Graver, so, my Learned Lads, I'll make my Mother *Jone* trust me for two Dozen of Bottled Ale, which we will take off in full Bumpers Tearing and Singing,

*Swifter than Winds and Lightning,  
The Ale our Spirits heightning.*

*The Beauties to Armida.*

EASIE to Love, much easier to change,  
Uncircumscrib'd my wanton Passions range.  
With sure success each fair Enchanter sets,  
Toils for my Heart, and spreads her blooming  
(Nets ;  
The faithless Wanton soon a freedom gains,  
And from another feels repeated Chains.  
To every Saint I most devoutly fall,  
My superstitious Love adores them all ;  
I swear by Love, and by the pain he brings,  
My Soul's inconstant as the Wanton's Wings.  
No lovely Maid cou'd ever fix my Mind,  
Or all my Heart in Loves soft Circles bind ;  
Too partial Fate, to frame my Soul for Joys,  
Which my uncertain Temper soon destroys :  
Whilst for each Fair, successively I burn,  
My Roving Heart meets no sincere return.  
Come then, Great God of Love, and take my part,  
And fix for ever my inconstant Heart ;  
Why will you see your faithful Slave abus'd,  
The pleasing Pain of Loving long, refus'd ?  
Why must I make my Solemn Vows in vain ?  
I, who your Empire did so well maintain.

I, who



I, who so far did Loves soft Power extend,  
 And made the Chaste before your Altars bend ;  
 Hear but this once with a propitious Ear,  
 And by your self and *Venus* Eyes I swear,  
 A Thousand Offerings each returning Day,  
 My grateful Heart shall most devoutly pay :  
 Hear me, Great God, and grant this last request,  
 Since no Terrestrial Maid can charm my Breast ;  
 Make one on purpose, and from every Fair,  
 Some *Beauty* snatch to make the Charmer rare,  
 There to begin, whence Love himself does rise,  
 Let her have *Silvia's* kind engaging Eyes ;  
 In which dear Circles all Incentives move,  
 To cause, confirm, and entertain my Love:  
 His Surest Net there wanton *Cupid* lays,  
 And as he wounds about her Eyes, Balls plays ;  
 Sometimes how soft and charming they appear,  
 Sometimes Tyrannick with a look severe,  
 They drive the worthiest Lover to Despair.  
 Wisdom and Sence in vain her Victims aid,  
 To break her Chains too strong her Eyes perswade ;  
 A——s Neck with graceful motion turns,  
 Where purple streams in winding Channels  
 (run,  
 Next place, *Serena's* white enchanting Breast,  
 On which Imperial *Jove* himself might rest,  
 To meet the touch those lovely Hills arise,  
 And every motion does our Sence surprize :  
 But oh ! two snowy Mounts so near her Heart,  
 Still keep it cold, and quench Loves hottest Dart,

Between

Between those Hills, a Milky way there leads,  
 Not to the Skies or the *Elizian Meads*,  
 But here's a Path to greater Pleasures shown,  
 For which the God's have oft forsook their own.  
 Happy's the Man, enters this Sacred Grove,  
 And treads the mazes of mysterious Love.

And next, great Love, below this charming  
 (Breast,

*Lesbia's* engaging Belly must be plac'd.

A Cupilo to thy most awful shrine,

VVhence comes your Pow'r which Mortals make

(Divine :

This is the truest *Heliconian* spring,

By which inspired Bards first learn't to sing ;

*Venus* her Charms, *Phæbus* his Silver Bow,

*Jove* does his Thunder to the Poets owe.

The God's themselves by their assistance live,

Eternal Fame there Deathless pages give,

If more Perfections you expect below,

Her Legs and Feet must bright *Almeria* show.

Gods ! How she takes me with a vast surprize ?

Oh Love, how charming is thy Paradise !

Next over all must *Phrynes* Skin be drawn,

Lucid and clear as the first Orient dawn,

Thro' which most lovely and unfaithful Skreen,

The various Passions of her Soul is seen ;

And all the Tumults of her Virgin Breast,

By Fear, Disdain, or softer Love possess.

To *Laura's* Wast, let *Lydia's* Air invite,

A dear Temptation to that straight delight :

From



From her *Apelles* might his Pattern take,  
 From her alone, a brighter *Venus* make.  
 Let her like *Cloe* tread an even pace,  
 And print in every step she takes, a Grace ;  
 May she in measure like *Clarinda* move,  
 And sing as Charming as the Saints above.  
 Let *Laura's* Air in every Act appear,  
 Raising desire, and yet commanding Fear.

And next, great God, that she may nothing want,  
 Of all that I can ask, or you can grant,  
 Let her, Oh let her like Dear *Clarica* Kiss,  
 Like her transport me with surprizing Bliss.  
 Help me, ye Powers of Love, I faint, I dye,  
 The Thought screws Nature to a pitch too high,  
 Scarcely my Breast, my fleeting Soul retains,  
 And Gusts of Pleasure hurry thro' my Veins.  
 One touch of hers——  
 More Bliss contains than pamper'd Prelates prove,  
 In snatcht Embraces of forbidden Love.  
 To my last Prayer, Propitious Love be kind,  
 And make the fair bewitching in her Mind,  
 Good Sense and Wit in the same Person joyn'd,  
 Seldom our strictest Inquisitions find ;  
 Unite two Stocks to form the witty She,  
*Dorinda's* Sense, and *Flavia's* Repartee.  
 The wanton God smil'd on his humble Slave,  
 As when *Adonis* he his Mother gave ;  
 When strait Heaven's Gates by Loves supream  
 (command,  
 Were open set, for what can Love withstand ?

Soft Breezing Zephirs bring the Virgin down,  
 A Gift Divine that must my Passion crown:  
 I threw my self devoutly at her Feet,  
 Where all Perfections all the Graces meet,  
 But by the God commanded to arise,  
 I saw *Armida* to my vast surprize:  
 So Rich in Charms and so Divine her Air,  
 The Queen of Love was scarce her self so Fair.  
 With eager Arms I clasp'd the lovely Maid,  
 My humble Thanks to mighty Love I paid,  
 And as I wanted nothing else, for nothing pray'd.

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### Soteria Ormondiana.

**T**Audem querelis modum pone tuis,  
 Juverna, tandem define luctum,  
 Revixit *Ormondus*, Caduci  
 Grande decus, columenq; Regni  
 Gaudete sacræ *Pieridum* Domus  
 Eblana gaude, Templaq; *Cynthia*  
 Dilecta, quantum non *Citharon*,  
 Non *Viridis* juga tonsa *Pindi*.  
 Evæ! Recentis Conscia Gaudij  
 Sonent Canoris Littora plaufibus,  
 Et saxa respondent *Camanis*,  
 Pulsa meis, Iterentq; carmen.  
 Cæca impiorum turba Rebellium,  
 Inuisa semper principibq; cohors,  
 Zeliq; mentita sub umbra,  
 Docta pias adlibere fraudes.



Quo bella quo vos deferet Impotens,  
Tandem Cupido ? sistite Barbaros,  
Motus fatigatumq; *Martem*,  
Immodicis prohibite votis.  
Ille, ille Regno est redditus & sibi,  
Qui pervicaci fræna *Licentiæ*,  
Turbæq; ferratas catenas,  
Injiciet male contumaci.  
Lanugo vultus vix nova cæperat,  
Vestire pulchros Induitur sagum,  
*Ormondus*, & *Scotos* frementes,  
Auspicijs pepulit *Secundis*.  
Qualis Juventâ fervidus Impigrâ,  
Mutavit Armis prima crepundia,  
*Pompeius*, & pulchro subegit  
Pene puer, *Numidas* Triumpho.  
Quis fata versæ dicat *Hyberniæ*,  
Pulsasq; Musas templaq; cælitum,  
Dissecta non levi ruina ?  
Funera quis Memorare dignis.  
Speret querelis ? Oh *Heliconidum*,  
Eblana sedes ! O nemora ! O sacra,  
*Laurus*, & optandi recessus !  
Fontibus O celebrata tempe !  
Fortuna quæ vos illachrymabili,  
Merfit ruina ? Quid nisi nomina,  
Tum nuda desertæq; *Cautes*  
*Pierijs* catulos ferarurm.  
Celâstis Antris ! sæpe caput gravi,  
Mærens *Ierne* vulnere faucium.

Narratur ostentasse nato,

sepe preces gemitusq; miscens.

Per ista, (dixit) per generis decus,

Per spem tuorum, perlachrymas meas

Fletusq; per si quid paternum,

• Grande tibi est, miserere gentis,

Affurge & Iras concipe vindici,

Virtute dignas, quaq; tuis patet,

Arena bellis, i negatas

Quære vias aditusq; rumpe.

Quali Medullas fulgere percitus,

*Ormondus* Arsit ! Flamma capacibus,

Quæ infusa venis cum protervo,

Indomitum scelus ire Cursu

Passim videret, me nova buccina,

Me poscit ingens militiæ labor,

Me dixit in bellum resorbens,

Unda fretis rapit æstuosis.

Vester beatum Carolidæ genus,

Vester Cohortes in medias feror,

Si totus obluætur orbis,

Vincet amor studiumq; recti,

Hæc Elocutus Cæsareis caput,

Devovit aris, nec violabile,

Dixit sacramentum, ter aræ,

Ter subitæ tremuere flammæ,

Exinde quali turbine proruit

In bella, quali fertur anhelitu,

Viresq; vultusq;, Impetumq;

Fulmineo similis Gradiuo !

Heu !



Heu ! quantus ille sub *Jove* torrido,  
Sudor ! quot illum non timidum mori,  
Pericla circumstant ! quot arces  
Perfidiae manifestus ultor.  
Dejecit acri (plus vice simplici)  
Belli procella ! Barbaricas opes,  
Curvasq; scotorum secures,  
Et trabeas ducibusq; signa.  
Detracta testor ; Testor ad arduos,  
Affixa postes signa triremibus,  
Erepta Captivosq; currus,  
Et galeas clypeosq; centum.  
Perfossa telis. Quid fera praelia,  
Quid arma tantum, regnaq; prosequor,  
Collisa bellis. Ille ramo  
Tempora palladio revictus.  
Jani ferocis Limina clausit, &  
Leges Ierne restituit suas,  
Deditq; pacem, quam nec arma,  
Nec litui, strepitusq; rumpent ;  
Qualis beatis incubuit locis,  
Cum pulsa nondum cesserat Impiis,  
Astraea terris, & beatas,  
Rura darent inarata messes,  
Simplexq; passim turba feracibus;  
Spectaret aris, nectaris uberes.  
Errare Rivos, atq; truncis,  
Lapsa cavis trepidare mella.  
Ah ! ne serenos protinos Inquinet,  
Sodes iniqui turbinis impetus,

Canam nec *Ormondi* senectam,  
 Sors Levis in nova bella trudat.  
 Eheu veremur dij procul arceant,  
 Omen nefandum, ne labor arduus,  
 Fatumque Juvernæ ruentis,  
 Immineat duce restituto.  
 Sat ille Martis pertulit horridi,  
 Duros tumultos, & fremitum gravem,  
 Sat ille distinxit minacem,  
 Pro patria gladium ruenti.  
 Fallorne? gentis dux bonæ Hybernæ,  
 Te possit ingens regia Cælitum;  
 Fallorne anil lustris triumphi,  
 Signadedit manifesta tellus.  
 Magnum Stupentes hinc iter ad polos,  
 Emenſe qualis, quantus & aspici,  
 Incedis? & Gavisa calcas,  
 Siderei spatia ampla cæli :  
 Unde illa Mundi pars quota fit, vides,  
 Subjecta tellus, terrigenum metus,  
 Crebosq; in angusto recursus,  
 Et ſteriles miſeratus artes :  
 Sic poſt laborum difficiles vices,  
 Et poſt ſubactum totius Impetum.  
 Junonis, Alcidi paternæ,  
 Emerito patuere ſedes.

*T. Brown, ex Æde  
 Chriſti Oxon.*



*Upon the Recovery of the Duke  
of Ormond.*

The Happy Change in lasting numbers tell.  
*Dublin* rejoyce then, whom *Apollo* more,  
*Cytheron* loves not, nor the *Delian* shore.  
The Conscious Rocks, loud Acclamations reach,  
And Joys Luxurious rend the *Oazie Beech*,  
The Clifts and Hills my Ecchoed Thoughts re-  
(hearse,

Applaud my Subject and approve my Verse.  
Rebellious Croud sincere Religions Foe,  
Averse to Kings, and God that made them so,  
Who Pious Frauds, and most Religious Lies,  
With better Art than Cloystered Priests devise.  
What Lust of Power, or what nefarious Charms,  
Ferments your Blood and boyl you into Arms,

The God of War far from your thoughts re-  
(move,

Nor break his Slumbers with the Queen of Love,  
By Heaven's command he is to Health restor'd,  
Whose Prudent Councils or decisive Sword,  
With gentle Calms this happy Isle shall bless,  
Shall Foreign Storms and Civil Feuds suppress.  
E're rising down to shade his Cheeks began,  
His Worth and Actions fully proved him Man,  
His early Youth in Loyal Arms did shine,  
And drove the vanquish'd Scots beyond the Tyne.  
Great Pompey thus with Thoughts of Glory fir'd,  
From Youth's soft Joys and Household Gods re-  
(tir'd,

Vanquish'd *Numidians* by his Arms undone,  
Ne'er greater Battles lost nor *Romans* won.  
Ye Tuneful Sisters, who the Ruin know,  
The dismal Fate of sad *Ierne* show,  
Your Sacred Seats by cruel Rage o're thrown,  
And Gods exiled from Temples once their own.  
Sacred to Arts *Eblana*, calm Retreat,  
Of Vertue, Science and the Muses Seat,  
Oh Shades indulgent to the Poets Dreams!  
Oh Groves! oh Lawrels! oh eternal Streams.  
In Learnings School, young *Wolves* and *Leopards*  
(ran,  
And play'd secure from the Destroyer, Man,  
Say what hard fate oppress your Reverend Fame,  
Then only Ruins and an empty Name,  
Whilst Tears of Blood from pale *Juvena* run.  
She shows her Wounds to her illustrious Son;  
Con-



Conjures his aid, and Valour early known,  
 By his Paternal Vertues and his own.  
 To assert her Right, Revenge her cruel Harms,  
 And free his Country by the Force of Arms,  
 The piercing accents swift as Lightning burn,  
 Consume his Soul, and thro' his Marrow run,  
 Once more says he *Bellona* me invites,  
 To Seas of Blood and execrable fights.  
 Fain would my Soul the Calms of Peace have try'd,  
 Snatch'd to the Main by the returning Tide,  
 My Sword, Great *Charles*, and injur'd Virtue draws,  
 The best of Masters and the justest Cause.  
 Fresh Lawrels, Fate does for my Brow prepare,  
 Tho' all Mankind oppose the Holy War;  
*Cesar* to aid and end Rebellious strife,  
 He vows his Fortune, Honour and his Life.  
 Presaging Fires around his Temples shine,  
 The Conscious Omens of a Will Divine,  
 As Lightning swift, or Storms of Hail and Rain,  
 Dreadful as *Mars* upon the *Thracian* Plain.  
 To Battel flies, near bright *Simois* Streams,  
 So look'd the God with such refulgent Beams,  
 What Toils, what Dangers must the Hero run,  
 What Heat endure by a too scorching Sun,  
 Expos'd to Death, which he disdains to shun.  
 The Rebel Troops, no rest his fire allows,  
 Scourge of their Crimes, and violated Vows,  
 What various Armour spread the purple Field,  
 What Colors torn, what glittering Helms & Shields,  
 Neglected Horses range along the Plain,  
 Their Chariots broke, and generous Riders slain.  
 As

*On the Duke of Ormond's Recovery.*

Not with success alone the Hero fought,  
But also Peace unto his Country brought ;  
That gentle Goddess did serenely smile,  
And *Olive Branches* Crown'd his finish'd Toyl.  
His Prudence shut, fell *Janus* brazen Doors,  
And Law and Justice to the State restores.  
So blest'd *Ierne* when *Astrea* Reign'd,  
When Man and Beast one common Shed contain'd.  
E're Impious Ploughs to Wound the Earth began,  
And floating *Pines* were steer'd by daring Man.  
Oh ! May no Cares disturb the Heroes Life,  
His happy Hours not intermixt with strife ;  
May all his Days be White, his Joys Serene,  
And Sorrow only by his Foes be seen.

I fear, (may Heaven avert the dire Presage)  
Juverna's Fortune may embroil his Age ;  
Too much of War his Honour'd Worth hath known,  
Drawing the Sword of Justice and his own.  
May Fate his Grace late from these Isles remove,  
To Realms Divine, and Heaven's high Court above.  
His Mind enlarged and boundless as the Sky,  
Shall unknown Worlds and Heaven's Recesses spy:  
The fierce Emotions that disturb Mankind,  
Our Hopes and Fears that shake the trembling  
From thence he'll view and with Contempt look  
Both on the Pains and Pleasure of a Crown.  
Thus after all the Toils impos'd by Fate,  
By angry Gods and Conscious Juno's Hate,  
Divine Alcides Breaths Celestial Air,  
Bless'd with a Goddess ever Young and Fair:

The



# The beginning of the First Satyr of *Persius* imitated.

The Prologue, Adrest to Dr. Midgdly.

THIS true, nor is it worth denial,  
 My Verse has never yet stood Tryal  
 Of Poetick Smiths, that meet still,  
 At Urwin Tom's, or Urwin Will's;  
 (For thus, Sir, Modern Revolution  
 Has split the Wits, t' avoid Confusion,  
 And set up Brother against Brother,  
 That they mayn't clapper-claw each other.)  
 That I should think my self a Poet,  
 And vainly dare in Print to shew it:  
 I, who never pass'd as yet  
 The Test of the mis-judging Pit,  
 Nor ith' Galleries tickl'd Crowd,  
 'Till they have clap'd and laugh'd aloud,  
 Nor from the tender Boxes e'er  
 Yet have drawn one pitying Tear:  
 Nor with *Sir Courtly*, *Roundelays*  
 Have made to garnish out new Plays:  
 Nor *Virgil's* great Majestick Lines  
 Melted into enervate Rhimes:

Nor witty *Horace*, e'er did venture  
 To burlesque into modern *Banter* :  
 Nor gentle *Ovid* e'er did force  
 To zounds a River for a Horse :  
 Nor sharp *Juvenals* stronger Verse,  
 Perverted into Dogrel Farce :  
 Nor ever durst as yet presume  
 To venture on a meer Lampoon ;  
 Nor, in short, few Words being best,  
 E'er could make a bawdy Jest.  
 I'll tell you then, since you'l needs know it,  
 Why I set up now for a Poet :  
 'Tis not for what most of Us write,  
 To fill my Purse, or shew my Wit ;  
 But purely out of Affection,  
 To fill up my Friend's Collection.  
 Therefore, sweet Sir, in haste, adieu t'ye,  
 For I'll adjourn now to my Duty.

---

*The beginning of the First Satyr  
 of Persius imitated.*

*Poet.* OH the preposterous Cares of Human  
 (kind !  
 Which in each Action and each Wish we find !

*Friend.* Prithee that *Cant* give o'er, or who will  
 (read ?  
 You preach as solemnly, as 'twere your Trade.  
 P. Speak



P. Speak you to me? F. To thee say'st? yes  
(egad—

Why surely, *Jack*, thou'rt absolutely mad,  
For none will on such formal Verses look,  
But damn the Author, and despise the Book.

P. None, say you Sir? F. Or one or two at  
(most;

And is't not hard to've *All* your Labour lost?  
To have your Works on Bulks all dusty lie,  
And *all* your Thoughts for want of Readers die?  
Your precious Lines serv'd up to Nocks, or Pye?

P. Mistake not, Friend, I chase not empty  
(Fame;

Nor write to please the Town, or get a Name.  
Let the *Vain Herd* of noisy Wits and Beaux,  
To whom they please their worthless *Praise* dis-  
(pose,

It ne'er one Moment shall break my Repose.  
Or what care I, if th' undiscerning Town  
Prefer dull *A---* to me, or *perter Br---*;  
Let *his* tagg'd Nonsense, t'*others* Wilds of Wit,  
With Cits and Boys still fond Applauses get;  
But you my Friend, steer a securer Course,  
And by the common Judgment ne'er form yours,  
Most Men, by publick Vogue, *condemn* or *praise*,  
And never weigh the Merits of the Cause:  
Let not that balance you to either side,  
By Wisdom's *Nobler Rule*, your Sentence guide.  
Oh! that I could, spight of my beardless Youth,  
With a prevailing *Force*, now urge the Truth!

F. Stay but a while, till Reverend Age comes  
 (on,  
 (Thy fleeting Years of Youth will soon be gone)  
 Then will grey Hairs on all thou say'st print  
 (Aw,  
 Authority with all thy Precepts go.

A dictatorial Youth does Envy draw,  
 Tho' from his Pen the noblest Truth do flow.

P. Oh! that's too long, I must before that  
 (Time!

Lash the vile Town with my Satyric Rhime.

F. That must not be---pray take a Friend's  
 (Advice.

P. Prithee no more, indeed thou'rt over nice  
 I can no longer hold, nor silent see  
 Such numerous Pamphlets on each quarter fly,  
 Some in Prose, and some in mightier Verse,  
 Which each will daily to his Friends rehearse.  
 Here a *Pert Sot*, with six Months Pains brings  
 (forth

A strange, mishapen, and ridiculous Birth:  
 A glimpse of Human Stamp it has, the rest  
 Is Serpent, Fish, and Bird, but larger Beast:  
 In that odd Monster *Horace* once design'd,  
 We may some *Method* and some *meaning* find,  
 Tho' differing Parts, yet distinct Parts it had,  
 Tail of Fish, Horses Neck, a Human Head.  
 Nor Head, nor Tail, nor any Part is here,  
 Through the whole Lump no certain Forms appear:  
 'Tis Chaos all---Mark how the jarring Seed  
 Of ill agreeing things, perpetual Discord breed  
 To



Together huddled, now this, now that prevails  
*H O T Simile* now, now *C O L D Winters Tales* !  
 More *pondrous G U E S S*, with *lighter B A N T E R*  
 (meets,

With clashing Fury each the other greets ;  
*M O I S T* spreading *Scandal*, with *D R Y Dulness*  
 (fights.

But oh ! 't requires, this Mortal Strife to end,  
 A stronger Judgment, a diviner Mind,  
 Than his ; for whatsoe'r the World may think,  
 Pudding's his Food, and drowsy Mum his drink :  
 For read his Trifles, and scarce in one Line,  
 You'll find him guilty of the least Design.  
 By the thick Fogs, which from his Diet rise,  
 His Sense is smother'd, and his Judgment dies.  
 Well has he then the Seven Sleepers grac'd,  
 By Yearly Sacrifice, and Annual Feast,  
 For sure his Studies are but Sleet at best :  
 And All the Town must needs be in a Dream,  
 When such wild Ramblings got him some poor  
 (Fame.

But quitting now this poor Prose Pamphleteer,  
 To mightier Verse, I must my Vessel steer.  
 But here the Chiming Fops so numerous grow,  
 And in such various Follies dress'd they go,  
 'Twould be an endless Task to lash 'em all,  
 And now I find my Muse grows something dull,  
 F. Enough for one time, sure is one such Fool.

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# ASATYR *against* WOMAN.

---

*To a Lady who let a fine Gentleman Die for  
Love of her*

---

FOOLISH *Lucinda*, think what is thy due,  
 Since witty *Strephon's* dead, and dead by you.  
 Think what your Folly, and your Crime demand,  
 Which all your treach'rous Arts cannot withstand.  
 In vain, your Eyes with Coquetry you Arm,  
 The false Advances are to me no Charm.  
 I shun the Rock where *Strephon* has been split,  
 And like *Ulysses* will serenely sit,  
 Regardless of your Beauty, or your Wit.  
 Thy Syren sounds, 'tis true, assault my Ear,  
 But the frail Joy's forbid by juster Fear;  
 For while I *Strephon's* Memory maintain,  
 Your warbling sounds attack my Soul in vain.  
 When



When Wit and Honour you in him despise,  
Your Pertness has no Charm, no force your Eyes;  
To Fools and Knaves you are the destin'd Prey,  
Fate is your Judge, and your Tormentors They.

May'st thou a Maid be still, in Thing, or  
(Name,  
Without the Pleasure, may'st thou lose thy  
(Fame;

Let Lustful Wishes rack thy guilty Mind,  
Yet no Relief in the Possession find.  
Let every Man thou see'st give new Desires,  
And not one quench the rank salacious Fires;  
'Till the devouring Heat with Envy joyn'd,  
Rivel thy Body and distort thy Mind;  
While the Green-sickness, Stone, and loathsome  
(Itch,  
Consume thy Youth, and burn thee for a Witch.

But if it be thy Fate at last to win,  
Some Wood-cock, Coxcomb, to thy Nuptial  
(Ginn;

May thy curs'd days and nights be never free,  
From disappointing Impotence and Jealousie;  
May that thy Nuptial Pleasures still destroy,  
And this thy strong Attempts at lawless Joy.

Ill Humours, Anger, Drubs, be all thy Lot;  
And, more to raise thy Pain, be *Strephon* ne'r for  
(got;

His Honour, Love and Merit, haunt thee still,  
And by lost Joys enhance thy present ill.

But why on thee weak Curfes do I spend,  
For thoughtless Crimes, which come out of thy  
(kind ;

Thy Sex are all *Pandora's* ; Mischiefs all,  
Which only on your foolish Vassals fall.  
The happy Man, that scorns your idle Charms,  
Lives most secure from all their racking harms ;  
While he that yields to your insulting Eyes,  
Jilted, deceiv'd, betray'd, in Sorrow dies.

What lasting Pleasures can from Woman  
(spring,  
Woman that various and that changeful thing ?  
Fleeting and anxious are the Joys we gain,  
But strong and lasting, as the Cause, the Pain.  
Who can suppose, that Sense shou'd e'er prevail,  
Where Ignorance and Folly never fail ?  
That Truth and Love success should ever find,  
In the fantastick Heart of Woman-kind :  
All ~~Show~~ themselves, only by *Show* they're won,  
And to their Ruin, *Truth* they're sure to shun,  
And hug Deceit by which they are undone.

The Boisterous Bullies, or the fraudulent Knave,  
The cunning Hypocrite, and cringing Slave,  
Are sure to gain upon the thoughtless Kind,  
With ease they vanquish their unguided Mind.



Oh ! Gaudy Source of all Mens Hopes and  
(Fears,  
Foil of their Youth and Scandal of their Years;  
To what vile Crimes dost thou still draw us in?  
At once the Cause and Punishment of Sin.  
All their Allurements they with Art display,  
To cause frail Man to deviate from his way.  
Alternate Smiles and Frowns both insincere,  
Gay Laughter now, then sighs, with an ensnar-  
(ing Tear,  
Insulting Pride succeeds, and then dissembled  
(Fear.  
Now sprightly Motion arms their wanton Eye,  
Then in soft Languishments she'll seem to die,  
Thus all the unguarded passes of his Mind she'll  
(try :  
'Till vanquish'd by her strong bewitching  
(Charms:  
He falls a willing Pris'ner to her Arms,  
There meets a Veng<sup>d</sup>ance of ne'er ending Harms.  
To shun this Mifsthief know its Vices well,  
And listen while I all the Sex reveal.

Of wild and various Lusts, of Ignorance,  
Of Avarice strange, and yet profuse Expence ;  
Of superstitious Craft, Profaneness bold,  
Of windy Nonsense, Follies manifold ;  
Of Cruelty, Inconstancy and Lies,  
Envy and Malice, deep Hypocrisies ;  
Of Hate and Anger, and impetuous Rage,  
That Reason cannot Cure, nor Time assuage ;

Revenge implacable, and lawless Fires,  
 Of impotent-still-varying Desires ;  
 And of ten thousand nameless Vices more,  
 Is this vile Idol made, which Men adore.

We need not rake the Brothel and the Stews,  
 To see what various Scenes of Lust they use,  
 There the lew'd Punks of want may plead Excuse.  
 But let us to proud Palaces repair,  
 And out of Choice see what is acted there ;  
 Where unconstrain'd, by want of Choice they  
 (lie

Wallowing in all the filth of boundless Luxury :  
 They set no limits to their wild desires,  
 But each possesses what she now admires.  
 Footman and Groom successively they know,  
 The footy Negro, and the pulvill'd Beau,  
 The Brawny Coach-man, and the Porter too.  
 Fools of all sorts with Pleasure they admit,  
 While they palm Virtue on the suing Wit.

'Till cloy'd with Incest and Adultery,  
 To Lusts more strange with eagerness they fly ;  
 The Crimes in Nature's Bounds they think too  
 (few

And therefore out of Nature seek for new,  
*Lais* in *Phrynes* Arms will now expire,  
 And with strange Art would quench the grow  
 (ing Fire

Still raging with unsatisfy'd desire,



I strive in vain, the varying Crimes to trace,  
 Of this falacious and destructive Race ;  
 Let it suffice that I at once declare,  
 No Law can bind them, and no Love endear.  
 Nor shall I here their drunken Nights unfold,  
 The Tale's too black and shocking to be told ;  
 Or how in Gaming they their hours employ,  
 While thus their Husband's Fortune they de-  
 (stroy ;

Or pay their Loofings with forbidden Joy.  
 Nor shall I touch their secret Murthers done,  
 To hide their Lewdness by Abortion ;  
 Or when by Rage and blind Revenge posselt,  
 They point Fools Swords against each others  
 (Breast.

Let it suffice, that all the Tales of old,  
 That have of their strange Vices long been told ;  
*Pasiphae, Byblis, Phadra*, are out-done,  
 By Nymphs more lewd and wicked of our own ;  
 For every House in Modern Times can show,  
*Medea* and a *Massalina* too :

Quite tired of the Nauseous Theme I end,  
 And quit the Sex for Bottle and for Friend.

*Celia* alone's exempt from all these Crimes,  
 At once the Charm and Honour of these Times.  
 To make this *Phoenix* of the Age Divine,  
 Obliging Humour, Wit and Beauty join :  
 No Affectation checks the Joy she gives,  
 For she no Pride from all her worth derives.

If you ask more, to unknown Worlds repair,  
 And try to make the strange discovery there,  
 For our known World can only boast of her.  
 More than *Columbus* wou'd thy search obtain,  
 But cease, the fruitless Toil will be in vain.

---

A  
 SATYR  
 ON

MARRIAGE.

THE Husband's the Pilot, the Wife is the  
 (Ocean,  
 He always in danger, she always in motion ;  
 And he that in Wedlock twice hazards his Car-  
 (cass,  
 Twice ventures a drowning, and faith that's a  
 (hard case ;  
 Even at our own Weapons the Females defeat  
 (us,  
 And Death, only Death, can sign our *Quietus*.  
 Not to tell ye sad Stories of Liberty lost,  
 How our Mirth is all pall'd, and our Pleasure all  
 (crost ;  
 This Pagan confinement, this damnable station,  
 Suits no Order, nor Age, nor Degree in the Na-  
 (tion.  
 The



The Levite it keeps from Parochial duty,  
For who can at once mind Religion and Beauty?  
The rich it alarms with Expences and Trouble,  
And a poor Beast you know can scarce carry  
(double.

'Twas invented, they tell you, to keep us  
(from falling,  
Oh the virtue and grace of a shrill caterwauling.  
But it palls in your Game. Ah but how do you  
(know, Sir,  
How often your Neighbour breaks up your In-  
(closure.

For this is the principal comfort of Marriage,  
You must eat, though a hundred have spit in  
(your Porrage.)  
If at Night you're unactive, and fail of perform-  
(ing,  
Enter Thunder and Lightning, and Bloodshed  
(next Morning.  
Cries the Bone of your side, thanks dear Mr  
(Horner,  
This comes of your finning with Crape in a  
(Corner.  
Then to make up the breach, all your strength  
(you must rally,  
And labour and sweat like a Slave at the Gally.  
Yet still you must charge, oh blessed condition,  
Tho' you know, to your cost, you've no Ammu-  
(nition.  
Till

'Till at last my dear Mortify'd Tool of a Man,  
You're not able to make a poor flash in the pan.

Fire, Female and Flood begin with a Letter,  
And the World's for them all not a farthing  
(the better.

Your Flood soon is gone, and your Fire you  
(may humble,

If into the Flame store of Water you tumble ;  
But to cool the damn'd heat of your Wives Ti-  
(tillation,

You may use half the Engines, and Pumps in  
(the Nation,

But may piss out as well the last Conflagration.  
Thus, Sir, I have sent you my thoughts of the  
(matter,

Judge you as you please, but I scorn to flatter.

---



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A  
S A T Y R  
U P O N T H E  
*French* K I N G.

---

Written by a *Non-Swearing-Parson*, and  
drop'd out of his Pocket at *Sam's Coffee-*  
*House.*

*Facit indignatio Versum.*

**A**ND hast thou left Old *Jemmy* in the Lurch?  
A plague confound the Doctors of thy  
(Church.

Then to abandon poor *Italian Molly*,  
That I had the firking of thy Bum with Holly.  
Next to discard the Prince of *Wales*,  
How suits this with the Honour of *Versailles*?  
Fourthly, and Lastly, to renounce the *Turks*,  
Why this is the Devil, the Devil, and all his  
(Works.

Were I thy Confessor, who am thy Martyr,  
Dost think that I'de allow thee any Quarter,  
No--- thou shoud'st find what 'tis to be a Starter.

Lord!

Lord ! with what monstrous Lies, and senseless  
(Shamms,

Have we been cullied all a-long at *Sam's*.

Who could e're believ'd, unless in Spite,

*Lewis le Grand* wou'd turn rank *Williamite* ?

Thou, that hast look'd so fierce, and talk'd so big.

In thy Old Age to dwindle to a *Whigg*,

By Heaven, I see thou'rt in thy Heart a *Prigg*.

I'de not be for a Million in thy *Jerkin*,

'Fore *George* thy Soul's no bigger than a *Gerkin*.

Hast thou for this spent so much *Ready Rhino* ?

Now, what the Plague will become of *Jure Divino* ?

A Change so monstrous I cou'd ne'er ha' thought,

Though *Patridge* all his Stars to vouch it, brought,

S'life, I'le not take thy Honour for a Groat.

Ev'n Oaths with thee, are only things of Course,

Thou, 'Zoons, thou'rt a Monarch for a Horse.

Of King's distress'd thou art a fine Securer,

Thou mak'st me Swear, that am a known Non-

(*Jurer*.

But tho I swear thus, as I said before,

Know, King, I'le place it all upon thy Score:

Were *Job* alive, and banter'd by such Shufflers,

He'd out-rail *Oats*, and Curse both thee and

(*Bnfflers*.

For thee I've lost, if I can rightly scan 'em,

Two Livings worth full Eightscore Pounds per

(*Annum*,

*Bona, & legalis Anglia Moneta*,

But now I am clearly routed by the Treaty.

Then



Then Geese and Pigs my Table ne're did fail,  
And Tyth-Eggs merrily flew in like Hail,  
My Barns with Corn, my Cellars cramm'd with  
(Ale.

The Dice are chang'd, for now, as I'm a Sinner,  
The Devil, for me, knows where to buy a Din-  
(ner.

I might as soon, tho' I were ne're so willing,  
Raife a whole Troop of Horse, as one poor Shil-  
(ling.

My Spouse, alas ; must flaunt in Silks no more,  
Pray Heaven, for Sustainance, she turn not Whore ;  
And Daughter Peggy too, in time, I fear,  
Will learn to take a Stone up in her Ear.

My Friends have basely left me with my place,  
What's worse, my very Pimples bilk my face.

And frankly my Condition to disclose,  
I most resent th' ungratitude of my Nose,  
On which tho' I have spent of Wine such store,  
It now looks paler than my Tavern score.

My double Chin's dismantled, and my Coat is,  
Past it's best days, *in Verbo Sacerdotis*.

My Breeches too this Morning, to my wonder,  
I found grown Schismaticks, and fallen asunder.  
When first I came to Town with Household Clog,  
Rings, Watch, and so forth, fairly went for Prog.  
The Ancient *Fathers* next, in whom I boasted,  
Were soon exchange'd for primitive Boil'd and  
(Roasted.

Since 'tis no Sin of Books to be a Glutton,  
I truck'd St. *Austin* for a Leg of Mutton.

Old *Jerom's* Volumnes next I made a Rape on;  
 And melted down that Father for a Capon.  
 When these were gone, my Bowels not to balk,  
 I trespass'd most *enormously* in Chalk.  
 But long I had not Quarter'd upon Tick,  
 Ere Christian Faith, I found, grew monstrous sick:  
 And now, Alas! when my starv'd Entrails croke,  
 At *Partner How's* I Dine and Sup on Smoke.  
 In fine, the Government may do its Will,  
 But I'm afraid my Guts will *Grumble* still.

*Dennis*, of *Sicily*, as Books relate, Sir,  
 When he was tumbled from the Regal State Sir,  
 (Which, by the by, I hope will be your Fate Sir.)  
 And his good Subjects left him in the lurch,  
 Turn'd Pedagogue, and *Tyranniz'd* in Birch:  
 Tho' thus the *Spark* was taken a peg lower,  
 Some feeble signs of his old State he bore,  
 And Reign'd o'er Boys, that Govern'd Men before.  
 For thee I wish some Punishment that worse is,  
 Since thou hast spoil'd my Prayers, now hear my  
 (Curfes.

May thy Affairs, (for so I wish by Heavens)  
 All the World o'er at Sixes lie and Sevens.  
 May *Conti* be impos'd on by the *Primate*,  
 And forc'd, in haste, to leave the Northern Cli-  
 (mate:

May he rely upon their Faith, and try it,  
 And have his Bellyfull of the *Polish Dyet*.  
 May *Maintenon*, tho' thou so long hast kept her,  
 With *Brand-Venereal* finge thy Royal Scepter.



May all the Poets, that thy Fame have scat-  
(ter'd,

Un-god thee now, and Damn what once they  
(flatter'd.

May Pope, and Thou, be never Cater Cousins.  
And *Fistula's* thy Arse-hole seize by Dozens.

Thus far in Jest; but now to pin the basket,  
May'st thou to *England* come, of *Jove* I ask it,  
Thy wretched Fortune, *Lewis*, there to prop,  
I hope thou'lt in the *Fryars* take a Shop,  
Turn Puny-Barber there, bleed lousy *Carmen*,  
Cut Corns for Chimney-Sweepers and such Ver-  
(min,

Be forc'd to Trim (for such I'm sure thy Fate is)

Thy own *Hugonots*, and Us *Non Jurors* gratis.

May *Savoy* with thee hither pack,

And carry a *Raree-Show* upon his Back.

May all this happen, as I've put my Pen to't,

And may all *Christian* People say *Amen* to't.

---

---

*To the LORDS in Council Assembled.*

The Petition of *Thomas Brown*, by which he receiv'd his Enlargement from *Prison*.

*PINDARICK.*

*Humbly Sheweth,*

**S**Hou'd you order *Tom Brown*,  
To be whip'd through the Town,  
For scurvy Lampoon.

Grave *S——n* and *Crown*,

Their Pens wou'd lay down.

Even *Durfey* himself, and such Merry Fellows,  
That put their whole Trust in Tunes and Trang-  
(dilloes,  
May hang up their Harps and themselves on the  
(Willows,

For if Poets are punish'd for Libelling Trash,  
*John Dryden*, tho' Sixty, may yet fear the Lash,  
No Pension, no Praise,  
Much *Birch* without Bays,  
These are not right ways,  
Our Fancy to raise,  
To the writing of Plays.

And



Whether by some cool River's side,  
 We see the silver Waters glide,  
 The Fishes sport, and Sun-beams gay  
 On the smooth liquid Surface play;  
 Or seek some lonely Sylvan Shade,  
 Or glimmering Bower, or russet Glade,  
 Where the dark Horrors of the Wood,  
 Solemn Thoughts inspire and good.  
 Sometimes at Table, when we dine,  
 We may dissolve our Cares in Wine,  
 And o'er the generous Nectar sport,  
 And laugh at City and at Court:  
 And sometimes too a new Amour,  
 May serve to pass an idle Hour.  
 Long with the Fair we must not stay,  
 But from the Charmers part away.  
 Love does unseen the Flame impart,  
 And finds a Passage to the Heart.

But is it not alas high Time,  
 To chase the *Cœlia's* from my Rhime,  
 When the grave City is preparing,  
 To give our Damsels \* *Indian Airing*.  
 Oh! that my persecuting Pain,  
 Would with these Ladies cross the Main,  
 And never visit me again.

Cruel Disease! old *Saturn's* Son,  
 Quit this Abode and get thee gone.  
 Some lazy Prelate's Limbs invade,  
 Or Lawyers batt'ning on his Trade;

---

\* He means the Magistrates of Paris, who had ordered that all convicted Whores should be transported to the West-Indies.

Or with thy dire Attendants wait,  
 On some dull Minister of State ;  
 But why thy Visits never timing,  
 Shoul'st thou intrude to spoil my Rhiming ?  
 The Devil a Verse can from me creep,  
 But shows what company I keep.

If this be thy felonious Aim,  
 To chill my Muse, and damp her Flame,  
 Prithee to some new Host repair,  
 And all this needless Trouble spare :  
 In few Months more without thy Aid,  
 Old Age will spoil me for that Trade.

---

### *An Epigram upon Sir R. B.*

SUCH swarms of Wits on *Blackmore* most absurd  
 Two Thousand Flies attack a new fall'n T--  
 In which great Fray each unsuccessful Flie,  
 Loses his seeing, beshits his little Thigh :  
 From whence this useful Moral's clearly shown,  
 Better the Flie had let the T—— alone.



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## An Epigram.

**A** *Saph* takes the wisest Course,  
To prop three sinking Nations :  
For *Partridge* only Bribes the Stars,  
But he the *Revelations*.

---

## An Epigram upon *Stantia non poterant tecta probare Deos*.

**P**erpetua infidos reddit tibi crapula gressus,  
Et titubas plenus numine *Bacche* tuo :  
Scilicet hinc madidæ pendet tibi Gloria vitis,  
Non meruit vini qui stetit esse Deus.

---

## An Epigram upon a Blind-Man in Love.

**I**F watchful *Argus* kept not One,  
Hop'st thou to keep thine, who hast none ?

*On the same.*

**I**F *Argus* with a hundred Eyes, not One,  
Could guard, hop'st thou to keep thine, who  
(hast none ?

## *Observationes quædam in Virgili- um, Ovidium, Homer, &c.*

**S**eries remigum a summo latere ad imam cari-  
nam oblique numeratæ *ordines* dicebantur, et  
pro multiplici *ordine* navis erat *biremis triremis* &c.  
ac eadem series a prora ad puppim numeratæ,  
dicebantur *Versus*.

**Q**uod sit in veterum navibus *ordo* remorum  
duplex, triplex, quadruplex, &c. unde  
*biremes, triremes, quadriremes*, &c. Appellantur,  
ambiguum est. Sed quia dicit *Virgilius*, l. 5. *Tri-  
plici pubes quam Dardana versu impellunt, terno con-  
surgunt ordine remi*. Constat, in utroq; navis latere  
remigum ordines surrexisse, alios alijs super posi-  
tos, non ita tamen ut superiorum remigum pe-  
des inferiorum capitibus impenderent perpendi-  
culari ut ajunt, rectaq; linea; (sic enim latera  
navium extruenda altius fuissent) sed ita, ut  
transstris oblique a summo ad imum instar gra-  
dum dispositis insisterent remiges, quorum su-  
perior ordo ibi figebat pedes, ubi ordo inferior  
insidebat.

**O** Terq; quaterq; beati Virg. *Æn.* l. 1. Ita He-  
roem suum lamentantem Maro introdu-  
cit, nec temere. In mari siquidem interire a-  
cerbe fulerunt fortes, ubi virtuti suæ non erat  
locus, ut pulchre exirent vita. Adde, quod ani-  
mam censebant veterum pleriq; igneam esse,  
quam in aquis extinguere naturæ contrarium vide-  
batur;



batur ; super omnia exequiarum honore destitui horrebant, sine quibus *Styga* transvehi per centum annos desperabant.

**C***Archēsia*. Eo nomine appellantur pocula pro-cera, et circa Mediam partem compressa, quorum ansæ a summo ad imum pertinent.

**V***Ixi annos bis centum, nunc tertia vivitur atas.*  
Ovid. *Met.* l. 12. Hinc falsos liquet qui tres Nestoris ætates per 30 Annorum sæcula minora metiuntur, siquidem Ovidio fides.

**T**Umulis mortuorum lac, mel, vinum, lachrymas, sanguinem, flores, thura, alia insuper honoris causa, vel etiam ad lætiorem defuncti apud inferos statum, ingerere solebant. Atq; hæc demortuis sacrificia *inferiæ* dicebantur.

**C***Estus* Chirothecæ species quædam est e loris bubulis, plumbo etiam ac ferro interdum infuto. His pugiles muniebant manus, eosq; cubito ac humero, ne excuterentur, alligabant.

**Q**uinquennale fuisse silentium a Pythagora Discipulis suis præscriptum voluerunt ; quainquam aliud alijs æstimata cujusq; solertia, non minus tamen biennio, fuisse scripsit Gellius.

**I***Narimen, Prochytenq; legit.* Ovid. *Met.* l. 14.  
*Insula* est contra Campaniam, quæ et *Inaria* et *Ischia* dicta. Vox hæc *Inarime* a *Virgilio* videtur esse conficta : nam *Homerus* locutus de hac insula dicit, *Εν Αἰγυπτῷ*. Sane apud nullos ante *Virgilium* Authores legitur ; post eum usurpata est statim ab Ovidio, *Lucano*, &c. quod ad conjecturam multam facit.

**H**istoria fidem non observant Poetæ, ubi Æneæ et Didonis amores canunt. Siquidem Æneas annos 286. vixit ante Didonem.

**Q**uid Pandionia restant nisi nomen Athena? Ita Ovid. l. 15. *Metam.* Introducit Pythagoram loquentem. Falsissimum vero est Pythagoræ tempore nihil nisi nomen fuisse Athenas, quæ tunc ut cum Maxime floruerunt. Grave hunc et quatuor precedentes versiculos adulterinos esse non immerito censuit. Cl. *Heinsius*. Interrumpunt etiam filum narrationis, qua Poeta probaturus est Romam ex Trojæ ruinis renasci.

**P**ythagoræ audiendi causa Numam Crotonem comes concessisse finxit *Ovidius Met. l. 15.* Ut Fabulas suas consueret, cum tamen Pythagoram, servio Tullio regnante, centum amplius post annos vixisse fatis constat.

**V**irgilius, Naso, Florus, &c. Pharsalum Thesaliæ urbem, ubi Cæsarem inter & Pompeium de pugnatum est, cum Philippis Thraciæ, ubi victi Brutus et Cassius ab Octavio & Antonio, miro fane errore, confuderunt, nisi ut poearum mos est vicina vel ejusdem ditionis loca pro iisdem usurpare, Pharsalum atq; Philippos, quæ urbes eidem Macedonum regi olim parebant, pro una atq; eadem belli arena promiscue sumpserint.

**V**aticinia quædam sorte, et conjectis in mensam talis agebantur. Unde sortes pro responso, seu oraculo sæpe apud Poetas.

**N**iveisq; frequens sinuessa colubris. *Ovid. Met. l. 15.* Verissime hic loci Cl. *Heinsius* Columbis pro colubris reponi debere censuit. Sinuessa urbs Companiæ, quis vero nescit *Plinium, l. 10.*



c. 37. *Laudare Campanas Columbas. Nivei autem hinc Colubri in Authoribus antiquis nusquam memorantur.*

**M***Ediamq; tenentes Orbis hamum, Delphos. Ovid. Met. l. 15. Parnassum montem, sub quo Delphi Apollinis Oraculo insigne oppidum, Orbis umbilicum statuunt Strabo Lucanus et alij. De Hierosolymis idem nonnulli somniarunt.*

**H***omer not only makes Achilles invulnerable every where but his Heel, but likewise bestows a Suit of impenetrable Armour upon this invulnerable Body. Bully Dawson would have Fought the Devil with those advantages.*

**T***HE Ninth Eclogue of Virgil, as well as the First, seems to have been written A. V. C. 713. or a little after; so that Ecce Dionæi processit Cesaris astrum, cannot possibly be thought to allude (as Mr Edwards would have it) to the famous Star which usher'd in our Saviours Natiyity, which happen'd Anno V. C. 75.*

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*The MEN and the WOMEN  
SAINTS in an Uproar;  
Or, the Superstition of the  
Romish Church Expos'd:*

*In a Dialogue after Lucian's manner.  
Written by Mr. Tho. Brown, in the  
Year 1687.*

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*Scene the Elysian Fields.*

*Enter a Messenger to Pluto.*

*Mess.* **T**IS well your Majesty's at hand to suppress the Riot newly begun in the *Quarter of the Saints* yonder. There is such calling of Names, and giving the Lie, such Roaring and Screaming, such Swaggering and Bouncing, both among the *Men-Saints* and the *Women-Saints*, that for my part, I expected every Minute when it wou'd come to down-right Kick and Cuff between 'em. If you don't give immediate Orders to have a stop put to this Hubbub, the Lord knows when it will end.— That's all Sir.

*Pluto.*



*Pluto.* Come Friend, leave that Affair to my management. — But who are the principal Bell-weather's of the Mutiny?

*Mess.* Why first of all, an't please you, there's *St. George of Capadocia*, a notable Fellow of his Inches, and Metal to the Back, I warrant him. A World of angry words have past between him and a huge two-handed Lubber, *St Christopher* I think they call him, but unless I am mightily mistaken in my Man, I dare swear the dapper *Cappadocian* will bang half a dozen such hulky Rogues as t'other and hardly sweat for't. Then here's a *Termagant* Fury, *St Ursula* by name, at the Head of a eleven Thousand Red-hair'd Bona Roba's, and every one of them Virgins, forsooth, ready to fall upon the *Thabean* Legion. The Soldiers call 'em Vagrants, threaten to pluck up their Petticoats, and send them to the House of Correction. The Women on the other hand exclaim against *Lobsters* and *Tatterdemallions*, and defie 'em to prove 'twas ever known in any Age or Country in the World, that a Red-Coat died for his Religion.

*Pluto.* This is merry enough, but go on.

*Mess.* In another Corner of the Room there's nothing but Fire and Desolation denounc'd on both sides between the *Seven Sleepers* and the three Kings of *Colen*. The latter call the former a pack of drowfie sleepy Sots, who getting Drunk with Poppy-water and Brandy, fancied they slept several scores of Years at one go-down, when 'twas all Whimsey and Imagination. Ay, ay, Gentlemen, cry the *Sleepers*, you have great reason indeed to pick holes in your Neighbours Coats, when if you were strip'd of your fine Names and Titles, which never honestly belong'd to you, you'd be found to be no better, nor no worse than

than three strowling Fortune-tellers. But the oddest and most Comical Scene is still behind.

*Pluto.* Come, out with it then.

*Mess.* A venerable Old Gentleman, who they say had been high Pontiff of *Rome* in the days of *Tore*, pointing to a rusty Spear, and a Cloak of Antiquity and Fashion, *I command you, good People, says he, to pay your respect to these two most incomparable Saints and Martyrs, St. Longinus and St. Amphibalus. Upon my Infallibility they have not their Fellows in the Almanack.* Why surely, reply'd I to him, you have a mind to banter Folks out of their Senses. What is not this a Spear? *No, Sir, his Name is Longinus, and he was one of the earliest sufferers for the Christian Faith; Very well, but won't you own this to be a Cloak? A Cloak Sir! Have a care what you say. A Cloak! Why, he was the undaunted Companion of St. Alban, his Name Amphibalus, suffer'd with him near Verulam, and for this I preferr'd him to the Calendar.* But why do I trouble your Majesty with these particulars; If you don't send a Battallion or two of your Guards to reduce them out of hand, these Revolters, for ought I know, may prove a damn'd Thorn in your Royal Foot: Don't you hear, what a curst Hurricane they make.

*Pluto.* Thou art more afraid than hurt. These Saints, thou talkest of, may do a damn'd deal of mischief at the Head of a parcel of *Fools*, that would be lead by the Nose by them; but by themselves they can do no more harm than a Physician without his Powder and Pills, or a Lawyer without his Parchments.——However, since, as it happens, I have a spare Afternoon, no Business upon my Hands, and some of my Subjects may improve this Mole hill into a Mountain to the prejudice of my Affairs, I am resolv'd to try them my self; therefore order  
them



them to repair to me immediately ; for all their  
Hectoring and making this boisterous Noise, I  
know they dare not disobey me. (Exit.

*Enter St George and St Christopher.*

(*St George plucking St Christopher by the Nose.*)  
Well, Insolence, I shall be even with you before  
I have done. Dark Nights will come, and then  
I'll substantially thrash your Jacket for you.  
What ! such a Booby as thou art pretend to dis-  
pute the precedence with a Person of my Qua-  
lity ?

*Pluto.* Why, how now, Bully *Royster* ! What's  
the meaning of this Outrage in the Face of  
Justice ?

*St George.* This over grown Beast here, an't  
please your Highness, has not only reflected up-  
on my Parentage, but call my Valour in Questi-  
on. 'Tis known to all the World, that I am  
the doughty Hero that deliver'd the King of  
*Egypt's* Daughter, kill'd the Dragon upon the  
spot, and carried off the Royal Virgin for my  
Reward. To justify this Truth, I need urge no  
other Testimonies than the common Signs in  
most Towns of *Europe*, where I am to be seen  
most magnificently bestriding my Steed with  
the Dragon under my Feet.

*St Christopher.* For all his bouncing and brag-  
ging, I believe your Majesty will put him strange-  
ly to his Trumps, if you'll but ask him where  
he was Born, what Profession he was off, and  
what sort of an Animal it was he Killed ?

*Pluto.* Come hither, Friend, and resolve me  
a Question or two ; Where were you Born ?

*St. George.* Some say in *Cappadocia*, others in  
*Coventry*.

*Pluto.* Why truly *Coventry* lies very near *Cap-  
padocia*. But what a plague, can't you tell where  
you were Born ?

*St. George.*

*St. George.*— And others have affirm'd, that *Alexandria* in *Egypt* was the place of my Nativity: For my part I cannot precisely tell where I was Born, but that I was Born some where or other, I hope your Majesty has the Charity to believe.

*Pluto.* Most certainly: But what was thy Profession?

*St. George.* Some make me a great Officer in the Emperor's Army, and others an *Arrian Bp.* and a Persecutor.

*Pluto.* Thou art enough to distract the greatest Patience: I'll allow thee indeed not to know the place of thy Birth, because Children don't use to come into the World with their Ink-horns and Pocket-Books about them; but the Devil's in thee if thou can'st not remember whether thou wer't a Bishop or a Soldier: Those two Professions are not so like one another, that there shou'd be any great danger of mistaking them.

*St. George.* 'Tis my misfortune that I cannot.--

*Pluto.* Come then, under what Emperor didst thou live?

*St. George.* Some say under the Emperor *Dio-clesian*; some-----

*Pluto.* How! at your *Some's* again. Thou art a true Original I swear. Well, I have but one Question more to ask thee, What sort of an Animal was the Dragon which thou valuest thyself so much for slaying; had it Wings, as 'tis commonly painted in the Signs, or was it a Reptile?

*St. George.* Not exactly resembling it in every particular, nor yet altogether different. As for Wings I can say nothing to the matter; for I confess I was under so great an agitation-----

*Pluto.* I understand your meaning, you were so terribly scar'd in the time of Engagement,  
that



that you had not leisure to consider the shape of your Monster.—Come, come, honest Friend, these Thams are too gross to pass upon the World any longer, your Dragons and flying Monsters won't go down at this time of day, therefore take my word for't, I'll take care to see thee turn'd out of the Almanack.

*St. George.* Well then if it's my fate to be ejected out of my ancient Free-hold, I hope your Majesty will be so just, as to make that huge two-handed Fellow keep me Company. I dare engage, that if you ask him the same Questions you put to me, you'll find him as deficient.

*Pluto.* Nay, I won't favour one more than another, that I assure you. (*To his Officers.* Bring up that tall well-shaped Gentleman yonder to the Bar—Well, Sir, under whose Reign did you live? What Occupation did you follow? Who was your Father? Come resolve me immediately, for my Times precious.

*St. Christopher.* I liv'd near an Arm of the Sea.

*Pluto.* Very particularly answer'd. And in what part of the World; for I suppose, you know there are more Arms of the Sea than one?

*St. Chr.* I can't tell, an't please you.

*Pluto.* That's honest however. But, proceed.

*St. Chr.* I was a Ferry-Man by my Calling, if I may call that a Calling, which never got me a Farthing; for I was so good Natur'd a Hackney, that I used to carry the Folks over for nothing.

*Pluto.* Why, how did you maintain your Boat and Tackle all this while?

*St. Chr.* I kept none, but carried the good People upon my Shoulders.

*Pluto.* A very pretty story; and so you waded through this imaginary Arm of the Sea, and whipt over your Customers dryshod. Well; I shall ask you no more Questions, for this has  
given

given me enough. Turn out both those Fellows there, and Mr. Recorder, pray remember to expunge their Names out of the *Calendar*.

(*Exit St. George, and St. Christopher.*)

*Enter St. Ursula, at the Head of the eleven Thousand Virgins, and St. Mauritius in the Front of the Thæbean Legion.*

*Pluto.* Bless me! what a Fantastick sight is here! What a mottly Chequer'd Assembly of Red-Coats and Waistcoateers! Sure it must be some Quarrel of importance, that has put such numbers of both Sexes into so great a Ferment. Come Mistress (for I know you'll have the first and last word whether I grant it you or no) what is the occasion of this Disorder and Mutiny, that you have lately made in my Dominions?

*St. Ursula.* Why that furious fierce Hero, Col. *Kickum*, had the impudence to tell me that those ill-look'd shirtless Rascals, lost their Lives for the Christian Religion. A very probable Story indeed! that a pack of Vermin bred up to plundering of Hedges, nimming of Cloaks, rubbing out of Milk-scores, and bilking of their Landladies, should on the sudden be so strangely troubled with qualms of Conscience as to lay down their Lives: For what——Why for their Religion, forsooth? Whereas I always thought that a Soldier had no other Religion but his Pay.

*St. Mauritius.* Very pert Miss *Termagant*, and is it not altogether as probable that Eleven Thousand Virgins should come out of a little pimping Corner of *Britain*, when some honest Gentlemen of that Nation, but t'other day assured me, that the whole Kingdom hardly affords so many at present, tho' 'tis ten times as populous;



pulous, as when the Legend supposes you and your Sister Trollops to have lived there.

St. *Ursula*. 'Tis some Comfort to me however, Bully-spit-Fire, that thou canst not abuse me, without falling foul upon my Country.

St. *Mauritius*. Now, if it would not be too great a trouble to your Ladyship, I would desire you to inform the Court, how you and your sandy-pated Companions made a shift for to cross over into *France*? Swimming Girdles and Cork Shoes, as I take it, were not then in Fashion; and the *British* Princes, put 'em all together, had not Shipping enough to transport such an Army of Viragoes.

St. *Ursula*. Come, come, you're impertinent, and I won't resolve you.

St. *Mauritius*. In the next place, Madam, you would singularly oblige your humble Servant, to explain to him after what manner you subsisted your *Cloven* Regiment, when you had got them over. What! Had you ready Cash enough among you to pay off your Scores as you march'd along, or did you manage it *a la militaire*, and lay the Country under Contribution.

St. *Ursula*. Thou everlasting Coxcomb! why we beat the Hoofs as Pilgrims, and the People Charitably reliev'd us as we pass'd.

St. *Mauritius*. Nay, the *French*, I know, are extremely Charitable to the Fair Sex, and forward to relieve their Necessities; but under Favour, such numbers as you had with you were enough to eat up the Country. For my part, I wonder that the Wives and Grandmothers did not lock up their Doors, as you pass'd, for fear their Husbands and Relations might be tempted to trespass upon Pilgrim's Flesh.

*St. Ursula.* Spoke like a Soldier. You are of the Opinion, I find, that I and my vertuous Attendants are like those lewd Prostitutes, that use to follow your Armies; but I'de have you to know we had no such Folks among us.

*St. Mauritius.* Well, Madam, your Soldier, as unmannerly a Fellow as he appears to be in these wicked Habiliments, knows somewhat of his Trade, for which reason he's impatient to know what sort of Discipline you observed in your Troops; for having so jolly plump Lassies under your Care methinks 'twas highly necessary for you to order sufficient Out-Guards, and strongly intrench your selves every Night, to hinder the wicked from attacking you by surprize.

*St. Ursula.* One must have nothing to do, that has leisure enough to answer such insignificant Questions.

*St. Mauritius.* Besides, 'tis worth any Man's while to enquire, whether you were single or double Officer'd; whether you march'd in one main Body or in several Columns; how you behav'd your selves towards the Magistrates of the respective Cities, thro' which you pass'd; what sort of watch-words you gave, and lastly, who wash'd your Smocks upon the Road; for, Madam, I can hardly believe, that such nice, well-bred Ladies, as those are, would stoop to so vile a Drudgery, if they could help it.

*St. Ursula.* Well, Sir, go on with your senseless Raillery.

*St. Mauritius.* — And when you had travers'd the whole length of *France* (which by the by was none of the easiest Journey for so many silly Women to undertake) it rejoices me to consider, with what wonderful Alacrity you scamper'd over the *Alps*, and without a farthing of Money in your Pockets, Guides to conduct you, and

safe-



guards to protect you, made your way peaceably over those Hills, were none but *Annibal* and a few Generalissimo's after him with all their Power and Wealth, were able to march any considerable numbers.

St. *Ursula*. Have you done?

St. *Mauritius*. No, no, the most whimsical Scene of the Farce is still behind, and therefore, Madam, I most humbly desire you to consider, what a most noble sight it was when you and your Tribes were at *Rome*, to see the Pope and Cardinals visiting your Squadrons, running into your Tents, feeling your Purses, and rummaging—

St. *Ursula*. Well, and where was the harm on't.

St. *Mauritius*. Nay, there was no harm in't, that's certain; the Pope's a civil worthy Gentleman, and his Cardinals a parcel of as complaisant Persons as any in the World. They do you any Harm! Heavens forbid; for tho' they subsist chiefly by the Spirit, yet no People in the Universe know better how to reconcile the Flesh to the Spirit, than they.

St. *Ursula*. I see there's no stopping your licentious Tongue, otherwise you would not make so familiar with the Head of the Church.

St. *Mauritius*. But not to dwell any longer upon this Subject, having received the Papal Benediction, and been often refreshed by the Cardinals, 'twas now high time for you and the rest of your She-Myrmidons, to think of settling in one part of the World or other; so turning your Faces towards the North, and clambering over the same Mountains again, you directed your course by the Banks of the *Rhine* towards *Lower Germany*, where not far from the noble City of *Cölen*, a pack of Heathenish Rogues, call'd

*Goths and Vandals*, finding you were not for their purpose, fell upon you with Sword in hand, and made a total Destruction of you and your Virtuous Heroines. Is not this, Madam, the Truth, and the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth?

*St. Ursula*. Why, so they did, and I'll stand by't.

*St. Mauritius*. No matter what you'll stand or fall by; But I will appeal to this Honourable Bench, whether ever in this World Eleven Thousand Virgins, grown to Women's Estate were seen in a Body together, travell'd so many thousand Leagues, and at last made so foolish an end.—No, Madam, talk no more of the matter, but own your self and the rest of your Sisterhood to be Cheats, and the Court perhaps may be so metciful as to forgive you the Ducking-Stool.

*St. Ursula*. Cheats! know thou huffing, puffing, Sconce-building Ruffian, know I am a Princess, and of a Royal Extraction.

*St. Mauritius*. A Princess! Ha! ha! ha! a very pretty Princess indeed: You'd break a Man's Sides with Laughing, I vow and Swear. A Princess? Good Lord! Nay really you look as like a Princess upon second thoughts I say it, as a Hedg-hog looks like a Rhinoceros.

*St. Ursula*. And the meanest of my Companions are Gentlewomen born and bred. But why do I waste my Lungs to no purpose in talking to an Impertinent?—Come, my dear Sisters, fall on, *Victoria* is the word, and let us drubb these Lobsters into better Manners.

*Pluto*. How! What offer a Riot in the face of Justice. (To his Guards. Carry off those Waist-coateers, and make them atone for this Mutiny with a Fortnights beating of Hemp.—— As for the



the Soldiers, send 'em to their respective Homes,  
if they have any (Exeunt.

*Enter the Seven Sleepers, and three Kings of Colen.*

*Pluto.* High day ! who have we got here ! Such a set of drowfy ill-look'd Sots I have not seen this long while. Come, Gentlemen, what's your business ? where have you been ? How many Gallons have you guzzled for your Mornings-draught, that you reel and stagger so ?

*1st Sleeper.* We are the Se---Yawning,---ven Slee---pers, an't ple---ase your High---ighness, so----ho fa-a--mous in His--tory, Sir.

*1st King of Colen.* They are seven as errant Impostors, as ever deluded the Credulous World.

*2d Sleeper.* No, Sir, we Sle---ep too much, Yawns, to be Impostors : But that Tri---um---vitate of Fortune-Tellers are-----

*Pluto.* Why these drowfie yawning Puppies are ten times more troublesome than either the Dragon-killer and his huge two-handed Adversary, or the *Ursulines* and *Thebeans*. Come, Gentlemen, (*To the Sleepers*) don't think we'll allow you to sleep here in a Court of Judicature. If you have any thing to say for your selves, do it quickly-----

*2d King.* To let your Majesty see, what abominable Cheats these seven Dreamers are, they pretend to have slept two or three hundred Years in a Cave ; and as they want no Impudence, have told the Lie so often, that now they begin to believe it.

*3d Sleeper.* For the truth of this matter of Fact, we appeal to *Metasthenes*, and the Golden Legend ; Authors of that undoubted Credit that no body, we presume, will call their Veracity in Question.

*Pluto.* Tell me not of your fabulous musty Authors, they are of no credit here. But come—How long did you Sleep? *2dly.* Why did you sleep? *3dly,* How came you, after so long a sleep, to awake?

*All three Sleepers.* In a time of Persecution (the Lord knows, when and where) we retir'd into a Wood, and in this Wood found out a most solitary Cave where we slept till we waked, and thought it had been but a common Nap; but returning to our respective Homes, we found all our Wives and Acquaintance buried; and instead of sleeping half a score Hours, or so, we found by computation we had slept some hundreds of Years.

*Pluto.* Very well. You must put these Shams upon Blockheads, and not upon me.—But as for those odd-fashion'd Sparks, yonder, that pretend to be King's, (for you shall see I'm for distributing Justice impartially to all.) Come, what are your Names?

*1st King of Colen.* *Melchior, Caliban, and Mamamouchi.*

*2d King of Colen.* No, Brother, you are mistaken, our true Names are *Rego, Trego, and Don Diego.*

*Pluto.* Merry enough. So, I find you go by different Names. A shrewd suspicion of your being Cheats, let me tell you, Gentlemen. But your Country, what was that?

*All.* *Arabia.*

*Pluto.* How the Plague came you to *Cologn* then?

*All.* We were translated, an't please your Majesty—First from *Jerusalem* to *Constantinople*—Then from *Constantinople* to *Milan*; and thirdly and lastly, from *Milan* to *Colen*.

*Pluto.*



*Pluto.* A very pretty Story! Come *Messieurs les Roys de Cologne*, since you are so given to Translation, you shall find I'll be so good natur'd as to translate you once more; and so *(To his Guards)* see these translating Gentlemen translated to the Quarter of Lunaticks. *(Exeunt.)*

*Enter St. Longinus, St. Amphibalus, and the Pope.*

*Pope.* Lord! How weary I am with lugging these two Saints. Let me repose my self a little— So, now I have recover'd my Breath pretty well.— Most noble Monarch, having been abused by Censorious Hereticks, I am forced to appeal to your Impartial Tribunal, and question not but you'll do me and these two Martyrs Justice.

*Pluto.* Two Martyrs say'st thou? Where the Devil are they?

*Pope.* On my Right-hand, an't please your Majesty, Don't you see 'em there?

*Pluto.* Not I, and yet I can dive as far into a Mill-stone as any of my Neighbour Princes. 'Tis true, I see a Spear, and an Old greasy Cloak yonder, but where are your Martyrs with a Murrain to you?

*Pope.* This it is to want the Eye of Faith: I can assure your Majesty, (and I hope you don't question my Infallibility, which all the upper World consents to own) that neither is one a Spear, nor t'other a Cloak, but two as worthy Persons as ever said the *Confiteor*; and their Names are St. *Longinus* and St. *Amphibalus*.

*Pluto.* Old Gentleman you may give 'em what Names you please, but I am not to be banter'd out of my Senses. I tell you then, in the face of the Court, that thou art an Elephant or a Dromedary. *(To his Officers)* Carry that musty

Cloak and Halbard there to my Lumber Office ;  
and (*To the Pope*) I must advise you Friend, for  
the future, not to be free of your Almanack.  
Abundance of Worthless and Fabulous Scoundrils  
have crept into it through your Connivance ; but  
I am resolv'd to undeceive Mankind, and re-  
form these Disorders. The World shall no lon-  
ger be impos'd upon with such Idle Impostures.  
'Tis pity it has been led by the Nose and Cheat-  
ed by them for so many Ages.

*Falshood disguis'd under Religion's Veil,  
May for a time with Senseless Sots prevail,  
But Truth at last will gain imperial sway,  
As Mists are scatter'd by Apollo's Ray.*

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A

*Declamation in Praise of Hereditary Quality and Wealth.*

*Spoken by the Conde de la Titulado.*

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THE ARGUMENT.

*Justice by the help of Æsculapius, having restor'd the Eyes of Fortune, she Publish'd a Proclamation, That she design'd her Smiles should no more fall on the Unworthy ; and that Merit should only hereafter Thrive and be Great : On which the Conde de la Titulado, a Spanish Grandee, put in his Petition, and desired to be heard before this Proclamation past into an irrevocable Act. The Day being appointed, he makes the following Declamation.*

**M**OST Catholick Goddess! Whose Dominion extends over all the Affairs of Mankind, it is no small Comfort to me, that being to speak in so great an Assembly, and to so awful a Judge ; I do remember, that your Love to my Order is of Ancient Date, and very long Prescription, your change of Conduct new, and not yet I hope so fixt, as not to be shaken by what I have to offer.

I must first declare, That it is not any Fear of falling under any disadvantages my self, by this

new

new Council you have taken, that I step forth among so vast and immense a Company, whose Concern in this unexpected Turn of Affairs, is not less, perhaps more, than mine; but out of a true and perfect Zeal for your Goddess-ships Honour, Reputation and Glory. There is nothing more prejudicial to great Power, than to own it self in the Wrong, by departing from Measures, by which it has for many Ages, preserved it self. It discovers a Weakness which will lessen our Veneration. Do but consider, by the Method, by which you have hitherto Reign'd, you have the Devotion of all the Great, the Rich and the Brave. Under your Auspices the Hero enters the Field, and from your partial Hand receives the Wreaths, that are not due to his Conduct or Bravery, but to your Favour. Under your Auspices the cunning Designer gets into the Princes Favour, and rules the Monarch, who cannot rule himself or his own Family; and this not by the Dint of his own Merit, but your Favour. Under your Auspices, this Lord, in spite of all his unpopular Actions, carries away the Hearts of the People, not by the fineness of his Address, or any peculiar Desert, but by your Favour. Under your Auspices the Idiot abounds in Wealth he knows not how to use, and that not by his own skill, but your Favour. This is hitherto the State of the World, and this it has been from the most Antient Accounts of Time that we can produce. And this it is, that draws the Vows and Offerings of all Mankind, and Fortune, that regards not the Merits of the Petitioner, but the Importunity he uses, the Victims he offers. 'Tis this made your Altars smoak at *Antium*, this furnishes them with Offerings at this Day, over the largest part of the Globe.



I beg you, bright Goddess, to consider what you do, when you quit that absolute Dominion, you have so many Thousand Years preserv'd over Humane Affairs, to be the Creature, or Servant of *Justice* and *Nature*. If you once fix it as a Law, that ~~none~~ but the Meritorious shall be Fortunate, all your Gifts will be challeng'd, as Dues; and you must be oblig'd to do whatever *Justice* shall dictate to you, or *Nature* demand, as your Duty. You at once divest your self of all the God-like Power of raising whom you please, to be confin'd only to raise the Deserving. You will turn away all the Wealthy, the Great and the Noble, who have so long enjoy'd your Smiles; to carress Scoundrels and Beggars. You will be oblig'd to invite into your Sanctuary, your *Sanctum Sanctorum* such Wretches, whom we admit not into our Halls. Instead of the numerous Retinue, that now attend you, you wou'd become as neglected as a Favourite on his first Days of Disgrace. For those, who claim this by Merit distinct from *Quality* and *Wealth*, are few in Number, and despicable in Circumstance.

Consider again, what a vast confusion it will raise to make the Affairs of Mankind shift Hands, in so swift and preposterous a manner. Prescription has given the Administration to us, and we only by a perpetual use are fit for the mighty Burthen. How shou'd they know how to dispose of and manage Publick Affairs, who start from their Retirements, their Books, or extream Poverty into Power and Wealth, when the Task is so difficult to us, who have from Generation to Generation been bred to it? The State would be like a Ship in a Storm in unskilful Hands, unable to steer into the Port of Happiness and Security. Poverty cramps the Mind, destroys all generous Notions, and damps the Spirit from all  
Noble

Noble attempts ; without which, Glory and Power are not to be maintain'd ; while an Hereditary *Quality*, as it sets us above the common Rank of Mankind, as if of a Superior Nature, so it inspires Principles more Great and Glorious. And that there is in Nature this real Excellence in *Quality* above the Vulgar, and by consequence, that it is a just Plea for the continuance of your Favour, I shall shew by an Example or two. *Scipio* being call'd, by the People, to Account for Monies expended in the Wars against *Antiochus*, tore the Accounts to pieces which he held in his Hands, and which proved the Disbursements and Receipts to be just, disdaining to satisfy the Accusations of his Enemies. Had any but a Man of his *Quality* done this, the People had thrown him down the *Tarpeian* Rock. But his *Quality* had stamp'd a sort of Divinity in his Actions, and made the Vulgar not presume to enquire into what he did, but submit to his Will and Determinations. This same *Scipio* being by the Tribunes of the People, summoned into the *Forum* to answer their Accusation before the People, mounted the *Rostra*, and putting his Triumphant Wreath on his Head, cry'd out to an infinite number of People, got together on this occasion, *It was on this Day that I forc'd Carthage in the midst of her Ambitious Hopes to submit to your Power, and wear your Chains ; it is but just therefore that you all go with me to the Capitol, to return Thanks to the God's for so eminent a Favour.* Which like the Voice of some God confounded the Designs of the Tribunes ; and caus'd the Senate and People to attend him to the *Capitol*, and left the baffled *Demagogues* with their People, and a Jest to 'em, 'till they were fain of Accusers to become the Adorers of *Scipio*. Thus *Scipio Nasica* compos'd the Rage of the People for their want of Corn  
for



for the City, saying to them in the midst of their Out-cries, *Not so loud Gentlemen, I know what is good and necessary for the Commonwealth better than you.* Who but a Man of *Quality* cou'd have done this, and have stopt the Sedition breaking out into such Fury.

These Examples giving a Testimony to the Excellence of *Quality* from its very opposite, the Vulgar, seems a proof drawn from *Nature* it self, and therefore I hope, if your Goddes-ship think fit to pursue these new fangled Measures now laid before you, you will yet think, that *Hereditary Quality* is a just Merit to claim your Favour.

Similitude of Manners ought, and generally does Cement the Minds, that are so alike; they seem the Voice of *Nature* for *UNION*, and they are scarce free in their Choice. If this be granted, as it appears Supream Reason to me, I beg you, great Goddes, to survey us all thoroughly, cast an Eye over the Face of the spacious Globe. and see if we are not in Complaisance to your Diety, blind in the Dispensation of all our Favours? Has not Fancy the Direction of all our Gifts, and do we bestow any thing, but as blind Inclination leads us. If we do thus it is an Argument of our Zeal, when the *Votary* is wholly conformed to the Nature of his *Divinity*, and what Justice can punish us for a Sin of Zeal? It is this Zeal that has opened my Mouth for your Honour not my own Interest; since change of Councils is an Argument of Weakness, and a change of Power to Subservience, is a proof of Folly. I only therefore for your own Honour beg you to be what you always have been, and so to continue, as long, as Mankind subsists; for when once you quit these Measures, and let *Justice* and *Nature* direct all your Favours, you annihilate your self, and *Fortune* is no more. Glory, Wealth and

and Power, have always been by you as the inferior Classes of Men made for our Use and Pleasure, and when once we fall from that Grandeur, let it not be by your Decree, for in that Sentence you pronounce your own Doom, and are your self involved in our Ruin.

‘ Thss Speech of the Noble Lord the *Conde de le Titulado*, had almost perverted Dame *Fortune*, and made her regret the Benefit of Eyes, which she then made use of to scowl on *Justice* and *Nature*, who had given her such Advice against her Power and Grandeur, but *Justice* and *Nature* desir’d her to have Patience to hear a Friend of their’s who had something to say to the Cause before her, and would set things in a truer Light, than they at present appeared in.

‘ As soon, therefore, as the Applauses the *Mob of Quality*, gave to the *Dons* Oration were over, there drew up to the Bar, a *Poor Poet* of little esteem among them, nay *unknown* to most of the Company, who seldom are acquainted with Merit, and who if they deviate into the care of any of that Fraternity seldom reach farther than a *Plausible Poetaster*. This unknown Advocate gave not a little Heart to his Enemies, who could not fear such Marks of Poverty, as too visibly appear’d in his Dress. But Silence being now made in the Court, he made the following Speech.



*A Declamation against Wealth  
and Quality, in Praise of Po-  
verty.*

By a Poor Poet without a Name.

HAD not your Proclamation surpriz'd me into a sort of Hope, that you would no longer be the Patronness of *Fools* and *Knaves*; and was I not something confirm'd in this Hope by finding Heavenly *Justice*, and *Nature* sitting by you, I should not trouble my self to answer this *Triflers* Speech, which is of no more Weight to *Impartial Reason*, than his Merits are to impartial *Justice*; but any thing from a *LORD* must go down, unless you pursue the Course you have declar'd for. Tho' I must needs say, *Timeo Danaos & Dona ferentes*, I am suspicious of the Gifts of an Enemy, whose fickle Temper is known to all Mankind. Great Power, valuable to me no farther, than you are directed by *Justice* and *Nature*., Pardon me if I speak Truth, I am Poor, never receiv'd any of your Favours, nor any from your Representatives the *Great* and *Rich*; for in this only I shall allow the Noble and Illustrious *Conde* to be in the Right, they are indeed Pictures of your *Goddess-ship*, not in little but e'en larger, than the Life, you have sometimes smil'd on the *Worthy*, they never; you have sometimes assisted Oppressed Vertue to struggle through amazing oppositions, while they

they ever oppress it more. They are Deaf as well as Blind, when Merit pleads, and so the Copy exceeds the Original, and in that, if you are mov'd by the Conde's fine Speeth to return to your Old Way, and discard the *Faithful*, but not flattering Counsellors *Justice* and *Nature*, you cannot do better, than to be grateful to them that imitate you so closely, and e'en excel you in your own *Blindness* and *Inconstancy*.

But not to throw up the Cause, tho' before (I fear) an unequal Judge, I shall Cursorily run over all, that has any shadow of Force (for that is as much, as we can expect from a Lord) and then leave it to you to determine.

He has, it must be confess'd, acted with all the Prudence and Cunning he was Master of when he plac'd the strongest of his Arguments in the Front of the Battle; since *Prescription*, I think, is the best Plea the *Great* and the *Rich* have to your *Goddess-ship's* Favours and Smiles; but how weak that is in reality, *Justice* and *Nature* will inform you. For is there any thing so foolishly absurd, any thing so Barbarous and Inhumane, that such an Argument wou'd not defend? This wou'd have been a good Refuge to the *Egyptians*, for adoring *Oinions* and *Cabbages*, *Cows* and *Crocodiles*; to the *Canibals* for devouring one another; to the *Irish* for drawing with the the Tail of their *Horses*; for *Ignorance* against *Learning*, and all those Arts, which Polish and render Life agreeable, and almost Divine. Nay it would destroy e'en that *Fride* and *self-Opinion* he builds his own Worth upon; since in the first Ages of the World there were no Men of *Quality*, especially of *Hereditary Quality*; in which the *Tenth Generation* Challenge the *Merit* of the *FOUNDER*, as their own, tho' they are no more allied to his Vertues, or Merits, than they  
wou'd



wou'd be to his Person were he yet Alive. But it seems to me to produce a quite contrary effect to what he designs; for if your Goddess-ship has for so many Ages been in the *wrong*, it is high time now to begin to be in the *Right*; if *they* have had so long a Harvest of your Favours, it is time for the *Gleaners* to enter the Field. He is a pleasant Physician, who to Cure the Disease prescribes the continuance of it; asserting, that since you have been so long in the *wrong*, to change to the *Right* wou'd be to discover your *Error*, which wou'd be to *own* your *Weakness*; but the quite contrary is true. For to remove an *Error* is to remove a *Weakness*, for all *Error* is so, and how the continuation of a *Weakness* should take it away, is a Paradox, that none but such, as are skill'd in the *half-Politicians* Maxims call'd *Mysteries of State*, can solve. To persevere in an *Error*, which we know is *Obstinacy*, to remain in one we do not know is *Ignorance*; now to Cure one Hole like a true *Tinker*, he here makes two; to save you from the *Weakness* of Change (tho' Change has ever been your natural Principle) tho' from the *Wrong* to the *Right*, he wou'd tumble you on *Obstinacy* or *Ignorance*, both Follies so participating of Impotence; that they shou'd never be thought capable of falling on a *Goddess*, that can see but an Inch before her Nose.

From hence it will appear, with what are true Man of *Qualities*, *Sincerity*, he would perswade you, that it is not for his own sake but yours, that he offers any thing against your *New Resolution*: I will indeed allow, that there is such a self-sufficiency, such an *over-weening Conceit* of themselves in most of his Rank, that they never can endure to think so little of themselves, as to suppose any Man of more Merit, however Qualify'd. Yet when they hear of so nice a Scrutiny

as *Justice* and *Nature*, that is *REASON*, is going to make into the true Merits of Men, like Cowards in the Face of danger, their Hearts betray them, and conscious Ignorance delivers them up to despair of Success, against Vertue, Sense, Arts, and all manner of Learning. Before such Judges they are so far from thinking themselves something more Noble, that with a dejectedness worthy their Understanding; they justly suppose themselves below the greatest Part; since in Justice and Reason an *honest* Cobler is a more excellent, and more useful Creature, than a *Lord without Honour, Understanding, or Honesty*. Hence it is plain that notwithstanding the *Conde's* smooth appearance, and earnest Professions he is a *true Lord*, he pretends *your* Service when he means his *own*; and had not his *own* Tenure sunk, in so severe a Resolution, his care of *your* Honour and Glory wou'd never have open'd his Mouth, for let the *Great* and the *Rich* (I speak of most of them) carry never so specious and plausible a pretence to the Gods themselves, they are above their own Gods; to those Idols, those Calves of *Bethel* they offer up all other Considerations both Divine and Humane. Let not your *Geddes-ship* therefore be deceived by the *smooth Professor*, he is no farther *your* Votary, than the Teeth outward; and if you shou'd persue this *Noble Course*, which you propose, he is the first that wou'd fly in your Face, and Blaspheme your Divinity. Yes, the same Motive that makes them *Atheists* to all other Deities, wou'd make them so to you, *viz.* *Justice* and *Reason*; for those are Attributes they'll ne'er allow in the God's they Worship, because they know how hard it must be with them if they were to be Judg'd by them.



The next Motive, he urges for your perseverance in Error is the Sweets of that Arbitrary Government, which you have so many Thousand Years exercised over Mankind. This is a Bait, they often throw out to such Gudgeon Princes, as will nibble at it; this has tumbled many from their Thrones, and never succeeded, where there were any remains of *Vertue* or *Knowledge* in the People. He pays your Goddess-ship indeed a mighty Compliment; when he supposes, you have no Benefit by those Eyes, you now enjoy of *Justice*, *Reason* or *Nature*. He would have you more stupid, than himself, or his Fraternity; he would have you have Eyes and see not, and Ears and hear not. He would, like the Giants of Old, make War against Heaven, and Rob you of your *Justice* and *Understanding*, he would level you with the Ravenous Beasts of Prey; so far from letting you enjoy the Dignity of a Deity, supream *Reason* and *Justice*, that he would not have you possess the advantages of Man; but cast you down to the condition of meer Brutes. Man in the midst of his Freedom is govern'd by the Laws and Rules of *Justice* and *Reason*; and all that we know of *Superior Powers*, raises this to a more supream degree of Excellence; all Beings that take Counsel of *Reason* and *Justice* can't forsake their Dictates without ceasing to be; without putting off their Nature, and so becoming of an inferior Kind; for there is no State of Perfection above perfect *Reason*. So that the *Blind Power* he would perswade you yet to exercise, is a Diabolical not Heavenly Power, the Power of Wild Beast, where the *Stronger* Preys on the *Weaker*, not of Man or Gods, whose Nature is *Rational* and *Just*.

But he says it is a God-like Pleasure to raise whom you please; but it is more God-like to raise those, that deserve it, which as the Pleasure is rational, so it destroys not, but directs the Power to work on Objects worthy of the Effect. But you will turn away all your Old Acquaintance the *Wealthy*, the *Great* and the *Noble*, to Carress *Beggars* and *Scoundrels*! Alas! Does he, that has so long enjoy'd your Favours, so little know their Author? Does he not know, that where you smile, *Beggery* flies away, and Contempt gives Place to Adoration. This is an Absurdity worthy the *Noble Conde*, as if you cou'd smile on any *Beggar* or *Scoundrel*, as he calls them, whereas it is you that stamp Majesty on all Men, and you that give Respect and Esteem; by you *Sons of unknown* Fathers have mounted to Thrones, Foot-Men to Lords Tables and Ladies Beds. No, no, there is nothing but the *Person's* sited not the *thing*. *Beggery* can never come into your view; into your Sanctuary; 'tis those, that depart out of it, that are *Beggars* and *Scoundrels*, and they will be truly so, whom you banish on this Decree, they will be *Wretches* in every part; no *Virtue* or *Knowledge* to qualifie the Disgrace, and arm them against Contempt.

His next care of your *Goddess-ship*, is least you shou'd want Company, shou'd be destitute of a large Equipage: that your *Levies* shou'd pass without a Throng, a numerous Resort. As if a few *Wise Men* were not better Company, and more desirable, than a multitude of *Fools*? Are not a few *Honest*, *Able* and *Uccorrupt* Attendants better, than a long Train of *Knaves* and *Sharpers*? Are not a few *Knowing* and *Learned* Men, that shall ask little of you, a handsomen Ornament to your *Anti-chamber*, than shoals of *Hungry* *Petitioners*, that are never satisfied.



nor will ever be deny'd ? If these be not admitted into the very Halls of the *Great* and the *Rich*; they are the more worthy of being receiv'd into the *Sanctum Sanctorum* of a Goddess, who has *Justice* and *Reason* of her Council. That they have so little regard to *Merit*, proves how little they deserve the Power, they possess, and is a very bad Argument for its continuance. But this Objection, if of any Force, wou'd vanish on this Establishment, for when Men found, that Truth, Honour, Honesty, Knowledge, Wisdom, Virtue, Sense and Reason, were the Roads to your Favour, Men wou'd turn their Endeavours to obtain some share in them; and being oblig'd to discard *imaginary Merit*, wou'd seek the *Real*; wou'd swell no more on the borrow'd Greatness of Ancestors, and preposterously value themselves the more, by how much the farther they are remov'd from *One Man of Value of their Family*; but they wou'd then cultivate those Talents, Nature has given them, since by that they wou'd arrive at good Fortune and Glory.

He is next afraid, that Confusion shou'd be the effect of so swift a change of Hands. I can't but smile to see every where so great a Zeal for *others* in the *Speech* of a Man, who only values *himself*; who seems to apprehend, that Confusion which he makes; and fears from the *only Cure* of the Evil, it's *Rise*. Can a Ship in view of a Rock be too speedily taken from unskilful Hands, to be given to a Judicious *Pilot*? Whence are all the Confusions in the World? but from that Injustice in the *Rich* and *Powerful*, which corrupts all those, who have any desires, or hopes of succeeding with them. To be Honest is to renounce all hopes of Prosperity; to speak the *Truth* is to incur Punishment; to apply to Knowledge is the ready way to starve, while Impudence and Igno-

rance, are the Masters of the Ceremonies, and introduce any Man into your Goddes-ships Presence and Favour.

He supposes, that long use has made them Masters of *Politicks*, whereas he, that sets out in a wrong way can never arrive at his Journey's end. It is the little Pretence of Smatterers in publick Affairs, to complain of the Burthen, and the *Abstruseness of Management*, and the like; whereas, if this Set were thrown aside, and *Men of Poverty*, and *Honesty* put in their stead, all things would be easie. The *Just Rules of Government* are easie and obvious to a good Understanding, but when all the Laws of *Right and Wrong* are to be confounded; *Publick Good* made Truckle to *Private Gain*, then the management must be nice, the *Leger de Main* must be clean, and the conveyance impenetrable to the Eye of the People.

When *Cincinnatus* was sent for from the Plough to direct the Empire, there was none of this Mystery of State; when the Messengers, that were sent from *Rome* to *Atilius*, found him Plowing and Sowing his own Ground, and invited him to Command their Forces and Govern their Empire, the Burthen was not so great, nor the Task so difficult. When *Arsaces* came from a private state of unknown Parents, to be the Founder of the *Parthian Empire*, the *Tradé of Government* was not so difficult; *Tamerlain* the vanquisher of *Asia* had a Shepherd to his Father; and even *Oliver Cromwel*, without being a Courtier proved himself a Man of Adress in managing this *abstruse* Affair. *Poverty*, he says, *Cramps the Mind*, destroys all *Generous Notions*, and damps the *Spirits* from all *Noble Attempts*; while an *Hereditary Quality*, as it puts them above the common Rank of *Mankind*, as if of a *Superior Nature*, so it inspires *Principles*



ciples more Great and Glorious. This he wou'd seem to confirm by some Actions of the *Scipio's* ; Great Men indeed, but greater and of more Authority by the great Actionst, hey had done, and Vertues and Wisdom they had shown, than by their Families, tho' the *Cornelian* was of as great, if not Antiquity, at least Authority, as any. The first Fact is not fully related, for when he tore his Codicils, or Paper of Accounts, he spake thus to the *Senate* (for before them was the Cause) *I give no Account, O Conscript Fathers, of the Four Hundred Sestertii, Officiating only the Place of my Brother Lucius, because by my Conduct, and under my Auspices, the Treasury has receiv'd above two Thousand ; nor do I suppose the Age so deprav'd, as to make a Scrutiny into my Innocence ; who have got nothing by my Conquest of all Affrica to your Dominion but the Sir-name. The Treasures of Affrica, nor those of Asia, have made either me or my Brother, Conscious of Gold, but both of us are Richer, and more abound in the Envy of others, than in Money.—* The whole Senate approv'd a Defence, that shew'd so much Constancy and Innocence, and so well justify'd by his Actions. The same will hold of the other quoted Hero's of *Rome* ; they ow'd their Success to their own Deeds, not their Titles of Antiquity. Had *Cataline, Curio, Cethegus*, or any of the most Ancient Families of *Rome* done so without Deeds of their own to defend them, they had march'd down the *Tarpeian Rock*, as well as the lowest *Plebeian*. This destroys his Argument of innate *Merit of Quality*, till he can produce any one Action purely proceeding from that, which cou'd distinguish them from the Mob, except a groundless Pride. All therefore proceeds from *Personal Merit, or Wealth, or Post*. For a Lord of the most Ancient Family with no Estate, and

out of Post makes, as contemptible a Figure, as any of the *Vulgar*.

Having thus run over all his Arguments, with a greater regard, than they really deserv'd; I shall now come to offer to your Goddes-ship the State of Affairs, as they now *stand* under the direction of such Worthy Persons, as the *Conde de la Titulado*. That is, I shall venture to give you the Characters of those Persons, on whom you have thus long vouchsafed to Smile; and then leave it to your Wisdom, whether by the advice of Justice and Reason, you can continue such Wretches in your Favour. Then I shall give you a view of those, who have been in the State of Poverty, which that Noble Lord has expressed so wondrous a Contempt for; that having seen both, you may choose which part you please.

*Horace*, says very justly, *raro sensus Communis in illa Fortuna*, There is seldom to be found common Sense in that Fortune. (I put it into English for the Benefit of the Titular part of this Audience) that is among the *Great*, for they are indeed *Drunk* with Prosperity, as with a strong Wine, which their Heads are not able to bear. This makes them see double, and every thing looks to them with an Aspect *not its own*.

Thus a forward prating Coxcomb appears to them a Man of Wit and good Address. A formal Sycophant, a Flatterer, a Man of good Humour, and complaisant Temper, as well as a Man of Judgment. Importunity they think Diligence, Impudence Boldness, Flattery, Friendship, Friendship Malice, Hypocrisie Religion, and Religion Hypocrisie; Honesty Design, and Design Honesty. *Pun*, & *Conundrum* pass with them for Wit, and an *Epigrammatic* pient is more charming than *Horace* or *Virgil*. They move in-  
deed



deed by meer *Impulse* and *Whim*, without any motive, or directions of Reason. Truth they never hear, nor ever desire it ; to introduce it into their Company you incur a Quarrel, and the least Effect to make 'em your Enemies. To correct their Folly is to affront them, and to hear it to affront your self, *Reason*, *Justice* and *Sense*.

As they are Enemies to Truth, so they are sure to want Sincerity in all ; that they value as well as in themselves, but their own want of it makes 'em not miss it in another. Their Passions are their Counsellors, and their Interest their *Privado*. These rule them, with an absolute sway ; these surround them beyond a possibility of admitting any wholesome Advice. As they'll hear no Truth, so they'll neither speak, nor practice any, and their Life is indeed a sordid Scene of Formality without meaning, and irresistible Pride without any Merit, Ignorance without Excuse ; Self-Conceit without Knowledge, Avarice without Bounds, in the midst of Abundance, without Limits. In short, Hypocrisie, Injustice, Malice, Impotence, Envy, Revenge, Obstinacy, Ignorance, Cruelty, Lust and the like, are their Perfections and avow'd Principles.

They pervert all the Principles and Notions of *Reason*, *Right* and Gallantry, the Accomplishment of a Wit, and a fine Gentleman ; thus they term *Atheism* and *Profaneness*, Wit and good Reason. Thus by a strange Abuse of Words, they call a Debt lost to a Sharper at Cards, or Dice, a *Debt of Honour*, which must be paid ; but a Debt of *Honesty*, due for Commodities receiv'd from the *Credulous* Tradesman, and confided to their *Honour*, they scorn to pay, for fear of losing that distinction betwixt *them* and the *Vulgar* ; for to be bound by the Common Ties of *Honesty* and *Religion* is too Mechanick a Scandal with them ; as  
if

if *Honour* and *Honesty* were too different things; and a *Gentleman* and *Religion* incompatible. For they deny all Principles, that interfere with *private Gain*; *Publick Good* being only a popular Bait, to bubble the People and gain their *Ends*.

The whole Oeconomy of their Brain is corrupted, and they judge of nothing right, even their *Pleasures*, are as ill chosen, as their *Friends*, and as powerful over them, as their Favourites. They prefer *Sound* before *Sence*, and *Farce* and *Opera* to *Tragedy* and *Comedy*; and e'en in that, always prefer the worst composer, or performer to the best. Incapable of Correction, 'tis no wonder they continue *Whimsical*, as long as *Drunk*. When the short and transitory *Sober* fit comes on; or a fresh *Drunken Bout* starts a new Game, that they pursue till weary of the Chace, or some other Fancy diverts them. For all things but *Reason* and *Right* have their turns with them.

The Ladies Lives, Principles, and Actions are much of a Piece; out of the view and Road of *Morality* and *Reason*; *Custom* and *Fashion* are the Guides, and *Fancy* and *Whim* their Directors. Their *Passions* are their Prime Counsellors, and Interest the God, they chiefly Sacrifice to, even in their Amours. The Morning they spend in Bed, and Dressing; the Noon in Visiting and Intrigue, the Evening in Gaming, or Scandal, and the remains of Night in Sleep. Idleness, Thoughtlessness, Universal Ignorance, Hypocrisy, Non-sense, Deceit, Lying, Flattery, Patching, Detraction, and Litchery compose them. There are no *Penelopes* now to keep importunate Suiters at Arms end in their Husbands absence for Twenty Years together; no if they are not ask'd, they will ask; if they are not corrupted they will corrupt; and pay Boggy Irish Stalions for their Labour; and that e'en



e'en in the House with their Husbands, almost in their Arms ; and rather then fail, or baulk their Inclinations, their Foot-men, Porters or Coach-men, must supply their occasions. This brings a Story to my Mind, which may set this matter in a true Light. A certain Lord being in the City, seem'd pleas'd with the Citizens Children ; 'tis no wonder, says he, you Citizens have such fine, sprightly, witty Children ; since we Gentlemen of the other end of the Town get 'em and improve the Breed. True, reply'd the Citizen, but then you leave your Coach-men and Foot-men at Home to cross your Strain, which makes your Children all such Block-heads.

After what has been said of them, it will be no wonder, that they shou'd be no Encouragers of Art or Merit ; yet the blind Authors and Poets that have made a Figure in these last abandon'd Ages, Brib'd by a very foolish, as well as very Fallacious Hope of Protection and Advantage from *Empty Titles* and *Full Baggs*, have profanely prostituted, their Works and their Praise (which like your Favours ought to be Sacred to *Merit* only) to such vile Creatures, as scarce deserve the Name, even of the *Shadows* of Men. So little worthy the Dignity of Humane Nature is in them ; who swelling with a *vain Pride of Birth and Titular Dignity* (deriv'd to them from the *Money*, perhaps, not Merit of their Fore-fathers) or the largeness of their Estate, and the fulnels of their Bags (tho' the Fruit perhaps of Injustice and Oppression) that they think all the Tribute, which the most flattering Pen can pay them, less than their due ; or else they have *no Taste of Wit*, and Sense of Arts and Sciences ; and being *Ignorant* themselves, they are insensible of the Merit of *Knowledge* : As being Conscious, that they are not Masters of any one Vertue to excuse  
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Poets Flattery, they choose rather to enjoy their Infamy privately, than aim at Nobler Things, or appear in publick not like themselves. They are the Companions of *Ulysses* in the Abode of *Circe*, content with their *Bestial* Form and Appetite; and leave *Sublimer Things* to *Sublimer Minds*, who have not Drank of her Fatal Cup. The charming *Otway* has describ'd them all in his admirable *Orphan*.

*But all are to their Fathers Vices born,  
And in their Mother's Ignorance are Bred.*

From this *Ignorance* of themselves, or Humane Nature, they grow Proud and Opinionated, despising all (as despised of all) Pert and Forward, tho' Dull and Insipid. Or,

*If Wit they have 'tis of an evil kind,  
An Impious Good, and a Debauch of Mind,  
For Ruin are the Harlot Charms design'd.  
Bold, cunning, various, voluble of Tongue,  
Not Wise, tho' skill'd in all the Arts of Wrong.  
Bare words, for Friends, they think a waste of Breath,  
But Deeds and Gifts are Infamy and Death.  
Their Smiles are but the preludes to their Hate,  
And certain Promise of destructive Fate.  
Their Souls are Cast in a Fantastic Mould,  
Profuse at once, and Covetous of Gold.  
If Chance to Justice leads them e'er astray,  
They soon escape the Error of that way,  
To their own duskie Paths, and shun the Hostile Day.*



Or else they are infected, or possess'd (for *Avarice* is the *Devil*) with *Covetousness*, and that in the midst of Plenty ; for who are they, that turn round the Compass to add *two* or *three* Thousand a Year to *Ten Thousand* ? Not the Poor *Partizans* of any Cause ; they stand to their Principle e'en in the *Pillory*. This is indeed the most pernicious and most unaccountable Folly of our Kind. All other Frailties have some *apparent* Good at least in view ; are directed to some certain end of Pleasure, or satisfaction in the Enjoyment ; but the *Miser* is always in pursuit of what he never obtains ; and notwithstanding his vain Boast of Delight, can find it no more, than the Man that's tortur'd with a *perpetual Thirst*, or is every Minute importun'd with the Craving Pains of a Hunger not to be satisfy'd. It can at best be but a kind of *Fox-chase-Pleasure*, where the *Quarry* is thrown away, after all the Fatigue of the Pursuit, to the hazard of Neck or Limbs, and we may justly say of that, as one said of this *Set un Diable de Plaisir*.

Or else he is a Thoughtless, Raking, Roaring, Drinking Scoundrel ; who knows no Pleasure beyond scouring the Watch, breaking Windows, unrigging Whores, bilking Bawds and Coaches, Lamblacking Signs, rubbing out of Milk-scores, ticking Tavern Recknings, Brawling, Quarrelling, throwing a Merry Main, and all the rest of the Noisie Varieties, which assures us of *little Sense* and *less Thought*.

Or else he's a Jolly tho' peaceable *Sot*, the *Slave* not free Subject of *Bacchus* ; who is too happy to measure his Hours, by any thing but the Glass, or know any Conversation like a *Bumper*. He'll laugh immoderately at his *own, no-Fest* ; but that you may not take it amiss, he'll do the same at your's. This gets him the Name of a  
*good*

good Natur'd Person, whereas he cares not if all Mankind were Ruin'd cou'd he secure his Bottle. Nay e'en his best Companions, that have a Thousand times drank up the Sun with him, and felt his Embraces with a Thousand Maudlin Oaths of Friendship and Service, may perish for a Crown, tho' he wou'd spend Ten Shillings to make them Drunk. For that he pays to his own satisfaction, not to his Friends Misfortune, for *Compassion* and *Vertue* he has no more a Notion of, than of *Goblins* and *Faries*, and you might as well talk to him in the Praise of *Temperance* and *Water-Gruel*, as of *Arts* and *Sciences*; and no Poetry beyond a Drunken-Catch, can enter into his Imagination. He has Pleasantry sometimes, but seldom Wit, and that he derives from the Bottle.

Or else he Games,—in which he's either the *Sharper* or the *Bubble*. The *Sharper's* Qualities secure him from the Mischiefs of Generosity; and those of the *Bubble* from the Ability of exercising it. The first will never promote an Act against his Profit, nor the latter against his Pleasure. One Motive sets them both to work; that to *win* and this to *lose*; that is *Avarice*; and where *Avarice* is who can expect any thing *Generous* or *Noble*? But this Evil is spread so far, that (as I have hinted) the Ladies have caught the Infection; and *Pride*, *Hypocrisie* and *Lust* have scarce so large a Dominion over them. Gaming is their *Business* and *Diversion*; the *Park* indeed sometimes borrows them for an *Hour*, and the Widow'd Boxes for *three*; that is when a *Farce* or *Opera* is Acted, or Sung; for *Sense* and *Poetry* have too little Power to dragg them from *Piquet*, *Ombre*, or the *Basset Table*.



Or else he's a true *Limberham*; a Prodigal Cully to the Jilt, he keeps for the use of the Publick; but she is too expensive to leave her Keeper any Power, or Will to take care of *needy-Merit*.

Or else he's an over-grown *Minor*, in the Guardian-ship of his own *Servants*, who are sure to keep off Men of Sense and Vertue, least they shou'd improve his Taste, and let the Antiquated *Ferry* know, that he is of Age, and ought to manage for himself.

But it wou'd be too tedious, as well as too Nauseous a work to run over the filthy Cataloge of those Follies and Vices, which distinguish the *Great* and the *Rich*, and have therefore found Pens Mercenary enough to exalt them into *Vertues* and *Sense*. But how cou'd they ever think that such wretched *Things* as these, cou'd have *Elation* of Soul enough to be Patrons of *Arts* and *Sciences*, and of *Vertues* and *Honesty*? or *Rewarders* of Merit, of which they had no Notion; Men of *Title* by *Pride*, *Ignorance* or *Folly*, Men of *Post* by Interest are the last of Men, that true *Merit*, and true *Sense* shou'd hope any thing; from the *first*, either understand it not, or hate it; the *second* either fear it, or have a nearer concern for the raising their own Fortunes to an *unwieldy Bulk*, not for the Service, Reputation and Glory of their *Prince* and *Country*: for that wou'd be an *Abuse* of their *Favour* and *Power*, that *Self-Interest* wou'd never forgive. And how much soever they are the better for all their several Nations, they have too humble an Opinion of themselves, or too mean an Aim to *aspire* to make their Nations e'er the better for them; but having with all their Address secured their own Game, they leave the Publick to the next *Poacher* that is pleas'd to fall to Work.

From

From what has been said, it will be plain what sort of Creatures are now your Goddess-ships Favourites, and how unworthy they are to continue so.

Let us now look on those, who are *Poor* either by Choice, or Necessity, and see what they have learn'd in that admirable School of Vertue, where there are no Sycophants to sooth their Folly, and heighten their Passions, and lessen their Understandings. *Soror bona Mintes Paupertas*; Horace calls *Poverty the Sister of a good Mind, or Understanding*. The Fumes, or Vapors of Prosperity, Affluence and Luxury, are remov'd by the sharp and clear Air of *Necessity*. The Body is Sound, and free from Diseases, while the Rich are Corpulent, drown'd in Foggy Quagmires of Fat and Dropfie; Rack'd with the Pox, Gout, Stone, Feavers and the like. *Poverty* keeps the Body in an equal Temper, and clears the Mind, and makes its Operations free; the Body and Soul keep in their Pace like good Friends, nor intercept one another in their Mutual Journey; it makes the Body *egila*, the Mind *Active*, it shews the several Changes of Humane Life, and so teaches *Compassion, Pity, Forgiveness*; it inspires *Prudence, Justice and Temperance, Magnanimity, Courage*, and the like Qualities beneficial to *Humane Society*. And seeing your Goddess-shiplavishing your Favours on *Knaves and Fools, Attorneys, Counsellors, Informers, Petty-Foggers, Stock-Jobbers, Hypocrites, Turn-Coats, Sycophants, Usurers, Extortioners, Senseless Lords, Knights and Squires*; It furnishes a supply of *Vertue and Good-Sense*. to contemn those Advantages, that can't be obtain'd with *Innocence and Honesty*.

They make Vertue its own Reward, and prefer the Pain and Contempt it lies under, to the foolish Pomp and Power of such Wretches, as possess them.

Let



Let us consider who have been the Benefactors to Human kind, the Rich or the Poor. *All Arts and Sciences, all Religion* came from the Poor, for such were the *Prophets, Apostles and Saints, the Philosophers and best of the Poets.*

*Homer* begg'd his Bread, and Taught School for his Living ; yet he wrote the Noblest Poem that ever *Europe* saw, both in its *Aim and Design.* It was to cure, by shewing the ill effects of Division in a Confederate Power, and to stir his Country - men up against the Exorbitant Power of the *Asiatick Grand Monarch.* *Virgil* was born and bred up in *Poverty*, yet again the Court perverted those Noble Qualities he had Learn'd in the School of *Poverty*, to the Flattery of the Oppressor of his Countries Liberty, when he directed his Knee to Compliment *Augustus.* The Performance of both differ as much as their *Acries.* *Forty Days* concludes the *Iliade*, tho' *Aeneids* is extended to above a Year. *Homer's* Incidents produce one another, and all the *Catastrophe* ; *Virgil's* only follow one another in a natural Order. *Milton* Taught School for his Lively-hood, *Sasso* run Mad for Want. *Spencer* and *Butler* starv'd ; *Oldham* liv'd e'en on the *Booksellers Pay* ; *Osway* by his Pen. While *Davenant* got an Estate, and others of as little *Fame* and *Merit*, every Day get Places and Preferments.

The great *Epaminondas*, whose frail Vertue rais'd *Thebes* to the Mastery of all *Greece*, was left extreemly Poor by his Ancestors, yet was more Learned than any of the *Thebians*, not only in all the Arts and good Qualities of a Man of Figure, but in Philosophy it self he was Modest, Prudent, Grave, skilful in War and Peace, strong of Hand and great of Mind, and so wonderful a Lover of *Truth*, that he never told a Lye e'en in Jest. He lov'd and approv'd *Poverty* so well,

L

that



that all he got by the Administration of the Publick, was only *Glory*. His incorruptible *Abstinence* and *Honesty* were try'd by *Diomedon* of *Cyzianus*, who, at the Request of *Artaxerxes* had undertaken to corrupt him. He came to *Thebes* furnished with *Gold* enough to have Brib'd an Hundred Modern *Ministers of State*; and had already won to his Party *Micythus*, a particular Favourite of *Epaminondas*, by his Kindness for that Youth to gain the easier and unsuspected In-let into his Mind and Affections. *Micythus* goes to *Epaminondas*, acquaints him with the Arrival of *Deornedon*, informs him of the Presents he had brought from the Great King, and so introduces him into his Presence without any Witness but himself.— But what was the Reception he found with this Great Poor Man, this Old Acquaintance and sincere Friend of Poverty? There is no need at all of Money (says he to *Deornedon* and *Micythus*) in any Negotiation with me; for if the King of Persia have any thing to propose for the Good and Advantage of *Thebes*, I am ready to comply without a Bribe, but if he desire any thing contrary to that *Artaxerxes* is not Rich enough to pay my Price; For all the Wealth in the World is of no Price in the Ballance, with the Love of my Country. I am not surpriz'd, that, since you knew me not, you took me for a Man of your own Manners, Notions and Principles, and therefore I forgive the Attempt. But haste, be gone, out of this City if you wou'd be safe, lest you shou'd find some whom you may corrupt, tho' you cannot me. And you *Micythus* return him his guilty *Livre* immediately, or I will deliver you up to the Law and the Magistrates.

*Diomedon* struck with the Awe of such unexpected Vertue, begg'd a safe departure for himself and his Treasure. — Yes, reply'd *Epaminondas*, that I shall grant, but for my own sake not yours, lest it should be said, that Treasure which I refus'd on your

voluntary



*voluntary Offer, I possess'd my self of by Force and Violence.*  
So he put him from *Thebes*, and gave him his  
Conduct to *Athens*, and Ship'd there in Security  
for *Asia*.

*Phocion the Good*, tho' he might have enrich'd  
himself much by the frequent Places of *Trust* and  
*Dignity* given him by the People, always retain'd  
his *Native Poverty* in the midst of the *Mines of*  
*Riches*. When the Ambassadors of *King Philip*,  
on his refusal of very great Bribes from his Ma-  
ster, urg'd, That tho' he cou'd with so much ease  
bear Want, yet he ought to have regard to his Children,  
who wou'd find it a very difficult matter, to maintain in  
the greatest Poverty, the signal Glory their Father had  
obtained.—Gave them this Answer, — If they will  
be like me, the same little piece of Ground will sub-  
sist them which has me, and brought me to so great  
Dignities; but if they prove unlike me, I will not let  
them grow Luxurious at my Expence.

*Aristides the Just*, sav'd scarce enough out of all  
his Triumphs, and great Trusts, as suffic'd to  
pay his Funeral Charges, so that his Daughters  
were fain to be Bred up and Marry'd at the pub-  
lick Expence. All that *Thrasybulus* gain'd for  
delivering *Athens* from the Tyranny of the Thir-  
ty Creatures of *Lyfander*, was a little Wreath  
made of two Branches of *Olive*.

In short *Socrates* was the Son of a *Midwife*, and  
*Stone-Cutter*, the Parents of *Demosthenes* and *Euri-*  
*pides* are scarce known; the Father of the for-  
mer is said to have been a *Cutler*, and the Mother  
of the latter an *Herb-Woman*.

*Tullius Hostilius* King of *Rome*, was Born in a  
little Country Cottage, and his Youth was spent  
in feeding of Cattle, but his Riper Years Govern'd  
the *Roman State* and doubled its Dominions. His  
Old Age being adorn'd with the most excellent  
Ornaments shin'd in the highest degree of Majesty.



*Tarquinius Priscus* the Son of a *Corinthian* Merchant, and his Exile starting into the *Roman* Throne enlarged the Empire; and *Servius Tullius* was the Son of a She-Slave, he Reign'd long and happily, and Triumph'd thrice, *Marcus Porcius Cato* the Founder of the *Persian* Family from an ignoble condition in the little Town of *Tisculum*, was by the Senate invited into the Government and Dignity.

The *Lacedemonians* quitting the Laws of *Lycurgus*, and banishing that *Poverty* which he had Establish'd, soon lost their *Power* and *Empire*, and while the *Romans* preserv'd their *Primitive Poverty* and *Frugality*, they preserv'd their *Vertue*, but in the *Wealth* and *Luxury* of *Asia*, they first lost their *Vertue* and then their *Empire*.

*Cornelia*, the Mother of the *Græchi*, answer'd a Lady, a *Bella* of *Campania*, who was at her House, and made *Ostentation* of her *Jewels* and *Finery*; that these (pointing to her Children) were her *Riches*. *Poplicola*, Consul with *Lucius Junius Brutus*, on the expulsion of the *Tarquins*, tho' he had been three times Consul with the universal *Applause* of the People; yet Died so Poor, that he was fain to be Bury'd at the *Publick* Charge. *Menenius Agrippa* of so great *Authority* in *Rome*, and Master of such admirable *Addreſs*, as only to be able to reconcile the *Nobility* and *People* at mortal odds; had the same *Fate*, and left not enough behind him to pay his *Funeral* Costs, and was therefore Bury'd by the *Publick*. What shall we say of *C. Fabricius*, *Q. Emilius Papus*, and Heads of the *Common-wealth*, who had not so much as any *Silver* in either of their Houses, except a little *Silver Patin* peculiarly Dedicated to the *God's*, and receiv'd from his *Ancestors*, and so transmitted to his Children. *Tho. Fabricius* boasted that his was set on a known foot.

What



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# *The Pleasures of LOVE.*

## *A SONG.*

### *I.*

**H**OW quickly are Loves Pleasures gone !  
How soon are all its Mighty Triumphs  
(done !

In vain, alas, do we the Banquet taste,  
Whose Sweets as swift as Thought are past !  
In vain do we renew the Fight,  
Who at the first Alarms are basely put to  
(Flight !

### *2.*

Happy Great Jove, who in *Alcmena's* Arms,  
For three full Nights Enjoy'd Loves Charms !  
Nature turn'd Baw'd, her Monarch to Obey,  
And Pimping Darknefs shut out Day,  
Whilst in vast Joys the half-spent God did  
(Swear,  
Joys, as his Lightning fierce, and as his God-  
(Head Great !

### *3.*

Bravely begun the Feat ! Oh had it mounted  
(higher,  
Fed still with vigorous Heat and fresh Desire !  
Were I but he, my boundless Reign shou'd  
(prove

But one continu'd Scene of Love.

In Extasies I wou'd dissolving lie,  
As long as all the mighty Round of vast Eternity.

*Cupid*

## Cupid turn'd Tinker.

1.

F<sup>A</sup>ir *Venus* they say  
 On a Rainy Bleak Day,  
 Thus sent her Child *Cupid* a packing :  
 ' Get thee gone from my Door,  
 ' Like a Son of a Whore,  
 ' And elsewhere stand Bouncing and Cracking.

2.

To tell the plain Truth,  
 Our little Blind Youth  
 Beat the Hoof a long while up and down Sir :  
 Till all dangers past,  
 By good Fortune, at last  
 He stumbled into a great Town, Sir.

3.

Then straight to himself  
 Crys this tiny fly Elf,  
 Since Begging brings little relief, Sir :  
 A Trade I'll Commence  
 That shall bring in the Pence,  
 And straight he set up for a Thief, Sir.

4.

At Play-House and Kirk,  
 Where he sily did lurk,  
 He stole Hearts both from Young and Old People,  
 Till



'Till at last, says my Song,  
He had like to have swung  
On a Gallows as high as a Steeple.

5.

Then with Arrows and Bow,  
He a Soldier must go,  
And straight he shot Folks without Warning.  
He thought it no Sin  
When his hand once was in,  
To kill you a hundred his Morning.

6.

When he found that he made  
Little Gains by this Trade ;  
What does our fly graceless Blinker,  
But straight chang'd his Note  
As well as his Coat,  
And needs he must pass for a *Tinker*.

7.

Have yo' any Hearts to mend,  
Come I'll be your Friend,  
Or else I expect not a Farthing :  
Tho' they're burnt to a Coal,  
I'll soon make 'em whole ;  
And Maids, is not this a fair Bargain ?

8.

But Maids, have a care,  
Of this *Tinker* beware,  
Shun the Rogue, tho' he sets such a face on't :  
Where he stops up one Hole,  
'Tis true by my Soul,  
He'll at least leave a score in the place on't.

## *The General* L O V E R.

**I**N all Love's Dominions I challenge the Boy,  
To show such a forward frank Lover as I,  
So faithful and true where my Promise is past,  
At the first so sincere. and so warm at the last.

*Imprimis*, I've Sworn true Allegiance to *Phillis*,  
And the same I have done to Divine *Amarillis* :  
Then to *Celia* the fair I my Heart did resign,  
Next I laid down the trifle at *Iris's* shrine.

*Calista* then gently put in for the Prize,  
Nor did the Coy *Sylvia* my Offering despise.  
But now you'll enquire can they all quarter there,  
Why Madam my Hearts large enough never fear.

There's room for my *Phillis*,

And soft *Amarillis* :

And *Celia* the fair,

Who need not despair

Of a good Lodging there :

With *Iris*, *Calista* and *Sylvia* beside.

Yes, Madam, this oft by Experience I've try'd.  
So large is the place, and so plenteous my Store,  
I with ease can provide for six Mistresses more,  
Nay if you distrust me, e'en send me a score.



---

EPIGRAMS,  
POEMS, & SATYRS,

On Sir R—— Bl——re's

King *Arthur* & Prince *Arthur*,

T H E

SATYR against WIT,

A N D

Job & Habakkuk.

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By Mr. THO. BROWN.

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A a

THE HISTORY OF THE  
CITY OF NEW YORK

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT  
TO THE PRESENT TIME

BY J. B. H. H. H. H. H.

VOLUME I.

NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY J. B. H. H. H. H. H.



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A Pleasant

# EPISTLE,

Suppos'd to be Written by

A Citizen, to his Brethren,

S H E W I N G

The Necessity of their Care  
of the POETS.

---

*To all the Honourable Citizens within the Bills  
of Mortality, below the Dignity of Common-  
Council-men.*

*Fellow-Citizens,*

**I** Am no Oratour, I own it, nor ever made  
a Speech in my Life, but once in the  
Vestry, about chusing a Lecturer, and  
new-lettering the Church-Buckets; but  
this I'll be bold to say, That no Man is  
a heartier Well-wisher to the Prosperity  
of this City than my self. Now I must tell you,  
Gentlemen, that you don't take so much Notice  
of a certain Author, who does you the Honour  
to reside among you, as his great Qualities de-  
serve. You only consult him as a Physician;

and indeed I must needs say, he is a pretty Physician; he has eas'd many of you of those heavy Burdens call'd *Wives* and *Children*; and, out of his Zeal to the Publick, has helpt to thin the overstock of Traders: But still you must give me leave to tell you, that you overlook his principal Talent, for Physick is what he values himself least upon. He is a *Poet*; pray be not scandaliz'd at the Word: he is a *Poet*, I say, but of sober solid Principles, and as hearty an Enemy to Wit as the best of you all: He has writ Twenty thousand Verses, and upwards, without one grain of Wit in 'em; nay, he has declar'd open War against it, and, despising it in himself, is resolv'd not to endure it in any one else. When he is in his Coach, instead of pretending to read where he can't see, as some Doctors do, or thinking of his Patient's Case, which none of 'em do, he is still listning to the Chymes, to put his Ear in tune, and stumbles upon a Distich every Kennel he is jolted over. Nay, even in the Coffee-houses, when other People are cleansing *Chester* Harbour, banishing Popish Priests, disposing the Crown of *Spain*, repairing *Dover* Peer, pitying the *Scots* at *Darien*, or settling the Affairs of *Poland*, he is enditing Heroics on the back of a News-paper with his Pencil, and won'd give more for a Rhime to *Radziouski* than a Specific for the *Gout*. Those flashy Fellows, your *Covent-garden* Poets, are good for nothing but to run into our Debts, lie with our Wives, and break unmannerly Jest upon us Citizens; then, like a parcel of Sots, they write for Fame and Immortality; but this Gentleman is above such Trifles, and, as he prescribes, so he writes for the good of Trade. He's a particular Benefactor to the Manufacture of the Nation; and, at this present minute, to my certain knowledge,

keeps



keeps ten Paper-mills going with his *Job* and *Habakkuk*, and his other *Hebrew* Heroes. There is scarce a Cook, Grocer, or Tobacconist within the City-walls, but is the better for his Works; nay, one that is well acquainted with his *Secret History* has assur'd me, that his main Design in writing the two *Arthurs*, whatever he pretended in his Preface, was only to help the poor Trunk-makers at a pinch, when *Quarles* and *Ogilby* were all spent, and they wanted other materials. Above all, you can't imagin what a singular Deference he pays to a golden Chain; 'tis impossible for a rich Man with him either to be a Knave or a Blockhead: he never sees the Cap of Maintenance, but is ready to worship it; and, in compliment to the Sword-bearer, would, I dare engage for him, sooner write a Panegyric upon Custard, than any of the Cardinal Vertues he pretends to be in their Champion.

This may serve, Fellow-Citizens, to give you some Idea of the Man; but what we most want his Assistance in, is to reform several enormous Abuses that have crept in among us: The Poetry of our *Bell-men*, which in its first institution contain'd many excellent Lessons of Piety, is grown very loose and immoral, and gives our Wives and Daughters wicked Ideas when it awakes them at midnight. The *Tobacco-boxes* too seem engag'd in a general Confederacy to bring Vice into esteem; their lewd Inscriptions charge Religion with desperate resolution, and have given it many deep and ghastly Wounds. Our *Poesies* for Rings are either immodest or irreligious; and we see few Verses on our *Ale-house Signs*, but have some spiteful and envious strokes at Sobriety and Good-manners, whence the Apprentices of this populous City have apparently receiv'd very bad Impressions. 'Tis great pity that our

4. *A pleasant Epistle suppos'd to be*

Magistrates, in whose power it is, have not yet restrain'd the licentiousness of these *Rhimes*, and oblig'd the Writers of 'em to observe more *Decorum*: But since they are so remiss in their Duty, retain this *Gentleman* on the side of *Religion*, and you'll soon see these Enormities vanish. Besides, being of a goodly Person, if you desired him now and then, upon a solemn occasion, to walk before a Pageant, or march at the head of the Blue-coat Infantry, at the Burial of one of his own Patients, with how much more Decency and Gravity would those public Ceremonies be perform'd? And then who so proper to inflame the Courages of our City Militia, as, our Parson tells me, one *Tyrtaeus* did of old, by the repetition of his own Lines? Well, could I but be so happy as to see him once appear in the Front of our *Finsbury* Squadrons, or animate with his noble Compositions the Wrestlers in *Moor-fields*, I should not doubt to see our ancient military Genius come in play, and every *London* Prentice able to worst his brace of Lions. Therefore, *Fellow-Citizens*, for mine, for your own, and for your Families sakes, hug and cherish this worthy Gentleman, make him free of all your Companies, for he's as well qualified for any of them as his own; carry him to all your Entertainments, nay, even to your private Deliberations over Brawn and Quest-Ale, and when any foreign Ambassador is treated by the City, get him to pay the Compliment in Verse, and the *R-c-rd-r* may second him in Prose; put the entire Management of *Smithfield* into his hands, and make him absolute Monarch of all the Booths and Puppet-shows. Above all, let him endeavour by the Melody of his Rhimes (and what can withstand 'em?) to call back our fugitive Mercers from *Covent-garden* to *Ludgate-hill*.



bill and *Pater-noster-row*. Since we are for new painting our City-gates, why should we not furnish up our old Heroes in new Metre? Why should poor King *Lud* and his two trusty Sons *Temancus* and *Adrogeus* be forgotten? Or, what harm have the Giants at *Guild-hall* and *Whittington's Cat* done, to be buried in oblivion? There are a thousand other Subjects to employ his Muse, wherein he may discreetly intersperse some notable Precepts against Trusting, some pretty Touches in defence of Usury, and some handfom Consolations for Cuckoldom, all which might be of admirable use, to season and confirm our City-Youth in the true Principles of their Ancestors. And what if you could persuade him to write a few pacifying Strains to calm the distemper'd Spirits of our Carr-men and the Oyster-women at *Billingsgate*? In short, these are some of the Topics you may recommend to him. Let him make *Verses* for us Citizens, and prescribe *Physic* to the Fools without *Temple-bar*. I am,

Your Loving Friend,

O. S.

---

## E P I G R A M,

*Occasion'd by the News, That Sir R— Bl—;  
Paraphrase upon JOB was in the Press.*

W Hen *Job*, contending with the Devil, I saw,  
It did my Wonder, but not Pity, draw:  
For I concluded that, without some Trick,  
A Saint at any time could match Old Nick.

Next came a fiercer Fiend upon his Back,  
 I mean his Spouse, stunning him with her Clack :  
 But still I could not pity him, as knowing  
 A Crabtree-cudgel soon would send her going.

But when the *Quack* engag'd with *Job* I 'spy'd,  
 The Lord have Mercy on poor *Job*, I cry'd.  
 What *Spouse* and *Satan* did attempt in vain  
 The *Quack* will compass with his murdering Pen }  
 And on a Dunghil leave poor *Job* again.  
 With impious Doggrel he'll pollute his Theme,  
 And make the Saint against his Will blaspheme,

---

*Upon the Knighting Sir R——— Bl———re,  
 for his incomparable Poem call'd King Ar-  
 thur.*

**B**E not puff'd up with Knighthood, Friend of  
 mine,

A merry Prince once Knighted a Sir-Loin.  
 And, if to make Comparisons 'twere safe,  
 An *Ox* deserves it better than a *Calf*.

Thy Pride and State I value not a Rush,  
 Thou that art now King *Phyz*, wast once King *Ush*

---

*Upon King Arthur, partly writ in the Doctor's  
 Coach, and partly in a Coffee-house.*

**L**Et the malicious Criticks snarl and rail,  
*Arthur* immortal is, and must prevail.



In vain they strive to wound him with their tongue  
 The Lifeless *Fœtus* can receive no wrong.  
 As rattling Coach once thunder'd thro' the Mire,  
 Out dropt Abortive *Arthur* from his Sire.  
 Well may he then both Time and Death defie,  
 For what was never born, can never die.

---

*Upon seeing a Man light a Pipe of Tobacco in  
 a Coffee-house with a Leaf of King Arthur.*

**I**N Coffee-house begot, the short-liv'd Brat  
 By Instinct thither hastes to meet his Fate.  
 The *Phoenix* to *Arabia* thus returns,  
 And in the Grove, that gave her birth, she burns.  
 Thus wandring *Scot*, when through the World  
     he's past,  
 Revisits ancient *Tweed* with pious haste,  
 And on Paternal Mountain dies at last.

---

## EPIGRAM,

*Occasion'd by the Passage in the Satyr against  
 Wit, that reflects upon Mr. Tate, and ends  
 thus : He's honest, and, as Wit comes in,  
 will Pay.*

**R**Ail on, discourteous Knight ; If modest *Tate*  
 Is slow in making Payments, what of that !  
 So is th' Exchequer, so are half the Lords,  
 On whom thou hast bestow'd such sugar'd words.

Envy

Envy it self must own this Truth of \* *Nabum*,  
 That when the Muses call, he strives to pay 'em.  
 But can we this of thy damn'd Hackney say,  
 Who as she nothing has, can nothing pay?  
 Then be advis'd; rail not at *Tate* so fast,  
 A Psalm of his may chance to be thy last.

\* *Mr. Tate's Christian Name.*

*A Story of a Greek Chevalier, Predecessor in a  
 direct Line to the British Knight.*

WHEN, fir'd by Glory, *Philip's* Godlike Son  
 The *Persian* Empire like a Storm o'er-run,  
 A worthless Scribbler, *Cherilus* by Name,  
 In pompous Doggrel foil'd the Hero's Fame;  
 The *Grecian* Prince, to Merit ever just,  
 (For Monarchs did not then Reward on Trust)  
 Read o'er his Rhimes, and to chastise such Trash  
 Gave him for each offending Line a Lash.  
 Thus Bard went off, with many Drubs requited,  
 That's in plain English, *Cherilus* was Knighted.

*To Elkanah Settle, the City Poet.*

WILT thou then passive see the Sacred Bays  
 Torn from thy Brows in thy declining days  
 And tamely let a Quack usurp thy Place,  
 So near *Guild-hall*, and in my Lord Mayor's face?  
 Rouze up for Shame, assert thy ancient Right,  
 And from his *City-Quarters* drive the Knight.

Let



Let Father \* *Jordan* Martial Heat inspire,  
 And Uncle \* *Tubman* fill thy Breast with Fire.  
 If *Bl* —re cries, Both *Arthurs* are my own,  
 Quote thou the fam'd *Cambyfes* and Pope *Joan*.  
*Cheapside* at once two Bards can ne'er allow,  
 But either He must abdicate, or Thou.  
 Then if the Knight still keeps up his Pretence,  
 E'en turn Physician in thy own defence.  
 'Tis own'd by all the Criticks of our Time,  
 Thou canst as well Prescribe, as *Bl* —re Rhime.  
 \* *Two famous City-Poets.*

---

*To the Author of the Satyr against Wit, upon  
 concealing his Name.*

**H**E that in *Arthur's* Trash has Penance done,  
 Need not be told who writ this vile *Lampoon*.  
 In both the same eternal Dulness shines,  
 Inspires the Thoughts, and animates the Lines.  
 In both the same lewd Flattery we find,  
 The Praise defaming, and the Satyr kind.  
 Alike the Numbers, Fashion, and Design,  
 No Chequer-Tallies could more nicely joyn.  
 Thy foolish Muse puts on her Mask too late,  
 We know the Strumpet by her Voice and Gate.

*On Job newly Travestied by Sir R—— Bl——*

**N**EAR *Lethe's* Banks, where the forgetful stream  
 With lazy motion creeps, seeming to dream,  
*Job* with his thoughtful Friends discoursing fate,  
 Of all the dark mysterious Turns of Fate :  
 And much they argu'd why Heavens partial care  
 The Good should punish, and the Bad did spare :  
 When lo ! a Shade, new landed, forward prest,  
 And thus himself to listning *Job* addrest :

Illustrious Ghost ! I come not to upbraid)  
 Oh summon all thy Patience to thy Aid :  
 A *Cheapside* Quack, whose vile unhallow'd Pen  
 With equal Licence murders Rhimes and Men,  
 In rumbling Fustian has burlesqu'd thy Page,  
 And fam'd *Jack D-nt-n* brings it on the Stage.

Was ever Man, the patient *Job* did cry,  
 So plagu'd with cursed Messengers as I ?  
 All other Losses unconcern'd I bore,  
 But never heard such stabbing News before.  
 Who can behold the Issue of his Brain  
 Mangled by barbarous hands, and not complain ?  
 This scribbling *Quack* (his Fame I know too well  
 By thousand Ghosts whom he has sent to Hell)  
 Dull *Satan's* feeble Malice will refine,  
 And stab me thro' and thro' in every Line.  
 The Devil more brave, did open War declare,  
 The fawning Poet kills, and speaks me fair.



Curs'd be the Wretch that taught him first to  
 write,  
 And with lewd Pen and Ink indulg'd his Spite :  
 That flyblow'd the young Bard with buzzing  
 Rhimes,  
 And fill'd his tender Ears with *Grubstreet* Chimes.  
 Curs'd be the Paper-mill his Muse employs ;  
 Curs'd be the Sot who on his Skill relays.

Thus *Job* complain'd, but to forget his Grief,  
 In *Lethe's* Sov'raign Streams he sought Relief.

---

To Sir R—— Bl——, upon his unhappy  
*Talent of Praising and Railing.*

**T**Hine is the only Muse in *British* Ground  
 Whose *Satyr* tickles, and whose *Praises* wound  
 Sure *Hebrew* first was taught her by her Nurse,  
 Where the same Word is us'd to bless and curse.

---

On Sir R—— Bl——'s Project to erect  
*a Bank of Wit.*

**T**He *Thought* was great, and worthy of a Cif,  
 In present Dearth to erect a *Bank of Wit*.  
 Thus breaking Tradesmen, ready for a Jayl,  
 Raise Millions for our Senate o'er their Ale.  
 But thou'rt declar'd a Bankrupt, and thy Note  
 E'en in old *Grubstreet* scarce would fetch a *Groat*.  
*Apollo* scorns thy Project, and the *Nine*  
 With Indignation laugh at thy Design.

There's

There's not a Trader to the sacred *Hill*  
 But knows thy wants, and would protest thy Bill.  
 Thy Credit can't a Farthing there command,  
 Tho' *Fr--ke* and *R---r* should thy Sureties stand.

---

To Sir R ——— Bl ———, on the two *Wooden*  
*Horses* before *Sadlers-hall*.

AS trusty Broomstaff Midnight Witch bestrides  
 When on some grand Dispatch of Hell she  
 rides ;  
 O'er gilded Pinacles, and lofty Towers,  
 And tallest Pines with furious hast she scowrs,  
 Out flies her Career, the lab'ring Wind,  
 And sees spent Exhalations lag behind.  
 Arriving at the black *Divan* at last  
 In some dire Wood, or solitary Wast ;  
 The Fiend her cheated Senses does delude,  
 With airy Visions of imagin'd Food.  
 Ev'n so, on Wooden Prancer mounted high,  
 Your Muse takes nimble Journeys in the Sky.  
 When in her boldest strains and highest flights,  
 She sings of *strange Adventures* and *Exploits*,  
*Battels, Enchantments, Furies, Devils, and Knights*,  
 When she at *Arthur's Fairy Table* dines,  
 And high-pil'd Dishes sees, and generous Wines

'Twas kindly done of the good-natur'd Cits  
 To place before thy Door a brace of Tits,



For *Pegasus* would ne'er endure the weight  
 Of such a quibbling, scribbling, dribbling Knight.  
 That generous Steed, rather than gaul his Back  
 With a Pedantic Bard, and nauseous Quack,  
 Wou'd kneel to take a Pedlar and his Pack.

*Epigram upon King Arthur.*

**T**He *British Arthur*, as Historians tell,  
 Deriv'd his Birth from *Merlin's* Magic Spell.  
 When *Uter*, taking the wrong'd Husbands shape,  
 On fair *Igerne* did commit a Rape.

But modern *Arthur*, of the *Cheapside* Line,  
 May justly boast his Parentage Divine.  
 Wearing thy Phyz, and in thy Habit drest,  
 The God of Dulness his lewd Dam comprest.

*An Epitome of a Poem, truly call'd, A Satyr  
 against Wit; done for the undeceiving of  
 some Readers, who have mistaken the Panegy-  
 rick in that immortal Work for the Satyr,  
 and the Satyr for the Panegyrick.*

**W**Ho can forbear and tamely silent sit    l. 1. p. 3  
 And see his native Land as void of Wit    l. 2  
 As every Piece the City-Knight has writ?  
 How happy were the old unpolish'd Times, l. 13  
 As free from Wit as other modern Crimes, l. 14  
 And what is more, from Bl---re's nauseous Rhimes:

As

14  
 As our Forefathers vig'rous were and brave, l. 15  
 So they were virtuous, wise, discrete & grave, l. 16  
*And would have call'd our Quack a fawning Slave.*  
 Clodpate, by Banks and Stocks and Projects bit, l. 5. p. 5  
 Turns up his Whites, and in his pious Fit, l. 6  
 He Cheats and Prays, a certain sign of Cit. l. 7  
 Craper runs madly 'midst the thickest Croud, l. 8  
*Sometimes says nothing, sometimes talks aloud.*  
 Under the Means he lies, frequents the Stage, l. 10  
 Is very lewd, and does at Learning rage; l. 11  
*And this vile Stuff me find in every Page.*  
 A bant'ring Spirit has our Men possess'd, l. 20  
 And Wisdom is become a standing Jest, l. 21  
*Which is a burning Shame, I do protest.*  
 Wit does of Virtue sure Destruction make, l. 22  
 Who can produce a Wit, and not a Rake? l. 23  
*A Challenge started ne'er but by a Quack.*  
 The Mob of Wits is up to storm the Town, l. 1. p. 6  
 To pull all Virtue and right Reason down, l. 2  
*Then to surprize the Tower, and steal the Crown.*  
 And the leud Crew affirm, by all that's good, l. 15  
 They'll not disperse till they have Bl--'s Blood, l. 16  
*But they'll ne'er have his Brains, by good King Lud.*  
 For that industrious Bard of late has done l. 16. p. 6  
 The rarest Piece of Wit that e'er was shown, l. 17  
*And publish'd Doggrel he's asham'd to own.*  
 The skilful T-s-n's name they dare invade, l. 31. p. 6  
 And yet they are undone without his aid; l. 2  
*Did they read thee, I should conclude 'em mad.*



T--f--n with base Reproaches they pursue; l. 1. p. 7  
 Just as his *Moor-fields* Patients us'd to do, l. 4  
*Who give to T--f--n what is T--f--n's due.*  
 Wit does enfeeble and debauch the Mind, l. 7  
 Before to Business or to Arts inclin'd: l. 8  
*Then thou wilt never be debauch'd, I find.*  
 Had S—s, H—f, or T—y, who withawe l. 15, to 18  
 We name, been Wits, they ne'r had learnt the Law.  
*But sure the Compliment's not worth a Straw.*  
 The Law will ne'r support the bantring Breed, l. 22  
 Tho' *Blockheads* may, yet *Wits* can ne'r succeed, l. 23  
*For which Friend Sl—ne, I hope, will break thy Head.*  
 R—ff has Wit, and lavishes away l. 24  
*So much in nauseous Northern Brogue each day*  
*As would suffice to Damn a Smithfield Play.*  
 Wit does our Schools and Colleges invade, l. 20. p. 8  
 And has of Letters vast destruction made, l. 21  
*But that it speils thy Learning, can't be said.*  
 That such a Failure no Man may incense, l. 17. p. 10  
 Let us erect a Bank for Wit and Sense, l. 18  
*And so set up at other Mens expence.*  
 Let S—r, D—t, S—ld, M—gue l. 21  
 Lend but their Names, the Project then will do, l. 22  
*What! lend 'em such a Bankrupt Wretch as you!*  
*Duncombs and Claytons of Parnassus all,* l. 27  
 Who cannot sink, unless the Hill should fall, l. 28  
*Why then they need but go to Sadlers-hall.*  
 St. E--m--nt, to make the thing compleat, l. 21. p. 9  
*No English knows, and therefore is most fit*  
 To oversee the coining of our Wit. l. 22

Nor shall *M——rs*, *W——tt*, *Ch-rl-tt* be forgot,  
With solid *Fr——ke* and *R——r*, and who not?

Then all our *Friends* the actions shall cry up, *l.6.p.12*

And all the railing Mouths of Envy stop. *l. 7*

*Wou'd we could Padlock thine, Eternal Fop.*

The Project then will *T——ts* Test abide, *l.11.p.16*

And with his Mark please all the world beside. *l.12*

*But dare thy Arthurs by this Test be try'd?*

Then what will *D---n*, *G--h*, or *C-ng-ve* say *l.27.p.9*

When all their wicked Mixture's purg'd away? *l.28*

*Thy Metal's baser than their worst Alloy.*

What will become of *S-th-n*, *W--ch--y* *l. 29*

Who by this means will grievous Sufferers be? *l.30*

*No matter, they'll ne'er send a Brief to thee.*

All these debauch'd by *D--n* and his Crew, *l.22.p.12*

Turn Bawds to Vice, and wicked Ends pursue, *l.23*

*To hear thee Cant, would make even B——fs spue.*

For now an honest Man can't peep abroad, *l.9.p.13*

Nor a chaste Muse, but whip they bring a Rod. *l.16*

E'n *Atticus* himself these Men would curse, *l.5.p.14*

Should *Atticus* appear without his Purse, *l. 6*

*If this be Praise, what Libel can be worse?*

Nay, *Darfell* too, should he forbear to treat, *l.7.p.14*

These Men that cry him up, their words would eat,

*And say in Scorn, He had no Brains to beat.*



## EPIGRAM,

*Upon the Fortunate and Auspicious Reigns of  
Queen Elizabeth, of happy Memory, and our  
Most Gracious Queen ANN.*

**S**URE Heav'ns unerring Voice decreed of old  
The fairest Sex should *Europe's* Balance hold;  
As Great *Eliza's* Forces humbled *Spain*,  
So *France* now stoops to *Ann's* superiour Reign.  
Thus tho' proud *Jove* with Thunder fills the Sky,  
Yet in *Astrea's* Hands the fatal Scale does lie.

*To Mr. Dryden, on his Conversion.*

**T**RAYTOR to God, and Rebel to thy Pen,  
Priest-ridden Poet, perjur'd Son of *Ben*,  
If ever thou prove honest, then the Nation  
May modestly believe Transubstantiation.

*On a Lady who fancied her self a Beauty.*

**D**ORINDA's sparkling Wit and Eyes  
United, dart too fierce a Light,  
It quickly flashes, quickly dies,  
Charms not the Heart, but hurts the Sight.  
Love is all Gentleness and Joy;  
Approaches with a modest Grace;  
Her *Cupid* is a Black-guard Boy,  
That holds his Link just in your Face.

*Upon the Pensioners in the Parliament.*

**A**S when a Wolf or Fox too long does fleece  
 The Non-resisting Lambs, or Passive Geese,  
 The Peasants take th' alarm, and seize the Foe,  
 And shouting Boys in long Ovation go :  
 The careful House-wife, to revenge her Wrongs,  
 Takes down the *sharpest Spit*, and heats her *Tongs* :  
 All their Resentments by their Curses show,  
 And happy's he that gives the greatest Blow.  
 Thro' every Street the stinking Vermin's led,  
 To the Town-hall, and there they fix his Head.  
 First seize their Money, for 'tis all your due,  
 These Slaves did get it all by selling you.

*A Comical Panegyrick on that familiar Animal,  
 by the Vulgar call'd a Louse: By Mr. Willis,  
 of St. Mary-hall, Oxon; with some Addi-  
 tions by Mr. Tho. Brown.*

(Power,

**T**Remendous Louse, who can withstand thy  
 Since Fear at first taught Mortals to adore?  
 What mighty Disproportion do we see  
 In *Adam's* Glory, when compar'd with thee?  
 With greater latitude thy *Parent* ran,  
 Freely you rove o'er all the World of Man;  
 And almost like Almighty *Jove* alone,  
 Enjoy a *Being* you receive from none.

We



Well might the sage Philosophers of old  
 Their jostling *Atoms* for authentick hold;  
 For what thou art, alas, we know too well,  
 But whence thy Being is, we cannot tell.  
 Nor is thy Empire meaner than thy Birth,  
 Thou'rt made of *Mold refin'd*, not *common Earth*.  
 Whether thou rul'st by a Monarchick sway,  
 Or by three States we passively obey.  
 The boldest *Hero*, whom Ambition arms,  
 Faces grim Death, but shrugs at thy alarms.  
 Thou to their *Hearts* hast often nearer been  
 Than either their *Religion* or their *Queen*;  
 And hast a much-more constant Harbour there  
 Than any thing but *Villany* and *Fear*.  
 The sparkish *General* often dreads thy sight  
 More than the numerous Foes he stands to fight,  
 And tho' his happy Standards do prevail,  
 E'er Night, to thee he surely turns his Tail.  
 Thou the *Grand Seignior* dost surpass in Pride,  
 Since thou on *Christians* Backs in state dost ride,  
 And have such *Catholic* and resistless Charms,  
 That *Prince* and *Prelate* under thee bear Arms.  
 The very *Noncons* and the *Church*, we see,  
 Tho', when they pray to God, they disagree,  
 Yet fight with Uniformity for thee:  
 And for thy sake, with wretchedness each day  
 Lavish their Blood more freely than their Pay.  
 Nature refines, what is by Nature crude,  
 For thee she cooks and dresses human Blood,  
 To make it to thy Palate dainty Food,

No wonder then that thou with those that fight  
 So much art seen, since both in Blood delight.  
 Or that thou shouldst exert such sturdy Valour  
 Against thy Enemy the Prick-Louse Taylor,  
 To take him every moment by the Collar.  
 How many Heroes hast thou forc'd to yield,  
 And stript to own thee *Master* of the Field?  
 But tho' so many Virtues in thee shine,  
 That we can hardly think thee not *Divine*,  
 It wou'd be great Injustice to pass o'er,  
 How kind thou art, and mindful of the Poor;  
 What e'er befalls 'em of Calamity,  
 They're certain of a *Bosom Friend* in thee:  
 How often to oblige 'em you endeavour,  
 Those Marks denote thou left 'em of thy favour.  
 Nor are they quite ungrateful in return,  
 If any, yet *Clean Linnen's* never worn:  
 The *Cripple* too finds *Leggs* to strole the Streets,  
 To beg for thee of every one he meets;  
 Content with thee, and Straw instead of Sheets.  
 As briskly too thou hast assisted those  
 That *Ethnick Superstition* did oppose,  
 But stuck most *Orthodoxly* to their side  
 That for the true Religion wou'd have dy'd.  
 That when the *Huguenots* of *France* came o'er,  
 Millions of you came swarming to the Shore.  
 So *Jacob's Children*, by the help of *Lice*,  
 Obtain'd the *Canaanitish* Paradise.  
 And you, we find, as formidable prove  
 As rattling Thunder in the Hand of *Jove*.



Who can thy Power describe, thy Glories scan,  
Thou *Lord of Nature*, since thou'rt *Lord of Man*?  
In these we may thy wond'rous value see,  
The World was made for *Man*, and *Man* for thee.

---

Upon the Anonymous Author of Legion's humble Address to the Lords.

**T**HOU Tool of Faction, mercenary Scribe,  
Who preacheſt *Treason* to the *Calveshead Tribe*,  
Whose fruitful Head, in Garret mounted high,  
Sees Legions, and ſtrange Monsters, in the Sky;  
Who wou'dſt with *War* and *Blood* thy Country fill  
Were but thy Power as rampant as thy Will:  
Well may'ſt thou boaſt thy ſelf a *Million* ſtrong,  
But 'tis in *Vermine* that about thee throng.

---

To that moſt ſenſeleſs Scoundrel, the Author of  
Legion's humble Address to the Lords,  
who wou'd perſwade the People of England  
to leave the Commons, and depend upon the  
Lords.

**W**HAT *Demons* mov'd thee, what malicious  
Fiends,  
To tempt the People from their ſureſt Friends?  
Sooner thou might'ſt embracing Floods diſjoyn,  
And make the Needle from its North decline:  
Or teach the grateful *Heliotrope* to run,  
A different Motion from th' enlivening Sun.

Our Peers have often for themselves rebell'd,  
 When did they for the People take the Field ?  
 Led not by Love, but Interest and Pride,  
 They wou'd not let the Prince their Vassals ride.  
 That pow'r they to themselves reserv'd alone,  
 And so thro thick and thin they spur'd *old Roan*.

To Fact and long Experience I appeal,  
 How fairly to themselves they justice deal :  
 For if my Lord, o'erpower'd by wine and whore,  
 The next he meets, does through the Entrails  
     scow'r,  
 'Tis pity, his relenting Brethren cry,  
 That for his first Offence the Youth shou'd dye ;  
 Come, he'l grow grave, Virtue and he'l be friends  
 And by his Voting, make the Crown amends.  
 'Tis true, a most magnificent Parade  
 Of Law, to please the gaping Mobb, is made.  
 Scaffolds are rais'd in the Litigious Hall,  
 The Maces glitter, and the Serjeants Bawl,  
 So long they wrangle, and so oft they stop,  
 The wearied Ladies do their moisture drop.  
 This is the Court ( say they ) keeps all in awe,  
 Gives Life to Justice, vigour to the Law.  
 True, they quote *Law*, and they do prattle on her,  
 What's the result ? *Not Guilty upon Honour*.

Should I who have no Coronet to show,  
 Fluster'd in Drink, serve the next Comer so,  
 My Twelve blunt Godfathers wou'd soon agree,  
 To doom me, sober, to the fatal Tree.



Besides, how punctually their Debts they pay,  
There's scarce a Cit in *London* but can say.  
By peep of morn the trusting Wretch does rise,  
And to his Grace's Gate, like Lightning flies :  
There in the Hall this poor believing Afs,  
With gaping on bare walls seven hours does pass }  
And so does Forty more in the same Class. }  
At last my Lord, with Looks erect and hardy,  
"Troth, Friends, my Tenants have been somewhat tardy:  
"But for the future, this shall be redrest,  
"Delays and Losses may befall the best.  
This said, he presses with regardless Pride,  
Between the opening Squadrons on each side :  
Calls for his Page, then slips into his Chair,  
And so, good Gentlemen, you're as you were.

Cease Scribler then, our Grandees to defame,  
With feign'd *Encomiums* that they scorn to claim :  
What they can challenge by the Lawso'th' Land,  
We freely give, while they no more demand :  
But let not in their praise the *Plot* be brought,  
Thou know'st the Proverb, *Nothing due for nought*.

---

*A pleasant Dialogue between the Pillory and  
Daniel de Foe.*

*Pill.* **A** Wake, thou busy Dreamer, and arise,  
Shake off th' unwilling slumber from  
thy Eyes.

*De Foe.* Hail dread Tribunal, reverend Machine,  
Of awful Phyz, and formidable mien!

Thou

Thou Prop of Justice, Adjutant of Law ;  
 That keep'st the Paper-blurring World in awe ;  
 But why this early Visit made to me ?  
 Must I again ascend thy Fatal Tree ?

*Pill.* No—may'st thou never mount my Fabrick  
 more,

With much concern, last time, thy weight I bore ;  
 And with regret, I see my self of late,  
 Made a meer Tool and Property of State ;  
 Time was when Knaves, whom now for Gold  
 they spare,

And such like Villains trod my Bosom Care.  
 The Scrivener and the Publik Notaries,  
 Forgers of Bonds and Wills, were all my Votaries ;  
 Now I'm reverse ( so humane Chances vary )  
 And vent the spleen of peevish Secretary.

*De Foe.* Was it for this you broke my easie rest ?  
 You know what publick Failures I detest.  
 How some Grandees are in a mortal Rage,  
 To see we know the Scandal of our Age ;  
 And as they are the Grievance of the times,  
 Are most afraid of hearing their own Crimes.

---

*The last Observer : Or, The Devil in Mourning. A Dialogue between John Tutchin and his Countryman.*

*Obser.* **C**ome honest Countryman, What News  
 dost bring ?

*Countr.* Faith, Master John, they say you're like to  
 swing.

*Obf.*



*Obs.* You know I once for *Hanging* did Petition.

*Countr.* Ay, see th' effects of preaching up Sedition,  
But the most general Report supposes,  
You'll on the Pillory tell Peoples Noses.

When that Day comes——

Your trusty Farmer here most humbly begs  
You'll let him give you a small Treat of Eggs.

*Obs.* Jestings apart ; hast with thee brought some  
*Nancy*

Or Protestant *March-Beer*, to raise my Fancy ?  
Inspir'd by that, my Thoughts will quicker flow,  
And I'll by far out-hymn the fam'd *de Foe*.

*Countr.* No, not a Drop, I'm to be gul'd no more ;  
Too much you've trespass'd on the ancient score.

I'll be no longer with *Whig Birdlime* caught,  
Ne'er stir, *I wou'd not save thee for a Groat*.

Misled by thee, I left my Herds and Flocks,  
And must turn Politician with a Pox.

*Obs.* And where's the harm to know the Springs  
of State ?

*Countr.* It only hasten'd *Hone's* and *Rouse's* Fate,

*Obs.* Happen the worst, I've Friends will pay my  
Cost.

*Countr.* You reckon *Nobs*, I fear, without your *Host*.

*Obs.* Won't merciful *Low-Church* espouse my cause ?

*Countr.* They'l leave you to the mercy of the Laws.

*Obs.* But then the *Whigs* will back me tooth & nail.

*Countr.* Yes, those are *Saving Cards*, that never fail.

*Obs.* *Old-Nick* thus uses *Witches*, as they tell us,  
And drops the gaping Wretches at the Gallows.

Will none my Person then from malice Skreen?

Say, *Countryman*, What think'st thou of my *Queen*?

*Count.* 'Slife, not a word of her, thou *Scandal-Pedlar*

Thy Loyalty's as Rotten as a Medlar.

After such Libelling the *Royal Race*,

How dar'st thou sue to *Majesty* for *Grace*?

*Obs.* What, am I then by all the World forsaken?

*Count.* E'en get your Friends the *Jews* to save  
your Bacon:

Or should you to the *Devil's Church* repair,

None will suspect you'd venture *Play-house Air*.

*Obs.* Howe'er I'm thus abandon'd by the rest,

Yet while I'm still with thy dear *Friendship* blest —

*Count.* No *Friendship* nor *Relief* expect from me,

Thro' all thy thin Pretences now I see:

No more with sowre *Republicans* I'll herd,

But pluck those prating Rascals by the Beard.

No more with *Mercenary Scribes* take part

But get me Home, and mind my Plough and Cart;

Scowr o'er my Grounds by break of Day, old Tut-  
chin,

And freely pay my Taxes without grudging;

No more Notch'd *Levi's* holy Buckram hear,

But with my Betters to the *Church* I'll steer.

Dance with our *Lads* and *Lasses* on the Green,

Then steal a harmless Buss ——— And so ———

G O D save the Q U E E N.



*Advice to the Kentish Long-Tails, By the  
Wife-Men of Gotham. In answer to their  
late Sawcy Petition to the Parliament, 1701.*

**W**E, the Long Heads of *Gotham*, o'er our  
merry Cups meeting,

To the Long-Tails of *Kent*, by these Presents send  
Greeting :

Whereas we're inform'd, that your *Maidstone-*  
Grand Jury,

A most Monstrous Petition has pen'd in a fury,  
We are Strangely surpriz'd at the News, we'll  
assure ye.

Unless both our Reading and Memory fails,  
Old *Kent* has been fam'd, not for *Heads*, but for  
*Tails*.

Not to make on your Intellects any Reflection,  
The *Senate* needs none of the *Kentish* Direction,  
To prevent foreign Insults, and home Insurrec-  
tion,

Without your Intruding and sage Interposing,  
And thrusting where no Body calls you, your  
Nose in,

Our *Commons* will steer the Great Boat of them-  
selves,

And save it from dashing on Rocks or on Shelves:  
They'll provide for our *Tarrs*, and settle the Na-  
tion :

Then let each Private Man be content in his Sta-  
tion.

We

We therefore advise you to lead sober Lives;  
To look after your Orchards, and comfort your  
Wives.

To Gibbets and Gallows your Owers advance,  
That, that's the sure way to Mortifie *France* :

For *Monsieur* our Nation will always be Gulling,  
While you take such care to supply him with  
Woollen.

And if your Allegiance to *Cesar's* so great,  
All smuggling and stealing of Customs defeat,  
Or else all your Loyalty's nought but a Cheat. }  
Above all, let each *Long-Tail* his Talent employ, }  
On his Spouse's soft Anvil to get such a Boy }  
As will equal in Vigour the fam'd *William Foy*. }  
Then in Peace you may eat both your Boil'd and  
your Roast,

And the *French* will be Damn'd e'er they Land on  
your Coast.

*Signed by the Major, Aldermen, and  
the Common-council, all the Inha-  
bitants, both Men, Women and  
Children, that could make their  
Marks, at the Quarter-Sessions,  
holden at Gotham, in Comitatu  
Essex, the 12th of May, 1701.*

*To a Lady, whom he refus'd to Marry, because he  
lov'd her.*

**M**Arriage! the greatest Cheat that Priest-  
hood e'er contriv'd,  
The sanctify'd Intrigue, by which poor Man's  
decoy'd,

That



That damn'd Restraint to Pleasure and delight,  
Th' unlawful Curber of the Appetite.

Curst be the Sot who first the Chains put on,  
That added to the fall, and made us twice undone.

The Sex that liv'd before in a free Common state,  
Or Golden Age, ne'r knew this Pious Cheat ;

Then Love was unadult'rate and true ;

Then we did unconfin'd Amours pursue,

If by his Flame the Shepherd was inspir'd,

On no coy Trifles, the kind Nymph retir'd ;

The officious Trees pimpt for the honest Trade,

And form'd a very kind and welcome Shade.

Then like the Bord'ring Fields, was Womankind,

By no Land-marks, or unjust Bounds confin'd.

'Tis true, if that, by my ill Stars inclin'd,

So great a Trespas I shou'd e'er Commit,

Your Charms alone would change my mind,

And tempt me to the Sin, tho' Mighty 'tis and

Great :

For you'd with vigorous Beauty still incite,

The paul'd and weary'd Appetite.

And what's a Mortal Sin with any other She,

To do with you, a Venial Fault wou'd be.

Jo. Haines's *Reformation-Prologue, drest as a  
deep Mourner.*

**T**Hus Cloath'd with shame, which is one step to  
Grace,

Excuse the modest Blush now spoils my Face ;

For

For, after Two Years *Excommunication*

For heinous Sins against this *Congregation*,

I'm now to plead my thorow *Reformation*.

Know then, that weary grown of the thin Fare

Of living by my *Wits*, that's by the *Air*;

Altho' kind *Patrons*——

“ Into your Bumpers I have oft been plunging;

“ And *top'd* as if a Patent I 'ad for *Spunging*;

“ But to proceed in't still, my *Conscience* stains,

“ *Conscience*, the Darling Mistress of *Jo Hains*.

“ Wherefore, tho' late, now finding like a Novice,

“ *Players* (like *Wits*) are Fools, when out of Office:

And seeing Nocturnal Friends drop off so fast,

Like *Limerick*, I'm compell'd to yield at last.

But oh! the Terms of my Capitulation

Would make the hardest heart feel soft *Compassion*:

I must not *Drink*, nor taste *Life's* common Joys,

For fear of spoyling my *melodious Voice*;

No more at *Midnight*, visit dear *James Long*,

Who has the best *Navarre* e'er tipt o'er Tongue;

It has all good Qualities,——

A Conceal'd Body, Fresh, Mellow, and Fine,

'Tis all Sincerity, a *Silken Wine*;

It Charms the *Taste*, and Gratifies the *Nose*,

\* Adieu my Dear, Dear *Paradise*, the *Rose*,

Where I the Musick now must hear no more,

Of † *A Bottle of Sebastian in the Sun*, score.

Nor whilst God *Bacchus* is our Cheeks Adorning,

‖ *Past Three a Clock, and a Dark Cloudy Morning*.

---

\* Weeping † Spoke like a Drawer. ‖ Like a Watchman.



Nor make the last excuse for longer stay,

|| *More Wine, ye Dog, it's not yet break o' Day.*

Now, now, your new *Regenerated Player,*

Morning and Evening, will trudge to *Prayer :*

And flye all *Play-House* Plots that are a'brewing,

That *National Sin (Sedition)* was my ruine.

Adieu *Will's Coffee-House* too, *Beaus, Captains,*

*Wits,*

Who have been so very kind to me by *fits.*

Farewell, I now must herd with sober *Cits.*

Where I may speak my Mind, and fear no snub,

With Friends will lend, as well as pay a *Club.*

What tho' they ne'r broke *Jest* or *Pate* at *Locker's?*

They've *Sense* enuff, for all that, in their *Pockets.*

I do but think, leading this *Virtuous* Life,

What a *Comfort* I shall be to my poor *Wife !*

At Home by Ten a Clock, in Bed by Eleven,

Where I will make my former Scores all even.

“ This being decreed, I've nothing more to do,

“ But fix my self a Rent-charge now on you,

Humbly beseeching——

“ That I, like *Parish Brat*, Forlorn, and Poor,

“ That's lay'd for want, at the next *Rich-Man's*  
Door ;

“ Swath'd in ill luck, the *Charity* may get,

“ Of you the Great *Church-Wardens* of the *Pit.*

Then tho' my *Voice* should fail, as that will hap in,

I'm sure you'll guess my meaning by my *gaping.*

---

|| *As one Drunk.*

*On his Friend Owen Swan, at the Black-Swan-Tavern, in Bartholomew-Lane.*

**M**Ankind, unjustly *Poets Atheists* call,  
 They're *Atheists* who adore no *God* at all.  
 We Court the *Vine* whose all-enlivening heat,  
 Does Noble Flights and lively Thoughts create.  
*Bacchus*, to thee we daily *Altars* raise,  
 When warm'd with *Liquid Joy*, we found thy  
 Praise:

Nor can he be less than a *God*, whose *Juice*  
 Does every Minute something great produce.  
*Wit's* the Rich Product of the *Teeming Vine*,  
 Its great *Creator* is *Almighty Wine*.

And powerful Love, Arm'd with resistless Fires,  
 Which Melts the Stubborn Soul to soft desires,

Then, *Owen*, since the *God of Wine* has made  
 Thee *Steward* of the gay *Carousing Trade*,  
 Whose *Art* decaying Nature still supplies,  
 Warms the faint Pulse, and Sparkles in our Eyes,  
 Be bountiful like him, bring t'other *Flask*,  
 Were the Stairs wider, we wou'd have the *Cask*.  
 This pow'r we from the *God of Wine* derive,  
 Draw such as this, and I pronounce thou'lt *Live*.



## Table - Talk.

**N**EW Maxims of State, like new *Nostrums* in Physick, take for a while, and then are laid aside. What Miracles, about two Years ago, were wrought by *Cows Piss* and the *Cold Bath*!

All Men of all Professions pretend a Concern for the Publick. The Subscribers erected the *Dispensary*, that the Apothecaries might not cheat the Publick.

A Lawyer, like a Soldier of Fortune, never troubles his Head with the Justice of the Cause he is engaged in.

A Man that marries a Whore may be said to rob the Publick.

How happy would the World have been, some have said, if there had been *no Women*: But, say I; how would it have lived without them?

*Horsescourers* and *Matchmakers* make no Conscience of Cheating.

The Vows of a *Lover* eager to enjoy, and the Virtuous Resolutions of a *Sick-Man*, are equally vain.

A bad *Fate* and a fine *Body*, are like a *Parson* that preaches well and lives ill.

A *Patriot* is a dexterous *Hypocrite*, that always pretends the Public, in order to promote his own Private Advantage.

Every Church sets up for the *Best* and *Honestest*.

The *Pope* succeeded *St. Peter*, as *Dr. Gibbons* got all his Practice by taking *Dr. Lower's* House.

When a *Poet* is new rigg'd, *Oh! he has got the last New Play on his Back*. Why may not the same be retorted of a Country 'Squire?

A *Patriot* is generally made by a *Picque* at Court.

Every one pretends a Concern for the People.

When a Man is hunted down at Court, he takes Sanctuary in the *Country Faction*.

Nothing is so Imperious as a *Fellow of a College* upon his own Dunghil; Nothing so despicable abroad.

A *New Convert* to the Government, to be suspected.

After all the Noise that has been made of the *Jacobites*, the Government has little to fear from profess'd Adversaries: Those that take the *Oaths*, and keep their old Principles, are the Men that do Mischief.

A Man that gets a great Estate out of a little Post, is like a Man that grows fat upon Matrimony.

Great Bodies of Men are subject to all the Infirmities of particular Persons.

It is a Jest, to think those that have Power will not take care to support themselves against all that attack 'em.

I have often laugh'd at some, that call *Assemblies* Divine Things: Don't two or three Men always govern them?

Every Man impatient to shew his Parts: *Durfey* much importun'd to sing, refus'd. Another Gentleman trump'd up a Learned Discourse, he then sung without asking.

How



How apt are we to flatter our selves, and overlook our own Infirmities. A *Drunkard* thanks God he has no Sacrilege to answer for.

The Author of *The whole Duty of Man* conceal'd ; perhaps *Vanity* in that.

A Woman that tells you she'll cry out, and a Man that threatens to cut your Throat, will both be worse than their Words.

A *Protestant* wonders how it is possible for a Man to be such a Sot, to believe all the Stuff of *Popery*. A *Papist* wonders how any Man in his Senses can dissent from his Church.

Some *Authors*, rather than not flatter, will commend a Man for what he ought to be blam'd. A young *Gentleman* of the *Temple* ran away from his *Wife*, and drubb'd his Father-in-law : A *Poet* now living commended him for it in an Epistle Dedicatory.

Most Authors draw themselves, or introduce what they like best : Thus *Harry Higden* brings in a great deal of *Eating* in his *Comedy*.

When a *State Pimp* has done all he can do, the Government that employ'd him ought to deifie him. King *Charles II.* compar'd old *Hobbs* to a *Bear*.

What signifies it, whether one is chosen by his Tenants, that dare not refuse him, or comes in by Bribery ?

A *Blot*, as they say, is no *Blot* till 'tis hit ; otherwise I much fear me, that more than a brace of Members had been sent to the *Tower*.

*Vanity* stronger than a *Woman's Lust* : If a *Lord* were stronger than a *Porter*, a *Woman* would be in the right on't.

If a Man and a Woman come together into an Inn, a true Inn-keeper, rather than foul two pair of Sheets, will take it for granted that they are *Man and Wife*.

A *City-Politician* is the busiest, silliest Coxcomb in the Universe ; what a clutter he makes about the Election of a *Sheriff*, or a *Mayor*, as if the Fate of the Kingdom depended on it.

The Society of *Reformers*, I am afraid, has made no mighty Progress in the Extirpation of *Vice* ; they have only beat it out of one part of the Town, to make it settle in another.

Some *Scriblers* have got a trick of answering *Books*, right or wrong, if they have but made a Noise in the World ; nay, some have answer'd Books they never saw ; King *William* and Queen *Mary Conquerors*.

A *City Captain*, on a Mustering Day, ten times more noisic than one that has been in all the Actions in *Flanders*.

Over-jealous Husbands and People mistrust themselves into Cuckoldom and Slavery.

It was observ'd, that when the Apothecaries were soliciting for their Bill that excused them from *Parish-Offices*, that the Weekly Bills decreased considerably.

The World calls *Avarice* a sordid, I say it is an aspiring Vice ; it makes a Lord stoop so low as to play with a Footman.

*Adversity* makes a Man humble : *Cerasius* the Admiral, how meek he is, now he lies under the Displeasure of the House ?

To make a Man out of love with Soldiery, let him see the Train-bands exercise.

A Physician, says a late Author, is a grave formal Animal, who picks our Pockets by talking unintelligible stuff in a Sick-man's Chamber, till Nature cures, or Medicines kill him.

A Gentleman, in a Coffee-house, was preaching up the great Wisdom of Beasts ; Come Sir, says a Captain, cocking his Hat, you're out in your Argument ; there's that nonsensical Creature  
called



called the Bever bites off his Stones, to compound with the Hunters. What Man alive would be such a Sot as to do so? For my part, I never wear a Bever Hat for that reason; I would not profane my Head with one.

What the Devil should make a Man rally others for the Imperfections he has himself? I hate that Puppy, says *Cleantes*, that goes open-breasted; 'tis but a Half-shirt.

To be concerned for a Family, for Children, and things after us, is only proper to Man; a Horse never breaks his Repose for thinking whether his Son will be preferred to the Cart or Coach.

Men reward the Professions that incommode them, as *Lawyers*, &c. and give no Encouragement to those that divert them; the reason of it is *Fear*: Man fears to be *damned*, therefore bribes the *Parson*; he fears to be *sick*, therefore keeps fair with the *Physician*; he fears to be rookt out of his Estate, therefore bribes the *Lawyer*.

An unskilful Author sometimes, when he pretends to set off a Man, really lessens him. Thus the City Bard, in *King Arthur*, forgets the *Physician*, and makes a *Chirurgion* of his Friend *Gibonius*, and makes him heal a Wound.

Nothing certainly can be so insupportable as a *Coquette*; *Amelia* had four Lovers at once, and encouraged all; she made one of them write a Love-Letter for her self to his Rival.

Among the Misfortunes we struggle with, it is one Comfort to us, that all the World laughs at one another; the *Cit* at the *Beau*, the *Courtier* at the *Country Squire*, and *Vice versa*.

One that has advanced his Fortune out of nothing, is sure to be plagu'd with his Relations; for this reason a certain Favourite in *France* us'd

to envy *Methulah*, because he outliv'd them all.

N—— was bred to the Law, and had nothing to live by but that, yet he who said he was no Lawyer displeased him not; but to find fault with Poetry was an eternal Affront.

All Governments in the World will take care to give the best outside to their Affairs: In the late War, our *Gazettes* never mention'd the loss of the *East-India* Ships, but took care to mention the taking a French Privateer of two Guns.

If a Man begins a thing, let him go through stitch with it: A *Chymist* in *Fullers-Rents* put out a Quack-Bill; for this, abandoned by his former Customers, did not continue it, and lost his Mob-friends ——— so starv'd.

A Man that seldom has Money takes care to shew it in all Companies when he has it, and pays his Reckoning before it is called for: We care not how deep we go when we are upon the Tick; when we pay Ready Money we are more frugal.

If we must have *Enthusiasm*, give it me in Perfection; this makes me love the *Quakers*, and made me see the downfall of the *Philadelphians*; *Mediocrinus esse non licent* holds good, as well in a New Religion as a New Poem.

From *Raggs* and *Beggary*, to leap into a great Estate, as it's pleasant, so it's troublesome; thus, Sir J ——— Ed ——— is as uneasy in his New Fortune; as a Harlot in a New Pair of Stays.

Every Thing, they pretend, has been so exhausted, that it's impossible to find any Thing New; but this is a mistake.

Since the late *Revolution*, our *Ministers* invented a *New Systeme* of Politics, purely devised by themselves, never practised before in any part



part of the World, and we hope will never be practis'd again.

Our *Divines* have invented New Measures of Allegiance, and New salvo's for swearing ; Our *Projecters* New Lotteries ; The *Ladys* New sort of *Tea* ; The *Vintners* New Names for Old *Stum* ; The *Physicians* and *Soldiers*, New methods of *Murder*.

The Streights of *Magellan*, may afford New Discoveries, but *Religion* hardly any ; The *Old* and *New Testament* have been so unmercifully beaten up by Poachers of all Countrys, that one can no more expect to start any *fresh Game* there, than a Tub of good Ale at a Country Bowling-green, after the *Justices* have paid it a *Visit*.

The Condition of a *Married-Man*, different from that of a Free ; What one loses in the Day, he gets in the *Night* ; What the other gets in the Day, he loses in the *Night*.

*Vice* passes safely under the Disguise of *Devotion* ; as during the late War, *French Wine*, under another Name, escaped the *Custom-House*.

There is more Fatigue and Trouble in a *Lazy*, than in the most *Laborious* Life ; Who would not rather drive a *Wheel-barrow*, with Nuts about the Street, or cry *Brooms*, than be *Arsennus*.

*Montagne*, in his Book of Expence, put down, *Item*, for my *Idleness*, a Thousand Pound.

Tho' we have so many *Cartloads* of *Prolemic* Writers, yet the World has not been much improv'd in *Knowledge* by them ; When the learn'd *Issaac Causabon* was shown the *Sorbone*, says the Person who introduced him, There has been *Disputations* kept here these Four Hundred

dred Years ; Bnt, replys *Causabon*, What have they *decided* all this while ?

'Tis reckon'd a great part of *Learning to know the Names of Things* ; We have some *Vituosoes*, that can nicely distinguish the minutest *Mosses*, yet know nothing of their *Vertue* and *Efficacy*, which is just all one, as if a *Foreigner* should come to *London*, and get all the *Signs of Cheapside*, and *Cornhill*, and not trouble himself to know any thing of the *Government of the City*.

A broken *Shopkeeper* ends in an *Exciseman* ; a decayed *Gentleman*, in a *Justice of the Peace*.

The Condition of a *Slave* is infinitely better than that of a *Harlot* ; yet because she now and then sups with a Lord at the *Rose*, keeps a Maid she never gives Wages to ; lies in fine Lodgings, she never pays for ; thinks her self a happy Creature.

What I have written will be of Advantage to *Posterity* ; which if it happen, it will be (says *Dr. Leigh*, in his *Epistle Dedicatory* ) a mighty satisfaction to your *Humble Servant*.

If we may guess at the *Morals* of any Age, by their *Plays*, the last was worse than this, Witness *Gammar Gurtons Needle*.

'Tis Hard to part with an ill Custom ! A—— wou'd rather keep his Palsie, than leave *Tobacco*.

A *Pindarick Muse*, is a *Muse* without her Stays on.

A Little Learning makes some Men *Vain* ; a great deal renders a *Wise Man Modest*.

He that puts on a Clean Shirt but once a Quarter, opens his Breast when it is so.

True Learning makes a Man *Humble, Dissident, and Modest*.



A *Wise Man* will answer an *Objection* before it's made. *Trebatius*, whenever he met a *Creditor*, never gave him leave to *Dun* him first, but was sure to anticipate him. *Well, Faith, honest Friend*, says he, *I am to blame, but thou shalt have thy Money next Week.*

*Vanity* makes a *Man* do as many publick Things, as a principle of *Virtue*. *Cavendish Wooden.*

There is not such a *Vast* difference between *Peoples* Parts, as the *World* imagines.

A *Man* is never ruined by *Dullness*.

This *World*, at last, shall be burnt for a *Witch*, says a *Presbyterian Parson* that Preaches near *Russel-Court*; the same said, That *Cæsar* was stabb'd with *Bodkins*, to prove that *little Sins* may damn a *Man*, as soon as *great*.

The *Society* for the promoting the *Reformation of Manners*, What have they done after all the *Noise*, and *Sermons*, and the *Thanks* of those *Worshipful Tools*, the *Grand-Jury* of *Middlesex*: They have forc'd a few poor *Whores* to shift their *Quarters*.

*Scotch-men* are zealous for their *Country*, &c. angry to hear it exposed; their *Poverty* is the *Reason* of it.

*Men* are affected with any *Loss*, according to their different *Genius*, and *Temper*; When a *Country Fellow* t'other *Day*, was told, that the *Dutch* had laid a great part of their *Country* under *Water*, he was only concern'd at the *Loss* of so much *Hay*.

*Half* the *World* bullied by *Captain Dawson*; and *Captain Dawson* bullied by *Half* the *World*.

A certain *Man* admired the *Wise Institution* of the *Sabbath*; The very breaking of it keeps half the *Villages* about *London*.

*Theophia*

*Theophilus* values himself upon having done little mischief in his time, when it lay so often in his power to do it; this was not owing to any principle of Honour, but to his *Laziness*, and want of *Activity*.

*I am sure you are a Man of Merit*, says *Phylautus* to *Alcibiades*, because you have been so often put by *Preferment*. By my Faith, 'tis my own Case.

Modesty has made as many Young Women Whores, as downright Lust; Many have not had the *Impudence* to deny.

A true Court *Sychophant* will flatter a Prince, even to his own, or his Families Failings; thus, tho' *Adolphus* the second was an unfortunate Prince of the House of *Nassau*, How often has *King William* been flatter'd and complimented upon him?

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A Comi-



A Comical

# VIEW

OF THE

## TRANSACTIONS

That will happen in the

Cities of *London & Westminster.*

Together with the

## Merry Quack :

Wherein **PHYSICK** is Rectified for both  
*Beaux and Ladies.*

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Continued Weekly.

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From *Octob. 16.* to *Octob. 22.*

Gentlemen,

**W** Hereas the Town has been banter'd near two  
Months with a sham-account of the Weather,  
pretended to be taken from Barometers,  
Thermometers, Microscopes, Telescopes, and  
such-like Heathenish Instruments, by which means se-  
veral

veral of Her Majesties good Subjects have put on their Frize Coats, expecting it should rain, when it has been fair; and wore their best Clothes, thinking it would be fair, when it has rain'd, to the no little detriment and prejudice of their aforesaid Clothes and Persons: And likewise, whereas the Planets that have regulated the Almanacks for about two thousand Years, have been most wickedly slandered by a late Author, as if they had no influence at all upon the Weather, the Publisher of this Paper has been perswaded by his Friends to print these his infallible Predictions, gathered from the Experience of thirty Years and upwards; and will warrant them to be true, tho' he never travelled abroad, nor pretends to be the Seventh Son of a Seventh Son, nor calls himself the Unborn Doctor, nor has the Seed of the Female Fern, the Green and Red Dragon, or any of the like Secrets.

Wednesday 16. **C**loudy foggy Weather at Garraway's and Jonathan's, and at most Coffee-houses, at and about Twelve. Crowds of People gather at the Exchange by One, disperse by Three. Afternoon noise and bloody at her Majesties Bear-garden in Hockley-in-the-hole. Night sober with broken Captains and others, that have neither Credit nor Money. If rainy, few Nightwalkers in Cheapside and Fleet-street. This Weeks Transactions censured by the Virtuoso's at Child's from Morning till Night.

Thursday 17.] Coffee and Watergruel to be had at the Rainbow and Nando's at Four. Hot Furmety at Fleet-bridge by Seven. Justice to be had at Doctors Commons when People can get it. A Lecture at Pinner's-hall at Ten. Excellent Pease-potage and Tripe in Baldwins-gardens at Twelve. At Night much Fornication all over Covent-garden, and five miles round it. A Con-  
stable



From Octob. 22. to Octob. 29.

Gentlemen,

**I** Am glad that my last Weeks Predictions were so lucky as to please you, and for that Reason am encouraged to proceed. Did the Town require it of me, I could much enlarge my Predictions, and foretel what will happen in foreign Countries, as well as what will fall out in London: As for instance, I could tell you, That the Czar of Muscovy is going to make Hemp dear in the North: That the King of Spain is like to raise the price of Iron in the South: That Bullets fly as thick as Hail in Livonia, and Bribes in the Conclave: That his Polish Majesty is as sick of Riga as the Scots were of Darien; with other matters of the like importance, which I shall omit at present, and come to things that concern us nearer. But before I proceed to them, I have a Word or two to say for my self: Some Persons that are in the Barometer Interest have found fault with my last Paper, because I foretold turning up Tails at Pauls and Merchant-Taylors last Friday; whereas nothing of that hapned: To which I answer, That if a certain Apostle had not interposed to give the Boys a Holiday, my Prediction had been true; and I will lay any of those Gentlemen a Hundred Pounds to a Penny, that it proves so most Fridays in the Year.

Wednesday 23. **L**ong Vacation departed this mortal Life, to the great joy of all the Sons of Parchment, last Night at Twelve, and died not worth a Groat. Morning opens with a furious Hurricane, call'd Michaelmas-Term, that will blow and bluster in the West till the twenty Eighth of the next Month, and a Week after. Clients knock up their Council by Six. Constables hurrying down to West-

D d                      minster

*minster* at Nine, to see that the Law shall not run out of the Hall. A dozen Country-Attornies Breakfast in Hell by Eleven. Weather Stormy and Tempestuous at the Bar all Day long. Night Calm at the Tavern.

*Thursday 24.]* Wind still continues to blow in the Western Quarter. Four thrifty Barristers crowd into a Skull about Nine, and score their Clients a Coach for it. Six Couple Pair'd at *Dukes-Place* near Ten, repent next Morning. The Death of the King of *Spain*, and a new War concluded upon, by the Half-pay Officers at the Parade, near Eleven. Stock-jobbers busie at *Jonathan's* from Twelve till Three. Much Ratling of the Frail Dye at *Young Man's* among the Disbanded Captains, and little lost. Juries swallow their Claret in the Afternoon as glibly at the Bell in *Westminster*, as their Oaths in the Morning; Get Drunk by Eight: *Book Bess*, and *Betty S—ds* Mutiny at the Corner-Chocolate-House in *Bridges-street*, about two Penny Glasses of *Ufquebaugh* at Nine.

*Friday 25.]* The Goddess of Scolding, up by Five in the Morning at *Billingsgate*; from thence removes to the *Temple-stairs* at Seven, takes a pair of Oars at Nine to *Westminster*, stays there till all her Black Guard are dispersed and gone. Mr. Ordinary visits his melancholy Flock at *Newgate* by Eight. Doleful Procession up *Holborn-hill* about Eleven. Men handsome and proper, that were never thought so before, which is some Comfort however. Arrive at the fatal Place at Twelve. Burnt Brandy, Women, and Sabbath-breaking repented of. Some few Penitential Drops fall under the Gallows. Sheriff's Men, Parson, Pick-pockets, Criminals, all very busie. The last concluding peremptory Psalm struck up. Show over by One. French-Men



*Wednesday 30.]* Tradesmen flock in their Morning-gowns to the Purl-Houses by Seven, to cool their Plucks which they had over-heated in my Lord-Mayor's Service the Night before. A mighty Bustle in the Halls about straggled Plates and Dishes, and Bottles missing. Solicitors and Clerks bawling out for Pudding at the Spread-Eagle about Twelve. Air infected with Perjury and Knavery in *Westminster*, and so like to continue most part of the next Month. The noble and ancient Recreation of Round-Robin, Hey-Jinks, and Whipping the Snake, in great Request with the merry Sailors in *Wapping*. A Country Client pick'd up by a *Fleet-street*-Strowler at Nine; what between the Whore, and his Lawyer, eas'd of all his Ready before he gets to Bed. This comes of Whoring, and going to Law!

*Thursday 31.]* Barristers troop down to *Westminster* at Nine; cheapen Cravats, and Handkerchiefs, Ogle the Semstresses, take a whet at the Dog, or a Slice of Roast-beef at *Heaven*, fetch half a dozen Turns in the Hall, peep in at the Common-Pleas, talk over the News, and so with their Green Bags, that have as little in them as their Noddles, go home again. Summon'd by penfive Sound of Horn to rotten-roasted Mutton at Twelve: Leave a Paper in their Doors, to study Presidents and Cases for them all the Afternoon: may be heard of at the Devil, or some neighbouring Tavern till One in the Morning. These are all the Motions, as far as I can judge by the Stars, that they are like to make this Term.

*Friday 1.]* Great Preparations at the Bear-garden all the Morning, for the noble Tryal of Skill that is to be play'd in the Afternoon. Seats

fill'd and crowded by Two : Drums beat, Dogs yelp, Butchers and Footsoldiers clatter their Sticks : At last the two Heroes, in their fine borrow'd *Holland* Shirts, mount the Stage about Three ; Cut large Collops out of one another, to divert the Mob, and make Work for the Surgeons : Smoaking, Swearing, Drinking, Thrusting, Justling, Elbowing, Sweating, Kicking, Cuffing, Stinking, all the while the Company stays. Vizor-masque very busie in the Pit at Seven, in picking up a Cully, persuaded, with much ado, to accept of a Pint at the Rose, puts up the comfortable *George* among her Thimble, Nutmeg, and Brass Seal, in her Pocket ; dispenses her favours in a Chair ; which the Spark is sure to remember sometime next Week in a Stool. Law muzzled up this, and the Day following.

*Saturday 2.*] Hundreds of poor *Souls* confin'd in that wicked Purgatory the *Fleet*, or *King's Bench*, and not like to be pray'd out in haste. Woolen-drapers persecuted by unmannerly Factors from Eight to Twelve. *Spittle-fields* Weavers hover about the Change all the Morning ; return for the most part empty. Divines busie in turning over St. *Austin* and St *Gregory*, to Retail them next Day to their People. French Protestants buy *Bullocks-livers*, *Sheeps-heads*, and stinking Beef to make *la-Soupe Royale* on Sunday. Commode-Women in *Pater-noster-row* busie with their Heads in the Daytime, and Tails in the Evening. Shopkeepers at Night, in their Counting-houses, compute what they have Cheated all the Week, that they may go with clear Consciences to Church next Morning. Vintners buy up Sloes in all the Markets at Eight ; put them to another Use than their Fore-fathers ever knew of. The new Invention of making good *Bordeaux* Wine of *Herefordshire* Cyder, and good

*Here-*



*Herefordshire Cyder of Middlesex Turnips*, practised every Day in their Cellars. To be fear'd that the next Generation will Debauch our very Turnips.

*Sunday 3.]* Beggars take up their respective Posts in *Lincoln's-Inn-fields*, and other places, by Seven, that they may be able to Praise God in Capon and *March-beer* at Night. Parish-Clerks liquor their Throats plentifully at Eight, and chaunt out *Hopkins* most melodiously about Ten. Sextons, Men of great Authority most part of the Day, whip Dogs out of Church for being Obstreperous. Great Thumping and Dusting of the Cushion at *Salter's-hall* about Eleven; One wou'd almost think the Man was in Earnest, he lays so furiously about him. A most refreshing Smell of Garlick in *Spittle-fields* and *Sohoe*, at Twelve. Country Fellows staring at the two Wooden Men at *St. Dunstan's*, from One to Two, to see how notably they strike the Quarters. The great Point of Predestination settled in *Russel-Court* about Three; and the People go home as wise as they came thither. A merry Farce, called, *The Confusion of Babel*, acted at *Surly Wat's* Coffee-house in the Evening, and lasts from Five till Ten. Great Squabbling, Buzzing and Prating from the Baronet's-Club, down to the noisie Footman below. Terrible Swearing in the Kitchen for the Boy's not bringing the vile *Derby* in time. Beef call'd for at every Table, and Mistress Cook most mightily importun'd for a Carrot.

*Monday 4.]* A brace of Foot-soldiers mount the Wooden-horse in the Park by Eight, for prophaning the Lord's Day with building of Sconces. The Lady *Law* goes in mighty state to *Westminster-hall*, attended by her Godmother *Assurance*, and her Daughter *Prattle*, her Train

held up by *Delay* and *Poverty*. Knights of the Post to be had in the *Temple-Walks* from Morning till Night, for two Pots of Belch and a Six-penny Slice of boil'd Beef. Balconies set out with Candles at Six. A Quaker in *Cheapside* has his Windows demolish'd for keeping his Light to himself, and grudging it his Neighbours. The Tallow-chandlers such dutiful and loyal Subjects, that they don't care if there were twenty and twenty Birth-days in a Year, to help off with their Commodity.

*Tuesday 5.*] Bells at Four in the Morning ring the Downfal of Antichrist. The Whore of *Babylon* most unmercifully pelted all the day ; this it is to be an old, decay'd, batter'd Harlot ! The Pope's Bulls baited in most Congregations about Eleven. *Bellarmin* run down, and *Suarez* confounded by Twelve. The Pope call'd abundance of hard Names, as, *Man of Sin*, *Strumpet*, and what not ? *ditto*. Made the Beast with ten Horns ; *i. e.* a worse Beast by four pair of Horns than any in *Cheapside* : *ditt*. Did he live in *London*, the Grand Jury of *Middlesex*, and our new Reformers, would certainly indict him for keeping a lewd disorderly House. Night clear, and Light in all the Protestant Streets. Watches, Whores, Clocks, Widows, Physicians, and Lawyers tell Lies every Day in the Week.

From *Nov. 13.* to *Nov. 20.*

Gentlemen,

**I** Disappointed you last Week, but am apt to flatter my self that you'll excuse it, when you know the Reason. I was sent for into the Country, to cure a Gentleman's Lady that was troubled with a Palsie in  
her



her Tongue, to that degree, that she could not speak one Word distinctly: But upon my telling her Husband, that three quarters of the Married-men in the Kingdom would give half, they were worth to have their Wives in the same condition, and that it was much better for his own and his Spouse's Repose, for her to continue as she was; the Gentleman was pleas'd to take my Advice, and so I return'd to London. But before I dispatch this short Introduction, give me leave to say a word or two in justification of my Paper. It has been industriously given out by some Gentlemen, who have no faith in the Planets, that I trussed up the Newgate Prisoners a fortnight before it happen'd: I own that I was out as to the Day; but as to what I foretold concerning the Ceremonies of the Execution, as singing the last concluding Psalm, picking of Pockets under the Gallows, &c. I dare engage that every tittle would have prov'd true, tho' the Government had hang'd those same Fellows three hundred Years hence. Far be it from me, or any Protestant Astrologer, to set up for Infallibility; and 'tis well I don't, for who knows but the Conclave would send for me to make me Pope, in case I pretended it, and then, you'll say, the Church would be finely govern'd. But, Gentlemen, I hope I shall never change my Religion, tho' the King of Poland did so. If this Paper should not please you as well as the preceding ones, I promise to make you full amends next Week, when I intend to give you a full Account of my Pills, and other Medicaments, so famous for curing the Distempers of both Sexes.

From my House in Moor-  
fields, next door to the  
Gun, Nov, 12.

Silvester Partridge.

Wednes-

*Wednesday 13.* **H**alf-pay Officers at the Parade very uppish upon the Death of the King of *Spain*; speak disrespectfully of *Flip*, talk of taking their leave of *Derby-Alc*, and renewing their acquaintance with *Claret*. A new-married Man in *Fleet-street* goes six times a day to drink his Porringer of Jelly-brath at the *Diapente* Coffee-house, but little comes on't, his Wife knows. *Currat Lex, Floreat Discordia*, the Motto of *Westminster-hall* all this Term.

*Thursday 14.]* Little News stirring this morning, unless a Review of the Foot-guards happens. *Mars* and *Venus* seem to foretel it, however I won't be positive; but if it does, what follows will most certainly fall out. Officers with Plume in Hat, Sashes, and Gorget, make a magnificent appearance, with the Agent at *Old Nick*, their Outsides wondrous fine, their Pockets lined within but so-so. Faggots summon'd in from all parts of *Westminster*. Whores and Bailiffs busie to pick up the Military Sparks so soon as the Show is over.

*Friday 15.]* Baudy, Nonsense, Noise, and Tobacco in the *Gravesend* Tiltboat about Five in the Morning. The Duke of *Anjou* deposed from his Kingdom of *Naples* at the *Amsterdam* Coffee-house exactly at One. Six Welsh Attorneys Dine upon five Herrings at the *Goat* in *Chancery-lane*, quarrel at the unequal division of them, and a long-winded Law-Suit upon that. The great Vertue of Pacing-saddles asserted in a Lecture in *Greesham-Colledge* at Three. Two Men kill'd behind *Montague-house* at Four. Tunes numberless murder'd in the Musick-houses in *Wapping* and *Moor-fields* all the Night.

*Saturday 16.]* Several worthy Gentlemen in party-coloured Robes, late installed to the Tune



of, *Methinks I spy a Brother*; with much Gravity in their Looks, and very much Mischief in their Hearts, busie in the Litigious-Hall all this Morning. A great Medley of ill Voices, and the Devil-a-jot of Harmony at the *Jews Synagogue* about Ten. A Receipt how to Dine upon good wholsome Air, to be had of Six ancient Persons, who are to be found in *Grays-Inn*-walksevery day at One. Tradesmen summon'd before the Court of Conscience for defrauding their Journey-men of their Wages. If such a Court were erected to punish those who defraud their poor Wives, the Lord have mercy on all unperforming Sinners, between *White-chappel* and *Temple-bar*.

*Sunday 17.]* Surgeons knocked up by Twelve-penny Customers at Seven, and hindred, as they say, from going to Church, but Ten to One whether they wou'd have gone thither, tho' no Body had visited them. Dumplins, far exceeding those of *Norfolk*, at the *Half-moon*, in *Cheapside* and the *Rose* by *Temple-bar* at Eleven. Citizens whet away their Stomachs, and judiciously censure the Sermon in most Taverns about Twelve; in the Strength of Roast-beef, and the Sunday-bottle of Claret, give their Wives a comfortable Refreshment on the Couch about Two: beget Block-heads to continue the City-breed. A Magistrate with a Golden-chain about his Neck, Snores inordinately in a Conventicle at Three. Tradesmen's Wives treat their Children at the Farthing-pye-houses at Four. Not one Physician at Church except the City-bard, within the Bills of Mortality. The Bankers in *Lombard-street* want *D. Jones* to put 'em in mind of their Sins.

*Monday 18.]* 'Prentices Summon'd before the Chamberlian at Ten, to Answer for their undutiful Rebellion against the Cook-maid. Lozenges, Butlers, Horse-balls, Tutors to young Noblemen,

blemen, Nephritick-stones, Brewers-clerks, Diapalma Plaisters, Ladies Women, Sago, second-hand Sermons, Goa-stones, and Receipts how to make a Pudding, to be had at the *Fleece* in *Grace-Church-street*, from *Monday* Morning till *Saturday* Night. Evening very Drunk with the Journey-men Shoemakers in *St. Martins*. Heads hot next Morning.

*Tuesday 19.*] Six Daughters of *Mercury* and *Turpentine* bilk their Lodgings in *Spring-garden*, and carry off all their Effects in a single Sheet of brown Paper about Nine. Great whispering and nodding among the Politicians at the *George* in *Iron-monger-lane*, from One till Four. City Preferments disposed off, and Lord-Mayors and Sheriffs Elected there for a Hundred Years to come. A noisy, troublesome, crop-ear'd Coxcomb at *B----*Coffee-house in *Aldersgate-street*, tires every thing but his own Lungs, with settling the Spanish Succession, and contriving Matters for the Parliament, at Four. The Author of this Paper is as dull as a lawfully-begotten Citizen's eldest Son; but 'tis hop'd he'll mend.

*The Merry Quack: or, Physick rectified for the Beaux and Ladies.*

From *Nov. 20.* to *Nov. 27.*

Gentlemen,

**I** Promis'd, in my last, to give you an account of my Pills and other Medicaments, so deservedly famous for Curing all manner of Distempers, and am now as good as my Word. I confess it goes somewhat against the grain to display myself thus in Print, since so many Ignorant Quacks have made the Me-  
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*thod infamous : And indeed nothing but my great Regard for the Publick, to which, as St. Austin says, every honest Man ought to sacrifice all private Considerations, could have induced me to appear in a Paper in this nature : But if a thing is to be totally laid aside for the Abuse of it, good-night to the Law and the Gospel ; we must e'en turn our Pulpits into Powdering-tubs, and Westminster-hall into a Meal-market. So much by way of Introduction.*

**I** Have been often griev'd to see the noble Art of Physick so run down, despis'd, and invaded as it has been of late ; but to say the truth, the Professors may thank themselves for it : They are eternally jangling and quarreling at the College, and persecuting one another, while they ought to lay their Heads together and unite, to baffle those undermining Enemies of Mankind call'd *Diseases*. This would be an Employment worthy their most serious Thoughts, and recommend them to the good Opinion of the World ; but, as Affairs are manag'd at present, they don't so much endeavour to restore People to their Health, as to make a vain Ostentation of their Learning. The first thing they think of is, to set up an *Hypothesis*, as they call it, even before they think of setting up a *Coach* ; and as they make all the shifts in the World to set up the latter, so 'tis to keep up their beloved Hypothesis they strain every *Phænomenon* in Nature, to make it bear that way. 'Tis a melancholy, but true Observation, That as the number of Physicians has encreas'd, so the *Weekly Bills* have done the same.

Gentlemen, I was born with a natural Antipathy to all Diseases whatever, as some People are to Cheese and Onions. I hate Diseases, and Diseases hate me ; by the same token they fly from

from my presence, as 'twas observ'd in the last great Plague, that the Dogs by natural Instinct ran away from the City Dog-killer: Neither can I blame 'em for it, for I make it my constant business to destroy 'em Root and Branch wherever I meet 'em. But, Gentlemen, don't misunderstand me; tho' I kill the Disease, I do the Man no harm, like Lightning that melts the Sword, and never injures the Scabbard.

To qualifie my self for this noble Profession, I never troubled my Head with reading *Hippocrates*, *Dioscorides*, *Selsus*, *Galen*, and other reverend Blockheads of Antiquity; neither did I think it worth my while to lose any time in perusing the modern Coxcombs, for so I may justly call 'em: No, Gentlemen, I went a wiser way to work; instead of turning over old musty Pagan Volumes, I have walk'd over every Mountain in *England*, *Scotland*, and *Wales*: I have enquir'd into the Nature of every Plant and Vegetable, examin'd every Moss, Grass and Flower, and by vertue of thirty Years Observation, and upwards, have forced them to confess their respective Vertues and Qualities.

Nor was this all; for ever since I have been able to write, I have kept a constant correspondence with all the knowing experienc'd Men in our Faculty from *London* to *Japan*; I don't mean those nonsensical Hobby-horses the Virtuosofoes of *Holland*, *Spain*, *Italy*, and *Germany*, that value themselves so much upon their Philosophy, and the Lord knows what unintelligible stuff: I only concern'd my self with Men that read the great *Folio* of Nature, and instructed themselves out of that. I have maintain'd a Monthly Commerce these twenty Years with the famous *Demetrius Basilomiski*, Physician to the present Czar of *Muscovy*, with the Industrious *Ibrahim Ali-*



*Alibanali*, who serves the Grand Seignior in the same Capacity, with the Courteous *Achmet Ben Ishmael*, Doctor to the *Sophi of Persia*, with the Inquisitive *Ibin Hasna Muladexar*, who constantly attends the Person of the *Great Mogul*, and the Infallible *Kara Shu*, who resides in the Palace of the Emperor of *China*; not to mention the Physicians belonging to the powerful Monarchs of *Tonquin*, *Malabar*, *Mingrelia*, *Bisnagar*, *Golgonda*, *Gurgistan*, *Pegu*, *Siam*, *Sumatra*, *Palemban*, and the rest; from whose Observations, to me most friendly communicated, as likewise my own Experience, I have arrived to a greater Knowledge than any Physician before me, as will appear,

First, By my *Pillula Intentionalis*; or, my *Intentional Pill*. I defie any Physician in the King's Dominions to shew me the like. It never Works but when the Recipient wou'd have it, and therefore is of singular Use for all Persons who may be obliged to take Physick, and yet by reason of their Employments and Business cannot confine themselves to their Chambers. I dare engage that a Man may take it upon a Journey, and never be incommoded by it. Last *Easter-Term*, I gave it to a *Yorkshire Attorney*, the very Morning he went out of Town, who had no occasion to Evacuate till he came to *Leeds*. But what is more surprizing, one *Ezechiel Tar*, Boatswain to the *Sampson*, took three of them at *Deptford*, upon *April 16, 1699*, and intended they should never Work with him till he came under the *Equinoctial*, and accordingly so it fell out, and then he had a Stool, that any Prince in Christendom would have been glad of, as he inform'd me in a Letter, dated from *Fort St. George*, *Nov. 22*. In short, a Man that takes it, may Adjourn and Prorogue his Backside, as long as he pleases; and

and this, as I take it, can be said of no Pill now known in Christendom.

*Secondly, My Pillula Divulgatoria, or, my Divulgatory Pill:* The great Excellency of this Pill lies in extorting Secrets from whoever takes it, very proper consequently for married Men in *Cheapside, Cornhil*, or any part of *England*, to know how their respective Wives stand affected to them; for as 'tis no bigger than a Pin's Head, so if the Party dextrously slips it into a Glass of Ale, or Wine, or any such Vehicle, and gives it his Wife, it will make her tell all the Secrets of her Heart in her Sleep; as for Instance, Whether she has actually Cuckolded her Husband, or has only intended it; as likewise who is the Person she most admires.

*Thirdly, My Pillula Otiosa; or, my Idle Pill.* This is the strangest Pill of 'em all, for 'tis neither Diaphoretic, nor Diuretic, nor Hedrotic, nor Hypnotic, nor yet Emetic; that is to say, it neither operates by Stool, nor Urine, nor Sleep, nor Vomit; and yet makes a shift to do its Business by doing nothing at all, as some Lawyers do theirs, by being bribed to hold their Tongues.

*Fourthly, My Pillula Anti-Moabitica; or, my Anti-Moabite-pill.* A Man takes one of these Pills before he stirs out of his Lodgings, tho' he owe as much Money as the two late Sheriffs were worth, yet may go and whet his Knife safely and securely at the Counter-gate, and the Devil of a Sergeant dares meddle with him, by reason of some wonderful *Effluvia* it sends out of the *Thorax*: Very useful for breaking Tradesmen, disbanded Officers, and others, in the same Predicament. In fine, 'tis infinitely better and cheaper than a Protection from a L——d or a P——t-Man. Tho' I constantly keep sixty Operators at work, yet I can hardly serve the Town for  
their



their Occasions. I would say more of it, but an ancient Gentlewoman, who has Buried four Husbands, and is in hopes to Bury the fifth, stays for me below in the Parlour, to have her Fortune told: So Gentlemen, adieu till next Wednesday.

*From the Globe and Urinal  
in Moor-fields, next door  
to the Gun.*

*Yours, &c.*

Silvester Partridge.

From Nov. 27. to Dec. 3.

Gentlemen,

**T**HE Hebrew Language, [ I know I shall be Censur'd for making this Ostentation of my Learning, however I am resolv'd to go on with my Show; but ] the Hebrew Language, I say, is the most expressive significant Language in the whole World, as will appear by the following Instances: The Hebrew Word for Woman signifies Forgetfulness; and I'll appeal to you, whether any thing can be more Emphatical: Don't the frequent Elopements in Fleet-street, Cheapside, and all parts of the City, shew, that the first thing your Married Women forget, is their Marriage-Vow, and their Duty to their Husbands? Thus likewise in the same Tongue, the same Phrase expresses both Death and Marriage. Now, tell me, Gentlemen, is not Marriage the Death of Love? and does not Experience shew, that most Men had better go to their Graves than the Nuptial-Bed? They also use the same Word to express a Beau and a Butterfly; and is not the whole Essence of a Beau express'd in that of the gaudy Insect above-mentioned? And lastly, Gentlemen, to come to the Point I drive at, (for I would not tire you with too many Particulars) one Hebrew Word signifies both Physicians and Dead

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Men;

Men ; and indeed, as the World is managed at present, a Man may reckon himself as good as Dead, who goes to consult a Doctor ; So much is the noble Art of Physick debauch'd of late !

THE two Epidemical Diseases of England are the *Scurvy* and *Consumption*. They were all-reigning Distempers of this Island a thousand Years before *Julius Caesar* came to make us a Visit ; as any Man that desires to be satisfied, will find by the Historians of those times ; and so they still continue, notwithstanding we have had so many famous Physicians among us. Now is it not a Shame, a most horrid Shame, that the most *Protestant* Lungs in the Universe, and those which deliver the most *Evangelical* Truths, should be invaded by this fatal Disease ? and is it not a thousand Pities, that a People who have the purest Souls, should have the nastiest Bodies ?

I have blush'd, nay, I profess, I have been scandaliz'd, when some Foreigners from *China*, *Bisnagur*, *Circassia*, *Trepizond*, and *Mingrelia*, have come to see me, and desired me to carry them to our Churches in the Winter. I have been scandaliz'd, I say, to hear such Barking, and Wheezing, and Coughing there, when they have nothing like it in *Lapland*, *Norway*, and *Livonia*, which Countries lie so much more to the Northward than we do. Some ancient Alderman or Deputy of a Ward first begins the Harmony ; then, like a Train of Wild-fire, it impudently runs up to the Communion-Table. After this it gets into the side Isles, and then, Good Lord ! there's such a Noise, that no Body's a Farthing the better for going to Church ! The Parson he loses all his fine Quotations out of *Gregory* and *Chrysostome*, which cost him so many precious Hours the Saturday before ; the People lose the End of their



their coming to Church, which was to hear those Learned Quotations; the honest Clark loses a delicious Quaver upon one of *John Hopkin's Ekes* and *Ayes*, being most maliciously interrupted in his Melody by a Whoreson Cough. In short, Parson, Clark and Congregation are all Losers.

Now to obviate and prevent this disgrace of our three Kingdoms, I have been thirty Years and upwards contriving my *Anti-tussient Pills*, which are compounded of those admirable Balsamic Ingredients, that, Gentlemen, the Party that takes them, may lie up to his Chin in Water for a Fortnight together, or cover himself all over in Snow, as naked as when he came first into the World, and if he Coughs forty Years after that, I am content to lose my Ears. Let any Man, that distrusts the Vertue of my *Antitussient Pills*, make the Experiment, and if, as I have said before, he Cough forty Years after that, I engage before this honourable Company, to be his Bond-slave.

And then as for the *Scurvy*, which seems to have set up her Head-quarters in *Wales* and *Scotland*, I have found out a *Pulois Mundificativus*, altho' a Man made as wretched a Figure as a patient Gentleman, who has been very much abused by a certain City Knight, did upon the Dung-hill, yet in a Minute, I'll make him *Rectus in Corpore*.

But Gentlemen, my Talent is not confined only to these two Distempers: I Practice alike upon all Diseases, and with the same Success and Facility.

Show me a Fellow that has got as much Water in his *Abdomen*, as will fill the Tun of *Heidelberg*; show me, I say, such a Fellow, if you dare. I wou'd willingly ride two thousand Miles at my own Expence to see such a Sight. Now, you'll say, what will you do with him, when you have

got him? Why, before you can answer me what's this, I'll tap his *Abdomen*, and set him to rights.

Show me a *Scrotum* distended to the size of honest Mr. *Moxon's* Globe upon *Atlas's* Shoulders in *Warwick-lane*, I'll reduce it to its Pristine State, while a *Virtuoso* at *Child's* is supping his Dish of Coffee.

Show me a Son of *Bacchus*, who by his indefatigable lifting up his Hand to his Head, and his nocturnal Industry, has acquired as many Pimples in his Face, as there are Jewels in *Lombard-street*, nay, whose Phyz is so fiery and rubicund, that it wou'd put the last Conflagration out of Countenance: I have a Water, that in a Moment, shall extinguish all these *Vulcano's*, and make him look as fair as a Sinner newly come out of the Powdering-tub, or, if you please, as pale a Guinea-dropper, when he's carried before a Worshipful Justice.

Show me a Man so pitted by the Small-pox, that his Face looks like the Map of *Switzerland*, with the Hills and Vallies in it, with my *Lympha Cosmetica*, or my *Levelling Drops*, I'll make it as even as a Bowling-green.

But what I most value my self upon, and indeed I defie any Doctor within the Bills of Mortality (you see I circumscribe them, Gentlemen, within their own Dominions) to do the like, I have so improv'd the ancient and laudable Art of *Ouro-manteia*, or *Ouroscopy*, that is to say, of prognosticating all future Contingents by Urine, that the like was never heard of in *Europe*. I know that several Blockheads pretend to tell a Man the present state of his Body by seeing his Urine, (and what Fool by the Brath cannot make a shift to guess what Meat is in the Pot?) but I have carried my Disquisitions much farther: As for instance, Let an *Attorney* bring



bring me his Water, and I will tell him how his Client's Cause will go in *Westminster-hall*, and whether any of his Adversary's Witnesses are like to perjure themselves. Let a young *Maiden* shew me but a Thimble-full of her Urine, and I will resolve her when she shall be married, how many Children she shall have, and what their respective Fortunes shall be. This, Gentlemen, may suffice at present, to let you see I can do somewhat more than my Brethren. Next *Wednesday* I shall address my self to the Ladies,

From the Globe and Urinal  
in Moor-fields, next door  
to the Gun.

Yours, &c.

Silvester Partridge,

From *Dec. 3.* to *Dec. 11.*

Ladies,

**I** Suppose it will be granted me, without much difficulty, that Beauty is the greatest Privilege and Blessing which Heaven has bestow'd upon your Sex; Even Virtue it self, as magnificently as some People love to talk of it, is inferiour to Beauty. This you'll think to be a Paradox, but 'tis easily demonstrated. Is it not the Business of Virtue to wait upon Beauty, and to guard it from all rude Invaders? Now, will any Man in his sober Senses maintain, that my Ladies Gentlewoman is above her Mistress? By the same sort of Reasoning he might as well pretend, that a surly Beef-eater is as good a Man as his Majesty, which Heaven forbid.

**T**IS to this happy Qualification, I mean to your Beauty, Ladies, that you owe all your Conquests and Acquisitions. Charity may carry

a Woman into a Nunnery, but it will never prefer her to a Monarch's Embraces; and Money, the most powerful Magnet next to Beauty, tho' it brings you abundance of Hypocrites, was never guilty of making one real Lover since the Creation; 'tis by your Beauty that you make so many of your Admirers hang and drown themselves every Year, to the unspeakable satisfaction and comfort of your Hearts. By this you triumph over the Severity of the Wife, the Indifference of the Insensible, and the Resolution of the Brave. This made *Julius Cæsar*, and after him *Mark Anthony*, to lay their Lawrels in *Cleopatra's* Lap. *Judith's* Eyes first pierc'd *Holofernes's* Heart, before her Hands smote off his Head. *Hercules*, tho' his Sinews were as strong as Cable Ropes, yet a single Hair of his Mistress *Omphale* drag'd him whither she pleas'd.

How many gallant Officers do we daily see in our Streets, who, at the Siege of *Namur*, marched up boldly to the very Mouth of the Cannon and receiv'd no harm, that have been since wounded by the fatal Glances of the *Belinda's* and *Melanissa's* in the *Park* and *Playhouse*?

Not to insist any longer upon this Head, 'tis plain, that the Prize was long ago determin'd in favour of *Beauty* by *Priam's* judicious Son, upon Mount *Ida*, when the three Goddesses appeared before him in their *Puris Naturalibus*, and that nothing in the World is able to maintain its ground against it. It disarms *Fortitude*, it blinds the Eyes of *Justice*, it has betray'd *Prudence* into a thousand Follies, and has inveigled *Temperance* into a Female Coffee-house, where it has taught her to debauch in wicked Cherry-brandy and *Dr. Stephens's* Water. In fine, Ladies, had it not been for this, ten to one but the Men had long ago practis'd a piece of *Jewish* Policy upon your Sex.



Sex, and contriv'd separate Apartments for you in their Houses, as the Sons of Circumcision still do in their *Synagogues*.

Can you then ever do enough, Ladies, for the Man who (by Heaven's Blessing upon his indefatigable Application and Industry) has attain'd to the Secret of not only continuing this Blessing to you, but even of bestowing it upon those whom Nature never befriended with it; who has found out an Antidote against those terrible things call'd *Wrinkles*, and can secure all your Charms to the last moment of your Life? Ought you not to hang up his Picture in your Bedchambers and Closets? Ought you not to erect Statues to him, since by a Contrivance much more surprizing than that of a modern Virtuoso's making a Burning-glass of Ice, he can teach your Eyes, even at Fourscore, to inflame Hearts, and burn 'em to Tinder?

You complain of the great Inconstancy of the Men, and indeed, I will not pretend wholly to excuse them; but, alas Ladies! you'll soon drop this Accusation, if you consider that your Faces are as changeable as they. When you have once seen Twenty, that impudent Underminer *Time* daily steals a Charm from you; and, Why should the Loadstone complain of the Iron for not dancing Attendance after it, when it has lost its attractive Vertue? Lovers are of the Religion of the *Persians*, worship the Rising Sun, and never mind him when he declines. In short, Ladies, Love follows Beauty, as the Shadow follows the Body; and for a Woman to dream of getting Gallants when that has left her, is to expect as great a Miracle as Transubstantiation wrought in her favour, where the Accidents continue when the Substance that sup-

ported 'em is demolish'd. But this, I presume, is no Age for Miracles.

*What farther Discoveries I have made in my Profession for the Service of your Sex, I intend to publish in my next, and in the meantime beg Leave to subscribe myself*

*Tours, &c.*

*From the Globe and Urinal  
in Moor-fields, next door  
to the Gun.*

Silvester Partridge.

From Dec. 11. to Dec. 18.

Ladies,

**B**Eauty is so unspeakable an Advantage, and a Jewel of such inestimable Value to the Possessors of it, that you must excuse me if I presume to preach to you upon the same Subject again; which I purposely do, that you may take the more care to preserve it; for, between Friends be it said, a Woman that neglects her Beauty is in a fair way to neglect her Soul.

**W**Hatever has been said by some Orators concerning the mighty power of Eloquence, may with more Justice be attributed to Beauty: 'Tis the most perswading Advocate in the World, by the same Token, that it pleads its Cause even when it is silent. If it appears at Court, every Door flies open to receive it: Gouty decrepit Ministers of State, who are deaf to all the World besides, would not stir from their Couch to hear a Bishop, run and listen to it with admiration and pleasure. If 'tis engaged in a Law-suit, it softens the austere Judge;

nay,



may, the best Councillor of 'em all is proud to open its Cause. At Church, and at both Theatres, it draws the Eyes of all Spectators ; it confers Grace and Greek, for it makes Deans and Prebends ; it confers Fortitude too, for it makes Colonels and Captains ; it draws shoals of Customers to the *Coffee-house* or *Tavern* where it inhabits ; it begets numberless Serenades and Sonnets : In short, its Health is tossed in all Companies, and its Name written in all Glass Windows.

Some have ventured to make a Parallel between *Music* and *Beauty*, but with great Injustice to the latter in my Opinion ; for, Ladies, to express my self like a Philosopher, that which we receive in at our Ears, makes infinitely a weaker Impression upon us, than what our Eyes convey to us ; But this is not all, for *Beauty* is the Mother of *Music*, as appears by the numberless Songs that are made to it ; and is't not ridiculous to the last degree, to prefer the Oblation to the Divinity that receives it ? If *Orpheus* and *Amphion* drew *Stones* after them by the Influence of their Harmony, I'll appeal to you, Ladies, whether *Beauty* has not done the same Thing a Thousand times, and all by the Power and Prevalence of its Charms.

But, alas ! when a Person, let her Condition and Quality be what it pleases, has once lost this *Treasure*, she may shut up her *Exchequer* ; she's perfectly dead to this wicked World, and is no more regarded by the Sparks of the Town, than the *Barometer-Papers* are by the Tradesmen, since they have been so wickedly bilk'd by them. What is more afflicting, her very Husband, who was accessory in part to the Destruction of her *Beauty*, Ladies, you know my Meaning, without

ex-

explaining my self farther looks upon her with the same Contempt and Scorn, as he does upon a Play that has been thrice damn'd : All that such an unfortunate Person has left her to do, is to Administer to the Pleasures of others, when she is past them herself ; which is as great and mortifying a Fall, as it wou'd be in a Gentleman, that used to play upon his own Head at the *Groom-Porter's*, to content himself with being an humble Spectator, or Dealing the Cards to the rest of the Gamesters.

And as for those unfortunat Women that never enjoy'd it, ought they not to run barefoot to the *North Pole* ? ought they not to cut the *Equinoctial* and visit both *Indies* to procure that Qualification, (if it were possible for Travelling to procure it,) which wou'd not only protect them from Contempt, but give 'em an Empire over all that behold them ?

But, Ladies, you need not give your selves the Trouble to Travel so far : You that have *Beauty*, and are willing to preserve it, and you that were born without it, and desire to obtain it, need only make a small Visit to Dr. *Silvester Partridge*, next Door to the *Gun* in *Moorfields*, and he will do both your *Businesses* for you effectually.

It may be said perhaps that no young Woman in the World ever thought her self Ugly, as no Wit ever thought himself dull, and consequently that this Advice is lost to them : But to prevent this Objection, I have at home a *Speculum Veritatis*, or an *Impartial Looking-glass*, which no Astrologer in the Universe has besides my self, into which, whoever looks, he shall soon 'spy all his Infirmities : The Wit shall find himself to be a Coxcomb, and the Lady shall own her self to be Deformed, altho' she is a Dutchess.

Does



Does it not then highly behove, (pardon me, Ladies, if I express my self with some Warmth) does it not highly behove every individual Woman in the three Kingdoms, who possesses so precious a Flower, to cherish and nurse it up with all the Care imaginable? Is she not obliged in Point of Reputation and Interest (whatever you, Ladies, may think of the former, I am sure you ought not to neglect the latter,) to maintain the thing that contributes so much to her Peace at home, and her Satisfaction abroad? And can any thing be more unnatural, than to omit the preserving of that Structure, and suffer it to run to decay, upon which her Security as well as Pleasure depends?

But, Ladies, lest I should seem to invade your own Prerogative, which is that of Talking more than comes to my Share, I will here break short and conclude. Next *Wednesday* I intend to hold forth to you upon these three great Destroyers of *Beauty*; Paint, Cold Tea, and *Ratiffa*; and in the mean time am

*From the Globe and Urinal  
in Moor-fields, next door  
to the Gun.*

*Yours, &c.*

Silvester Partridge.

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A Col-





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A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
**Original Letters**  
ON  
Several Occasions.

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Written by Mr. *THO. BROWN*.

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# T H E P R E F A C E.

**H**AVING been concerned in two or three Collections of Letters, that found a better reception than I cou'd have expected, I was encouraged to attempt a new one wholly by my self, and that I might the better succeed in this design, I resolved not only to make my choice out of those Authors, that are acknowledged on all Hands to have perform'd the best in the Epistolary way, but also to select the most entertaining Parts out of them, and doe them all the Justice in our Language that I was capable of. How far I have executed this design, I wholly submit my self to the Reader, tho' I think I may, without vanity, affirm that few Miscellanies of this Nature have been compil'd either out of better Authors, or can show a greater Variety. For the Reader's farther ease and convenience I have likewise taken care all along to prefix the Argument before every Letter, that if he dislikes one Subject he may turn to another that will give him more Satisfaction; and now because it may not be improper to inform him what Authors I have been beholding to, I will briefly run them over, and give a short account of them as they fall in my way.

I shall begin with Tully's familiar Letters, under which Name we are not only to comprehend such as were written by that excellent Patriot and Orator himself, but likewise those of his Friends that maintained a Correspondence with him. The ingenious Monsieur de St. Evremont, in a Discourse addressed to the Mare-

Mareschal de Crequi, which begins the 2<sup>d</sup> Volume of his Works, has very well observed that the Roman Noblemen, whose Letters are to be found among Cicero's, are rather superiour to his than come short of them, as well in point of Language, as the delicacy and justness of their Thoughts : And I believe the famous Brutus's Letter, which ushers in this Collection, will clearly show that Monsieur de St. Evremont has advanc'd nothing here but what is agreeable to Truth. Nothing certainly was ever written with more Impetuosity and Spirit ; the true Character of an austere inflexible Republican shines in every Line, particularly the *Quid si noli* has an Air of haughtiness and fierceness in it, which 'tis impossible to equal. Upon showing my Translation of this Letter to a Learned Friend, who to his incomparable Mastership of the English, has join'd no less a Skill in the Greek and Latin Languages, he was pleased to tell me, that several judicious Critics looked upon this Letter to be spurious, and written by some Sophist, on purpose to try how he could personate that great Man, and their reason was, adds he, because it by no means agrees with Brutus's Character, who, as Plutarch observes in his Life, affected the Laconic way, of which he gives us two or three Instances, whereas this is a prolix long Letter, and written in the Declamatory manner. But I begged leave to dissent from these Gentlemen, for in the first Place I think 'tis a plain Case, that this Epistle is infinitely above the narrow Talent of those sordid Imposers upon the World, the Sophists ; and secondly, tho' Brutus, when he writ in the Character of a General, deliver'd himself as Compendiously as he could, (and the Letters Plutarch takes notice of are only of that kind) yet what should hinder him, when he writ like a private Person to Tully, his intimate Friend, upon so important an occasion too as that of Augustus's seizing the Government into his hands, to give full liberty to his Resentments, and display that Eloquence

of



of which he is Confess'd to have been so great a Master?

I have often wondred why some late Writers should Censure Tully's Letters for being too naked and jejune, when that to his Friend Luceius, which the Reader will find in this Collection, is a plain Demonstration to the contrary. I own indeed, that the generality of his familiar Letters, which he addresses to his Friends, are written in all the Simplicity imaginable, without that Pomp and Magnificence of Figures which reigns in most of his other Writings, and so they ought to be, otherwise he had made an unreasonable Ostentation of his Rhetorick: Not but, whenever his Subject requir'd it, we find he could deliver himself in a more elevated and figurative Stile; tho' after all, I would much rather read those Letters of his, that have the least bestow'd upon 'em, than the most laborious Compositions of Balzac, whose Thoughts, especially in his younger Works, are seldom just or natural.

As for Pliny, indeed, I confess his manner is too affected to please; and having formerly translated some of his Letters, without Success, for that reason I wou'd venture but upon one of them now, which only containing general Advice, how a young Gentleman ought to regulate his Studies, and coming from so great a Master as we must own him to be, I thought, might very well deserve a Place in such a Miscellany as this.

And now 'tis time I should say something of Aristænetus, some of whose Letters I publish'd about two Years ago, in the first Volume of Voiture, and unless my Friends flatter'd me, were some of the most diverting in that Collection. This encourag'd me to bestow a second reading upon him, to see whether I cou'd not find a few more in him that deserv'd to be put into an English Dress, and I hope I have made no injudicious Choice. As for the Author himself, no ancient

Writer, that I know of, makes the least mention of him; however, it plainly appears by a Passage in his *Epist.* 26. l. 1. that he liv'd after the translation of the Empire to Constantinople; for he not only talks of Caramallus, the famous Pantomine, whom we find mention'd by Sidonius Apollinaris, who flourish'd a little after him, but he speaks of old and new Rome, which latter was the Name of Byzantium under the Greek Emperors. To speak impartially of him, he is little better than a purloiner of the Authors before him, particularly of Plato and Lucian, whose Phrases, as well as Thoughts, he often borrows, and inserts among his own. In short, he gives good hints, and that is all, for most of the Pleasantry that the Reader will find in his Letters, are entirely my own.

After him come Balzac and Voiture, of whom I will say the less, because their Characters are so well known. Both of 'em were undoubtedly Men of Wit and Eloquence, but their greatest Defect, in my Opinion, is the little or no Variety that any observing Reader must needs discover in 'em, for Balzac is an everlasting dealer in Hyperboles; and as for Voiture, if we except some few of his Letters, that are truly elevated and sublime, to rob him of his dearly-beloved Irony, is to take away from him at once all that is either beautiful or agreeable in him. As it was my design to pick out their best Compositions of this nature, I would not rely upon my own Judgment, but suffer'd my self to be govern'd by Monsieur Perrault, who having made it his Business, in his *Parallele des Anciens & des Modernes*, to bring some of his own Countrymen into the List with the Ancients, we may be sure, wou'd take Care to single out their most shining Performances; tho', for my part, I think he had done more wisely to have let this Controversie alone, and not engaged his French Authors in a Competition that has turn'd so much to their disadvantage.



The Chevalier de Her \* \* \* commonly suppos'd to be the famous Mons. Fontenelle under that feign'd Name, and Mons. de Pays, come after them. 'Tis certain they have more Variety and Humour than Voiture, tho' they fall infinitely short of him in the Elegance and Purity of their Diction, in the elevation of their Thoughts, and fineness of their Raillery. However, the Subjects they write upon are generally well chosen and diverting, and their management of 'em pleasant enough, so that one may justly say of them, that they are no ill Copiers of Voiture in the Comic way.

To acquaint the Reader now with the Method I have observ'd in my translating of these Authors, I am to inform him, that in the Latin Letters, as likewise in those of Balzac and Voiture, I have allow'd myself no greater a Freedom than what any Man may be suppos'd to take, that wou'd make it his Business to please. I have neither added to them nor retrench'd from them, but only endeavour'd to do them Justice in English. As for Aristænetus, Fontenelle, and Mons. de Pays, I have not so religiously kept up to their Originals, but frequently left out what I thought improper, and inserted a great deal of my own, as I saw occasion.

I intended at first that one half at least of this Volume shou'd have consisted of Original Letters of my own, but having swelled it unawares to a much-greater bigness than I imagin'd, I was forced to drop that design, and content my self with only two or three, which the Reader will find at the Conclusion. Not but that the translating of most of the French Letters gave me as much Trouble as if I had written them out of my own Fund. However, if this Collection has the good fortune to please, (and I may safely say, that no Care has been wanting on my side to make it succeed) I may take an opportunity to publish a Set of my own Letters next Winter, addressed to sever-

ral Gentlemen of my Acquaintance in Town, where-  
in I hope to make it appear that we come not much  
short of our Neighbours, even in this way of Writing,  
as 'tis plain we have out-done them in most of the  
rest.

I have nothing more to add, but only to say a word  
or two about the Certamen Epistolare between the  
Attorney and the dead Parson. I had the first  
hint of it a few Years ago, at one of our Univer-  
sities, where a Frolick of that nature was actually  
play'd, and pleased me so well, that I was resolv'd  
to attempt something of the kind, whenever I had  
a proper Opportunity.

Yours, &c.

Tho. Brown.

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A Col-



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A Collection of

# LETTERS,

ON

## Several Occasions.

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*To his Honoured Friend, Dr. Baynard, at  
the Bath,*

*Dear Doctor,*

*July 6. 99.*

**W**Hile here in Town we are almost Roasted by the hot Weather, and the Sun plays so warmly on us, that some People who were of no *Religion* before, talk of turning *Adamites* in their own Defence; I cannot but laugh to think what a *blessed* Pickle you are in at the *Bath*, where such Crowds of you Stew in so little a Pipkin; where you broil upon the Earth, par-boil in the Water, and you breath the Composition of Gunpowder; or, were there nothing extraordinary in your Soyl, your Climate, or the Season of the Year, where you have pretty Ladies enough to set you all on Fire, though you were two or three Degrees more to the *North* than *Lapland*, and I were Writing to you now in the midst of *January*.

This is the *first* Summer since the *Revolution*, that the Sun has been pleased to *dispense* any *Favours* to us, for hitherto we have had a little Reason to complain of his Benignity to us, as the *Politiques* of our *Statesmen*. Our *Fruits* have ripen'd without the Influence of the one, as our *Affairs* have made a shift to rub on without any great *Conjuring* on the part of the other. But to leave off these censorious reflections upon our *Statesmen*, and return to the Sun that occasion'd them, this Noble Planet, that ripens the *Grape*, will likewise ripen *Fevers*, and other such *generous* Distempers, to the great Joy of the *Poets* and *Physicians*; and *Phæbus*, their common Father, will encourage his own *Tribe*, by raising up a new Stock of *Wines* and *Diseases*. Indeed, where you are, it is almost impossible for the Gentlemen of the *Faculty* to want *Business*, for if our last Advices from the *Bath* don't deceive us, you have almost as many *Doctors* upon the Spot as you have *Patients*, that watch the coming in of every *Coach*, as nicely as a young Boy at the University does the Return of the *Carrier*, and ply at all Corners of the Streets, as regularly, as the *Watermen* do at *Temple Stairs*: But it has long ago been observ'd of you *Physicians*, as of the *Lawyers*, that they will find or make Work, where-ever they come; and accordingly I knew a little Town in *Essex*, where the *Inhabitants*, time out of mind, had lived in as *uninterrupted* Tranquillity, as the happy *Indians* did in *America*, before the *Spaniards* came to beat up their Quarters, but upon an *Attorney's* coming to reside amongst 'em, the Face of *Affairs* was immediately alter'd, *Tenants* conspir'd against their *Landlords*, *Hostlers* revolted from their *Masters*, and the *Apprentices* took up *Arms* against their lawful Tyrants: There was nothing but rubbing out of *Milk* and *Alehouse* Scores, to  
the




the everlasting *confusion* of their Country *Arithmes*; not a *Tithe-egg* could be had without an *Action*, nor a *Pig* under a *Suit* in *Chancery*. A *Spirit* of *Division* had crept into every *Family*, *Maids* betray'd their *Mistresses*, *Girls* rebell'd against their *Grandmothers*, and *Sweet-hearts* deserted their confiding *Damsels*; in short, every *Man* stood as much upon his own *Guard*, as if he had been in an *Enemy's* Country; these were the blessed *Effects* of the *Lawyer's* living amongst 'em.

Now, Doctor, it were a very *hard* Case, if having so much *Credit* at the *Bath*, you cou'd not do as much for your self as the above-mention'd *Attorney* did to promote his own *Business*; if you cou'd not *Philosophically* Reason People into *Distempers* they were never troubled with, like the *Dissenting Parsons* that *Fly-blow* their Hearers with *Scruples* they knew nothing of before: If you cou'd not *cure* them of *Ails* they never felt, and leave behind you *Maladies* you never found upon them. But I am inform'd that the *Tub-Preachers* are very much *dissatisfied* that you invade their *Prerogative* of *Hell*. Your *hot* and *cold* Baths (they say) put their *Brimstone* and *Ice* out of *Countenance*; and 'tis reported, that by the *skilful* Management of your *Torments*, by scalding your *Patients* at the *Bath* in *July*, and freezing them at *Islington* in *December*, you've broke half the *Retailers* of the *Terrors* of *Pluto's* Kingdom.

But to come now to the *News* of the *Town*, we have had an *Apparition* lately here, stranger than in any *Glanvill* or *Aubry*; for it has appeared in the *Streets* at *noon Day*, and thousands of *People* are ready to depose they have seen it. By this strange *Apparition*, I mean the *White Parson*, so call'd for his wearing a *White Hatband*,

Scarf, and Surcingle, by which he *distinguishes* himself from the rest of his Brethren. I cou'd wish you had been here in *Holbourn* t'other Morning, to have seen his *Cavalcade*: He rode up the Hill as great as a Prince, and like other *Princes*, signalized his Entry with Printed *Declarations*, with a great Rabble of *loud-mouth'd* Hawkers, Male and Female, *bellowing* it on every side of him; and 'tis supposed by the *Learned* in Astrology, that he will keep this Declaration as *Religiously* as some other Princes beyond Sea have kept theirs: In short, he pretends to preach the Gospel *Gratis*, and indeed as he manages it, it is pity he shou'd have a *Farthing* for it: He calls the rest of his Cloth *Hirelings*, only for taking what the *Law* allows them, though unless the Fellow is bely'd, he would accept of a *Pot* of Ale from a Chimney-sweeper, and has *preach'd* a hundred times upon a *Joint-stool* for a pickl'd *Herring*, and a *Poringer* of burnt Brandy. The *Rozinante*, on which this *Don Quixote* rode, had a Laurel-garland about his Head, and I dare swear, deserv'd the *Bays* as well as his *Master*; for the Wretch, as I am inform'd, is troubled with a *Whore* of a Wife, and a *Filt* of a Muse, but the latter is the more common *Prostitute* of the two.

But, dear Doctor, *News* is as scarce in Town, as *Fees* at the *Bath*, and it falls out *unluckily* for you and me, that we must *change* Places, to find what we want, for I hear you have a Mint at the *Bath* for *Scandal*, as we have hear for *Money*; so that 'tis but *shifting* the Scene, and we may draw *Bills* upon one another, to answer our several Occasions, till when, I am

Your most humble, &c. 

Mela-



## Melaniffa to Alexis.

**G**ive me leave, my dearest *Alexis*! give me leave, who *love* you better than my *Life*, to lay some of your *Failings* before you, and if I express my self with a little more *warmth* than *becomes* me, you will easily forgive this freedom, unless I am mightily *mistaken* in your Temper, when you find it *wholly* regard your own *Interest* and *Welfare*.

It is not without a *sensible* Concern that I see you *abandon* your self to the *Bottle* of late: A young Fellow, but especially one like *Alexis*, ought to *devote* himself to another *Divinity*; old Age indeed may be *allow'd* to supply its defect of *warmth* with Wine, but Youth, as it *needs* it not, so Nature advises it to pursue a more *agreeable* Game. But can any thing in the World be so *absurd* as to surfeit our selves with *Cordials*, when we have not the *least* Indisposition?

To convince you then that my Complaint is neither *unjust* nor *unreasonable*, I, who know so little of the World, and have nothing but Nature to guide me; I who am a *Stranger* to Language and Style, and consequently must *maim* my Thoughts, for want of knowing how *properly* to express them, will endeavour to describe to you a Night, as it passes away in the *Embraces* of an agreeable *Mistress*, accompany'd with all the *Transports* and *Tendernesses* of Love, and the Night as it is commonly *spent* by what the Town call Men of *Wit* and *Pleasantry*, at the *Rose* or *Blue-posts*:

The *Play* is now over, and the Sparks, who while it was *Acting* rallied the *Vizard-Masques*,  
laugh'd

*laugh'd* aloud at their own No-jests, *censur'd* the Dress and Beauty of all the Ladies in the Boxes; and, in short, minded every thing, but the Representation that *brought* them thither, begin now to *File* off, and gravely debate how and where to *spend* the Evening; At last the *Tavern* is pitch'd upon, the Room taken, and our learned *Criticks* in Pleasure seat themselves round the Table.

The *Master* of the House is the *first* Person they send to *Advise* with; who, after a thousand Cringes and Scrapes, tells'em, he has the best *Champain* and *Burgundy* in Town, and is sure to ask an *exorbitant* Price for't, tho' it is a vile nasty *Mixture* of his own Brewing. After a *long* and *foolish* Dispute, the Rate is adjusted, Napkins are called for, the Muff, Sword and Periwigg *nicely* laid up, and now something-like *Business* comes forward.

When these *grand* Preliminaries are settled, the next *important* Debate is, what they must eat; so the *Cook* is sent for, who recommends to them something *Nice* and *Dear*; this Difficulty with much a-do got over, the *Glasses* plentifully *walk* round, to *blunt* and *weaken* that Appetite which they pretend to *excite* by it.

And now their *Hearts* begin to open, and their *Tongues* to communicate their most secret *Thoughts*. The topping *Beauties* of the Town are the *first* Subjects of their Conversation, and this is so ample a Field, that they soon *lose* their way in it; one boasts of *Favours* receiv'd from a Lady, and is very particular as the *Moles* of her Body, whom perhaps he never *saw* any where but at the *Play-house*; another *toasts* a Countess, whom he pretends to *admire* in a most extraordinary manner, and gives broad *Items* of some condescending *steps* she lately made towards him; after which he *wipes* his Mouth most *demurely*. In  
short,



short, 'tis resolv'd by the Board, *Nemine contradicente*, that there is not one *honest* Woman in the three Kingdoms, who has *Beauty* enough to gain her a *Lover*.

When this Argument is pretty well *exhausted*, the next thing they talk of, is the *Authors* of the Town, and what *Books* and *Plays* have lately appear'd: Upon this Head, every Man in the Company *affects* to discover a *peculiar* Taste and Judgment, and thinks he shews his *Wit* by finding Faults where there are none; the *Play*, whatever it is, taken to *pieces*, the *Plot* upon Examination, is found either to be *stolen*, or not to be well *unravel'd*, the *Scenes* are *languishing*, the *Characters* threadbare, or not to be worth a Farthing; in fine, the *Poet* is sent to the Devil for want of *Wit*, as the pert *Critick* thinks he shews his, by *condemning* what he doth not *understand*.

All this while the *ungodly* Brimmer walks incessantly round the Table, the Company soon dwindles into *private* Cabals, every Man talks *busily* to his Neighbour, Affairs of State are determin'd, this *Minister* is displac'd, and t'other Man put into his room; The Proceedings in *Parliament* laid down before-hand, and 'tis *concluded* what Regiments shall *stand*, and what be *broken*; after this *Punctilio's* of Honour come to be *discus'd*, the freshest Duels behind *Mountague-house*, and *Chelsea-fields* are *learnedly* run over. Sir John ——— is a Coward for suffering Captain ——— to tread upon his Toes in the *Pit*, and not calling him to *Account* for it; Damn you, cries another, Jack ——— is as *Gallant* a Knight as ever drew *Sword*, and whoever says any thing to the *contrary*, is a *Son* of a Whore and a *Villian*, and I'll cut his Throat; with that he throws a *Bottle* at t'other's Head, the *Glasses* go to rack, the *Table* is overturn'd; nothing but *Disorder* and *Confusion* is

is in the Room, and all this *Mirth* and *Jollity* concludes in *Murder*.

Or if the *Scene* doth not end altogether so *Tragically*, but they part Friends as they came in, ten to one but a merry *Frolick* is propos'd: The *Quarters* of some ill-natured *Coquett* are to be beaten up, and her poor *Windows* must feel the sad *Effects* of their *Heroick Valour*; but while they are carrying on this *Attaque* with unparallel'd *Vigour* and *Gallantry*; behold the *Superintendent* of the *Night*, with his trusty and well-beloved *Periwigs*, *Hats*, and *Muffs* lying by 'em; the embroidered *Coat* is all over cover'd with *Dirt* and *Blood*, the well-adjusted *Cravat* torn to *Raggs*, the *Sword* either broken or carried off in the *Tumult*; and thus, after a well-favour'd *Drubbing*, our *Sparks* make a shift to *crawl* home to their *Lodgings*, if the *Nocturnal Magistrate* and his *Canibals* don't hurry 'em to *New-prison* or the *Round-house*, the usual *Sanctuary* of such *Adventurers*.

But suppose nothing of this happens, and our merry *Gentlemen* get home *safe* from the *Tavern*, without any *Disaster* or *Calamity* by the way; yet the next *Morning* calls 'em to a *severe Account*, for the *Misdemeanors* and *Intemperance* of the preceding *Night*: Their *Head akes*, their whole *Frame* is in *disorder*, they are incapable of *relishing* either *Books* or *Conversation*: even *Musick* it self, with all its *boasted Efficacy*, is not able to *allay* their *Pains*, the most exquisite *Dishes* are *nauseous* to 'em, they *starve* amidst the greatest *profusion* of *Luxury*, and *curse* that *Extravagance* over *Night* that *Starves* them the next *Day* in the midst of *Plenty*. 'Tis certain, that I have been *favourable* in this *Description*, 'tis certain that I have not set down half the *Disorders* that accompany a *Debauch* while 'tis a making, nor half the



ill Effects that happen after it. Let us now turn the Tables, to find whether *Love* can be reproach'd with any of these *Inconveniences* that use to attend *Drunkenness*; Let us see how the Moments wear away in the Embraces of a delicious *Mistress*; and then we shall soon discover on which side the *Advantages* lie, and be able to decide this Controversie.

I know very well that I want *Eloquence* and *Language*, to discribe the Raptures and Transports of *Love* as they deserve; however, I am so well assur'd of the *Goodness* of my Cause, that although I am an *unfit* Advocate to defend it, yet I don't much *despair* of carrying my Point.

The long expected *Night* at last arrives, when *Amyntas* is to be made happy in the Arms of his beloved *Dorinda*. With his Head full of a thousand *delightful* Ideas, (for *Love* is so *good-natur'd*, as to pay his Votaries part of their *Pleasure* before-hand) he comes to the happy Mansion, where the chief *Treasure* of his Soul resides, he knocks gently at the Door, the *trusty* Maid conducts him by the Hand in the *dark*, and leads him to his *Mistress's* Apartment.

At the *first* Interview he is all wrapt up in Silence and Astonishment, his Thoughts so croud upon him, that they hinder one another in the Passage; after he is a little recover'd, he endeavours to *speak*; but, alas! his Eyes talk infinitely more than his Tongue. On her part, the Confusion is no less, and her Joys equally tumultuous; thus finding themselves *unable* to discourse, they tell their Passion in Sighs and Glances; they confirm it by repeated Kisses, and at every Kiss their fluttering Souls meet at their Mouths.

*Amyntas* squeezes that Hand, which almost dissolves in the touch; he presses those glowing Breasts that wou'd warm the coldest *Hermit*; but

but all this is nothing but the *Prologue* to the succeeding *Drama*. Love calls upon 'em for a more *substantial* Repast, though they are *undrest* in a Minute, yet this very Minute seems an *Age*; and now they are going to *tast* all that Felicity which Love can *bestow*, or Humane Nature can *bear*.

The Candle is put out to *hide* the blushes of *Dorinda*; she finds her *eager* Lover by her side, who cost her so many *Tears* and *Sighs* in private. The happy Lover is lost in a *Labyrinth* of pleasure; sometimes he abandons her *Breast* for her Mouth, and sometimes her *Mouth* for her *Breast*, and is only *uneasie* he cannot Kifs e'm both together. He *Faints*, he grows *Giddy* with the Excess of Joy: nothing but *half-formed* Words and Murmurs can come from him; at last he approaches Love's *Altar*, at last he——But here my Pen *fails* me, I am forced to draw a *Veil* over those Raptures, which 'tis not in the *Power* of mortal Eloquence to represent.

Thus our happy *Lovers*, after they have paid repeated *Oblations* to Love, lay intranced in one anothers *Arms*, and act over in their busie *Dreams*, the *delicious* Scene that so transported 'em *waking*.

The Morning *approaches*, and awakens the transported Pair; *Amyntas* is beholden to its *Light* for shewing him the *Nymph*, in whose Embraces he so *agreeably* past the Night. She *charmed* him in the Dark, she ravishes him in the Light; and the only *Uneasiness* that attends their Happiness, is *Impatience* to repeat the Bliss.

Both the Lovers rise *equally* satisfied with having *done* their Parts, with Gayety in their *Looks*, and Satisfaction in their *Souls*: Parting gives them some *Pain*, but that is sufficiently *recompensed* at their next Meeting.

Thus



Thus I have endeavour'd, my *Alexis*, to show what a vast *Difference* there is between a Night murder'd in the Excess of Wine, and a Night consecrated to Love.

Though no Truth is more *evident* than this; yet our *Youth*, possess'd by what fatal Stupidity I cannot tell, generally *Sacrifice* to the Deity, who rewards his most constant Worshipers the worst. Instead of following the Dictates of *Nature*, whom they ought to obey, they treat her like an *Enemy*, and profane those *Temples*, where they ought to pay their Devotions.

I know well enough, that you Gentlemen, don't much care to be *Advised* by those frail Things call'd *Women*, and perhaps too you will tell me, that *Interest* has made me say all this. However, let me conjure you to bestow a few thoughts upon what I have offer'd to you, and believe that no one loves you so dearly and tenderly as

*Melanissa.*

To Mr. J — C —, a Litigious Country Attorney; a Letter of Gallantry.

Worthy Sir,

THAT I am no *Stranger* to your *Character* (tho' I bless my Stars for it, I am to your *Person*) you'll soon find, if you'll give your self the trouble to read the following Lines: There is no great pleasure indeed in drawing *Monsters*; however, since it may be of *Publick* Advantage to have 'em described in their true proper Colours, that others may avoid and detest 'em, I have ventur'd at the Task, and how well I have performed it, leave your self to be Judge. To accommodate  
my

my self to the Dialect of your Profession, I will begin my Letter like a Bond, with a *Noverint Universi*: And may all Men accordingly know by these Presents, That Mr. M. C. is the veriest *pettifogging* Rascal that ever scandaliz'd a *Green Bag*, or came within the Walls of *Westminster-Hall*.

I have often wonder'd, that Providence shou'd be at the *Trouble* and *Expence* of Disordering the whole *Fabrick* of *Nature*, when it has decreed to *punish* us with *Dearth*s and *Famines*, since it may go a more *compendious* Way to work, and effect all these *Calamities* by the Ministry of *Lawyers*. Give a true *Lawyer* but Pen, Ink, and Parchment, and I dare engage he will *starve* the Country ten Miles round him. The most *odious* Animals, and the most *contemptible* Insects have some *use* or other, *living* or *dead*, or at least serve to *diversifie* the Universe: Toads, they say, suck up the *Venome* of the Earth; Snakes are *useful* in Medicine; but it wou'd puzzle the *wisest* Naturalist to find out any thing good in a Lawyer. I mean such abominable *Incendiaries* as thou art, who thrive by *Rapine*, and fatten upon *Extortion*, and build their own *Fortune* upon the *Destruction* of those poor Wretches who fly to them for *Justice*. We see *puzy* Rascals, of a *lower* Class, *truss'd* up every Sessions, for *petty* Rogueries to thine; for *easing* the Hedges of some lousie *Linnen*, for *nimming* of *Cloaks*, *stealing* of supernumerary *Spoons*, &c. when Gigantic overgrown Villains, like thy self, set a whole County together by the Ears, and pick their Pockets during the Fray, yet are so far from being call'd to an Account for it. But tho', Sir, these worthy Gentlemen have Tricks and Evasions enough to *escape* Justice here, yet they pay *Cent. per Cent.* Interest for their Cheat-  
ing in another World. The Devil never keeps  
a Ho-



a *Holiday* in good earnest, but when an *Attorney* of thy Complexion makes a *perpendicular Leap* into his Dominions; and he will no more part with him, when he has got him into his Clutches, than any one of his own Lawyers will refund a Fee; *Possession* being eleven Points of the Law, in *Hell*, as well as in *Westminster-Hall*.

Thus, Sir, you see I have made a little *familiar* with you and your *Function*, and perhaps am *bolder* than *welcome*: But, Sir, I have a small *Favour* to request of you, which I must tell you beforehand you must not deny me. What I have to propose to you is not *unreasonable* or *difficult*; I neither desire you to make *Restitution* of what you have *unjustly* plunder'd from so many Families, (for I know a *true Attorney* wou'd sooner be *damn'd* than do that) nor to build *Hospitals*, (unless it be one for your old *Father*, Sir, who *Grazes* they tell me upon the *Common*: ) No, Sir you shall find me the *fairest*, the *easiest* Man you ever dealt with.

I am informed your House stands by the side of a *famous River*, which looks as if *Providence* design'd you for the End I advise you to: So, Sir, if you please, one of these *fine Mornings* to take a *Leap* into it from your Garret, it will be the *best-natur'd* thing you ever did in your Life; by the by, Sir, you need not cram your Pockets with *Stones* or *Lead*, to make you *sink*, for your own *Sins* are ponderous enough to do your *business* without 'em, if the *Proverb* don't secure you. But, Sir, if you don't fancy *drowning*, as perhaps you mayn't, (and as I told you before, you shall find me the most *reasonable* Man in the *Universe*) why then, Sir, I wou'd advise you to *hang* your self in your Closet, in your *Wife's Garters*, or to *rip* up your Guts with a *Cane-knife*, or to *cut* your *Jugulars* with a *Razor*, or to *take* a good large

Dose of *Opium*; or lastly, to knock your Brains out against a *Brick-wall*: but then, Sir, take my Word for't, you must knock *hard*; for your Neighbours tell me, you have got a confounded *thick* Scull. In short, Sir, I shan't insist nicely upon the *How*, the *Where*, or the *When*, provided the thing be done in any *reasonable* Time: and I promise you under my *Hand*, that the Bells shall ring *merrily*, as soon as it is accomplish'd; and to encourage you to proceed in this Affair, I can assure you, that you'll *Oblige* no less than a *whole* County by it, and particularly

*Your unknown Friend, &c.*

To G. Moulton, Esquire, at Tollerton-Hall  
near Nottingham.

*Dear Sir,*

*London, July 25. 99.*

ACcording to Promise I had written to you last *Saturday*, but that I was obliged to accompany some Gentlemen that Morning to *Richmond*, in Expectation of hearing *fine* Musick, which never in the *Play-house* had pass'd the Censure of a Pit-fop, and drinking true *Languedoc*, never yet *debauch'd* in a Vintner's Cellar. But it happen'd quite *otherwise* with us: For the Wine was such *sophisticated* Stuff, that I told the Company, it set *Drunkenness* on the same Level with *Swearing*; I mean by disarming it of all *Excuses*: And as for the *Musick*, it was so abominable, that half a dozen *Welsh-harpers* met upon *St. David's Day*, to make *merry* over a Mess of *Leek-porridge*, could not have tormented the Ears of a *Purcell* with more execrable. I dare almost ingage, that had the same Fellows, *play'd* upon the same *Instruments* before the Town of *Jericho*, the *Wall*

would



would have paid the same *Compliment* to their Harmony, as they did to that of the *Levites*, for nothing could have patience to *stand still* and *listen* to their Performances. So, after this *double* Disappointment, we were forc'd, very late in the *Evening*, or very early in the *Morning*, ( I wont be positive which ) to go back to our Boat, and return for *London*, reflecting all the way as severely on our mispent-time, as a Town-lady, who has oblig'd a *Player* with her *Favours* all Night, and gets nothing in the *Morning* for her Pains, but the Copy of a new *Song* for Breakfast.

When I had the *Happiness* of seeing you last in Town, I told you that you should not fail of having a Letter from me every *other* Post. I am afraid I shall be *better* than my Word, and persecute you more *constantly* than a City-vintner does a Country Parliament-man that chalk'd it *plentifully* last *Winter Sessions*. Since I have no other way of *conversing* with you but by Letters, you may depend upon *seeing* me twice a Week at least, tho' were you in Town I believe I should *scarce* visit you so often. But, dear Friend of mine, this is purely the Effect of *Absence*. I knew a certain Gentleman, who, when he was at *home* with his Wife, scarce vouchsafed to *exchange* a Word with her once a *Week*; but being obliged to take a Journey as far as *York*, he never fail'd of *writing* to her every *Post*, and longer Letters too, than a *Clergy-man* does when he recommends himself to his *Patron* for a fat Living. The reason of it is plain, because all *Blessings* (and such I say is Mr. M——'s *Conversation* to me, and every one that *knows* him) are thoroughly *understood* when we have 'em in our *Possession*, and are never so much *valued*, as when they are at some *distance* from us.

Thus, my dear Friend, for want of something *else* to entertain you, I have fallen, the Lord knows

how, into making *Moral* Reflections, which was never my Talent; but if a Man is to govern himself by the *Examples* he sees in this wicked Town, I don't know why I should not be allow'd to Talk out of my *Element*, as well as a Thousand more whom I cou'd name to you, were I disposed to be ill-natur'd: I could tell you of a certain famous *Painter*, who *understands* his Trade and Business, as well as most Men living, and yet is perpetually new modeling the *Government*, and harping upon *Politiques*, which he understands just as much as the *Lord-Mayor* and *Aldermen* do *Lycophron* or *Pindar*. I know a *City Physician*, who can *dispatch* his Patients as *methodically* as any of the College, yet in spite of Nature and his own Genius, will be always murd'ring of Rhimes, and feeling the Pulse of the Muses: and another of the Faculty near *Chearing-cross*, who instead of *Galen* and *Hippocrates*, is perpetually puzzling himself with *Daniel*, and the *Revelations*. I know a Lawyer perfectly well versed in all the Mysteries of Conveyancing, who by his good Will, Talks of nothing in all Companies, but the Merits of *Cow Piss* and the modern Dispute betwixt *Alkali's* and *Acids*. There is also a famous *Parson* I cou'd mention to you near *St. Dunstan's*, who Preaches his Parish fast asleep every *Sunday* with the *Opium* he puts in his Sermon, yet over his Coffee must be settling the Affairs of *Europe*, the Succession of *Spain*, and the Union of the two *East-India* Companies, of all which he Talks more wretchedly than a *Poet* of Trade, or a *Beau* of Religion; tho', by the by, this must be said in his *Justification*, that he talks much better of any thing else than what he was educated to.

I can't tell how you'll relish such an insipid Letter as this, but 'tis my *Misfortune* at present, that I can't furnish you a better Treat: For my

part,



part, I had rather Rob the *Spittle*, or quote Second-hand Sayings from a Second-hand Wit at *Will's* Coffeehouse, than be beholden to those *dull Rogues* that write the *Weekly* News-papers. However, I hope to make you *Amends* the next Post: and in the mean time beg leave to Subscribe myself,

Sir, your most obedient, &c.

To George Moulton, Esquire; a Letter of  
NEWS.

Dear Sir,

Aug. 14. 99.

HAVING nothing of our own Growth to Entertain you with, I stole into a *French* Coffee-house near *Soho* this Afternoon; by the same token I was within an Ace of being talked to Death by a parcel of *Huguenots*, who made me undergo a severer *Persecution* than ever they or their Fathers suffered. 'Twas my misfortune to ask one of them, that sat next me, a question about the *Edict* of *Nantes*, and immediately the whole *Pack* open'd upon me at once, and fell railing at the Tyranny of their quondam King, like so many *Almsfolks* at the Church-wardens of their Parish. I thought it the *best* way to make no reply to them, but remove to another Table, lest I should give these *well-bred* people a *fresh* occasion to *murder* me with their *Civilities*.

When this noisy *Sence* was pretty well over, I began to examine the Foreign Papers, to see what News. But *Europe*, as large as it is; and *Europe* let me see — from the farthest Extremity of *Spain*, to the remotest Parts of *Muscovy*, is at least two thousand Miles in length, more than I shall ever be Master of; *Europe*, I say,

that contains two *Empires*, fourteen *Kingdoms*, and the Devil knows how many *Principalities*, *Dukedoms*, *Marquisates* and *Earldoms*, with a *Pope* at the Head of it too, that loves to see Mischiefe go forward with all his heart, is not able at present to furnish out a Letter for you; but to satisfy you, that I have not been wanting, on my part, to hunt for Foreign Occurrences, I have here sent you an Abridgment of the most material Passages in the Outlandish Gazettes.

Our last Letters from *Warsaw* advise, that three *Poles* were run through the Guts, by three *German* Soldiers, and that some of the small *Diets* are broke up in a Heat; But alas, what are *Murders* and *Mutinies* in *Poland*? No more than *Simony* in the Dominion of *Wales*. They talk too, that the Cardinal *Primate* grumbles in his Gizzard, and is not so well affected to his new Monarch as he should be; But the Gentlemen of the sacred purple, have a privilege to be *sawcy* with Crown'd Heads. For my part, I wonder that none of our Clergymen have thought it worth their while to send him Bishop *Overhall's* Convocation-book. For certainly what help'd to open the Eyes of the D—— of P——'s can never fail of working Miracles in so enlighten'd a Country as *Poland*.

*Madrid*, July 20. The King of *Spain's* Health is of late much alter'd for the better, he Eats and Walks to a Miracle; for Yesterday at Dinner he ravenously devour'd a whole Lark, and without any one to support him, made a shift to walk threescore paces out-right. This Re-establishment of his Health the *Priests*, ten to one, will Father upon some *She* or *He Saint*, that knows nothing of the Matter; but I heard a merry Gentleman a Day or two ago Account for it otherwise. As *Monica* said of her beloved Son *St. Austin's* Conversion, That it was impossible  
for



for a Son of so many *Tears* ever to miscarry ; so 'tis impossible, crys this Gentleman, that a Monarch, whose *Health* is drank in all the Taverns in Christendom which are not *Frenchify'd*, should find himself amiss, and I daily put up my prayers to Heaven, continues he, that a certain Person, who waits so impatiently for a certain dead Man's *Spanish Slippers*, may go barefoot, and not have so much as a Pair of *French Wooden-shoes* to keep him out of the Dirt.

*Paris, July 23.* The King's Statue was lately set up here in the *Place de Vandome* ; 'tis a perfect *Colossus*, and *Monf. Girardin* has made it appear, That our Monarch has been drawn three times bigger than the Life, not only by his *Parsons*, his *Poets*, and his *Historiographers*, but by his *Statuaries* too. The Ceremony of the Erection was very magnificent, several of the *Nobility*, the *Councillors* of the *Parliament*, and the Principal Citizens, assisted at it in all their Formalities ; and if it had been the Custom of the place, the City Recorder had made a handsome Speech to the Figure. Our Letters from all parts of the Kingdom inform us, that the poor *Huguenots* are persecuted ten times more severely, if possible, than the *Witches* in *Scotland*, and 'tis thought deserve it as little.

*Rome, July 10.* Our last Letters from hence advise, that mighty Preparations are making for the ensuing *Jubilee*, most of the *Charnel-houses* and *Tooth-drawers* Shops have been disfurnished of late, on purpose to provide *Reliques* for the great number of *Votaries* we expect here. A *Carmelite* Friar has brought a most valuable rarity with him from the *Holy-land*, which he presented last Week to the Old Gentleman : 'Tis the *Comb* which belong'd to the *Cock* that set *St. Peter* a Weeping ; and the *Pope*, they say, designs to

make a Present of it to a peculiar Favourite, who has sacrificed his All for his Holiness. We are like to be over-run with Strumpets from all Parts of *Christendom*, who flock hither partly to wipe off their old Scores, and partly to begin a fresh Tick with *Heaven*. 'Tis found by a modest Computation at present, that they are at least ten *Harlots* to one *Church-man* already. How will they be over-power'd then, when the whole *Posse* is got to *Rome*! However it is hoped that we shall have a speedy reinforcement of Brawny well-chin'd *Regulars*, and *Seculars* from the *North*, to keep the Balance more even between the *Gown* and the *Petticoat*. This is the first time that ever a *Plurality of Concubines* was thought a Grievance at *Rome*.

*Amsterdam, July 23.* The Magistrates of this place lately took it into their pious Considerations, to reform the Abuses of the *Long Cellar*, and one of them propos'd to have it lock'd up; for which he had lik'd to have been *De-Witted* by the *Mob*, for a Parcel of *Sailors* hearing of it, gather'd in great numbers about his House, demolish'd his Windows, and had proceeded farther in their Outrage, had not some of the topping *Burgomasters* pacified them, by telling them the old Immunities and Privileges of the *Long Cellar* shou'd be continued to them and their Heirs for ever. It was likewise propos'd in our Council, to lay some new Penalty upon *Drunkenness*; but it being represented to them, that it would *incense* the People, and bring down the *Excise*, for that reason they went no farther in it. Last Week four Men and as many Women came from the *Dutchy of Juliers* to this Place, with a Spick-and-Span new *Religion* (as 'ts reported) the whole Contents of which may be carried in the compass of a *Snuff-box*. They give out, that it is the *easiest* and *cheapest*



*Religion* that ever was known, and therefore offered it to the *States*; who after the Genius of all Common-wealths are for saving the penny in every thing. If their Motion is rejected, they design to Embark for *England*, and see what Market they can make of their *new Religion* with our new *Reformers* in *London*. Two learned Criticks of the University of *Leyden* have had a long Contest about the right Spelling of *Virgil's* name, that is to say, whether 'tis to be written with an *e* or an *i*, and old Marbles and Manuscripts have been plentifully quoted in a dispute of so great importance, but at last, they have agreed to refer the Matter to D. B——y, who being a Person of singular Humanity, 'tis not doubted but he will do it to Satisfaction.

*Edenburg, July 29.* We have not had these ten Years so favourable a Summer as now; so that we don't doubt, but that our *Sloes* will ripen; and the *Kirk* has appointed a general Thanksgiving for it: Fifty two *Witches* are in Custody in several Prisons in this *Kingdom*, and many terrible Things are alledg'd against 'em, and some of them have been such silly *Fades* to own themselves guilty, chusing to be burnt outright, rather than be daily persecuted by the *Mas's Johns*. The chief discoverer of them is a Pulpit-drubber by Profession, who knows all the *Witches* forms in the *Kingdom*; and with his *Kirk Terriers* will Unearth you ten of them in a Morning. We build great matters upon our new Colony at *Darien*, and talk of covering all the *Churches* in *Edenburg* with Silver Tiles in a short time; but others, who are not altogether so Sanguine, are of Opinion, that all these mighty expectations will come to nothing. And now I am upon the Chapter of *Scotland*, give me leave to tell you what I heard a Politician say in the *Rainbow Coffee-*

fee-house yesterday upon this. I am confident, says he, that the Hand of Heaven will appear very Visible in the Chastisement of the *Scots* in this new Project of theirs upon *America*. They have impudently bid Defiance to Fate, and opposed the Decrees of Providence, for as Heaven from all Eternity decreed the *Germans* to be Drunkards, the *Spaniards* to be grave solemn Coxcombs, the *French* to be Slaves, the *Jews* to be Rascals, and the *English* to be Mutilers, so he predestinated the *Scots* to be Pedlars; accordingly we find, all other Nations acquiesce in what Providence had order'd for them: The *Germans* to this Day get Drunk before Noon, the *Spaniard* is not to be whipt out of his Pace, the *French* carry Packfaddles, and so will do in *Sæcula Seculorum*, the *Jews* Cheat on, and the *English* once in a Century send a Monarch a grazing, the *Scots* must kick against the Decrees of Fate, and instead of *Pedlars*, a Title their Ancestors acquiesced in for two thousand Years, and upward, set up for *Merchants*, forsooth; but if ever they make any thing on't, says he, (and if they are not at last reduc'd to their old ancient *Pedlarism*,) I'll forfeit my Reputation of a Prophet to you. Altho' they have cheated King *William* out of an *Act of Parliament*, I believe they will find it a hard matter, with all their Craft and Cunning, to cheat Heaven.

Thus, Sir, I have sent you the most important Occurrences I cou'd find in the Foreign Papers. But as to *London*, which uses to be an inexhaustible Magazine of News and Scandal, it affords neither at present. Our *Beaux* are all gonedown to *Tunbridge* and the *Bath*, in hopes to make Conquests in both those places; where I presume they will succeed as well, as our dear Brethren beyond the *Tynde* in their new *Caledonian* Plantation.



tion, and return a Month or two hence to Town with their Pockets as empty as their Heads. The Lawyers are gone down to their respective quarters to sow Dissention amongst his Majesty's Leige-People in the Country, and will reap, no doubt on't, a most plentiful Harvest next *Michaelmas*-Term. Our old red-nosed Claret-drinkers have now left us, to recruit, by a Vacation-sobriety, their decayed Carcasses, and enable 'em to sit up whole Nights with the Parliament-men the next Winter. In short, the Stock-jobbers have left the *Change*, and the Citizens are half of 'em gone to *Epsom*, in order to Cuckold one another, which is all the News at present from,

Sir, your most obedient, &c.

To George Moulton, Esquire; from the Gun  
Musick-Booth in Smithfield.

Dear George,

Aug. 28. 99.

*All Things are hush'd as Law it self were dead,  
Poor pensive Fleetstreet, drops its mournful Head;  
Smooth Alcalies in Peace with Acids sleep;  
The Church and Stage no longer Difference keep:  
The Strand's a Desert grown.*

AND now the Spirit of Versification leaving me in the lurch, I come to tell you in honest Prose, that I mean no more by all this rumbling Stuff, than to let you know this is the long Vacation, which *Lawyers*, poor *Whores*, and *Taylors*, as well as many other Trades, agree to curse most plentifully. Yet tho' the generality of our people are glad this penitential Season is near expired,

pired, for my part, I cou'd heartily wish, as a *Soldier* does by the *Wars*, or a *Woman* by *Enjoyment*, it would last much *longer*.

You'll tell me, that this is a Paradox ; For why the Plague shou'd a Man desire to be in Town, when it is a Solitude in a manner, and all the best Company is gone to *Tunbridge*, *Epsom* or the *Bath* ? All this may be true ; but before you and I part, perhaps I may bring you to be of my Opinion, I mean, reconcile you to the *Long Vacation*.

In the first place : You must know, that I hate to be in a Crowd ; for which reason I wonder why so many wise Gentlemen shou'd be so fond to go to the *Jubilee* at *Rome*, where they are like to be *throng'd* and *crowded*, as much as a Spectator at a Country Bull-baiting, and with almost as *bad a Mob*. I hope you'll pardon the *familiarity* of the Expression, for indeed, when I consider what a *motly* Herd of *Priests*, *Fops*, and *Bigots* will troop thither upon this Occasion, I cannot find in my heart to give them a *better* Name. In short, I love the long Vacation upon the same account that some *honest* Claret-drinkers love walking Home at *Midnight*, because the Streets are *clearer* and not so *incommoded* as at other times. Besides, *London* is at no time of the Year so *thinly* peopl'd ( God be thanked ) but a Man, with a little *Industry*, may find Company enough of *both Sexes*, to the ruine of his *Health* and Consumption of his *Estate*. But this is not all, a universal Spirit of *Civility* reigns over all the Town ; the *Tradesmen* are more confiding, and the *Harlots* better natur'd.

A Vintner, who, in the hurry of *Michaelmas-Term*, is as difficult of *access* as a Privy-councilor, will now give you his Company for *asking*,  
and



and perhaps *club* his Bottle into the Bargain; and the very *individual* Damfel, with whom, a Month or two hence, nothing below a *Senator* will go down, or at least a Man that will bribe as deep, is now so *humbled* by the *Emptiness* of the Town, that for the *Credit* of being carried in a *Coach* to her Lodgings, and the Expence of a Bottle of *Wine*, to treat her Landlady, she will put on a clean Smock to oblige you, without so much as *exacting* Money to pay the Landress.

I cou'd say a thousand things more in behalf of the *Vacation*, but I shall content my self at present with observing, that it produces *Bartholomew-Fair*; and when I have said that, I think it needs no *farther* Panegyrick. If Antiquity carries any *weight* with it, the *Fair* has enough to say for it self on that *Head*. Four score Years ago, and better, it afforded *Matter* enough for one of our best *Comedians* to Compose a Play upon it: But *Smithfield* is another sort of a Place now to what it was in the Times of *Honest Ben*; who, were he to rise out of his Grave, wou'd hardly believe it to be the same numerical spot of ground where Justice *Over-do* made so busie a Figure, where the *Crop-ear'd Parson* demolish'd a *Gingerbread Stall*, where *Nightingale* of harmonious memory sung *Ballads*, and fat *Ursula* sold *Pig* and *bottl'd Ale*.

As I have observ'd to you, this noble *Fair* is quite another thing than what it was in the last Age; it not only deals in the humble Stories of *Crispin* and *Crispianus*, *Whittington's Cat*, *Batemans Ghost*, with the merry Conceits of the little Pickle-herring; it produces *Opera's* of its own growth, and is become a formidable Rival to both the Theaters. It beholds *Gods* descend-  
ing

ing from Machines, who express themselves in a Language suitable to their dignity: It trafficks in *Heroes*; it raises *Ghosts* and *Apparitions*; it has represented the *Trojan Horse*, the Workmanship of the divine *Epeus*; it has seen St. *George* encounter the *Dragon*, and overcome him. In short, for *Thunder* and *Lightning*, for *Songs* and *Dances*, for sublime *Fustian* and magnificent *Nonsense*, it comes not short of *Drury-Lane* or *Lincolns-Inn-fields*. But, to leave off this *Bombast*, with which the *Booths* have infected me, and deliver my self in a more familiar Stile, you must know, that, at this present Writing, your humble Servant is in a *Musick-booth*; yet, tho' he is distracted with a thousand Noises and Objects, as a *Maid* whirling round with a dozen Rapiers at her Neck, a Dance of *Chimney-sweepers*, and a *Fellow* standing on his Head on the top of a *Quart-pot*, he has both Leisure and Patience enough to write to *You*.

*Smithfield* had always the Reputation of being a Place of Persecution, with this difference, that the *Women* do that in this Age which the *Priests* did in the last, and make as many poor *Sinners* suffer by Fire.

*Cheap-side* Citts come to see horned Beasts brought hither from all parts of the World, when they might behold the very same Monsters at home, if they would but be at the pains of consulting their own *Looking-glasses*: Our pious *Reformers* have been long endeavouring to put down this Nursery of *Wickedness* and *Irreligion*, as they call it, but the beloved Wives of their own *Bosoms*, and their virtuous Daughters, better understand their own Interest, than to lose any Opportunity of getting abroad and planting Cuckoldom or Fornication, as their *Mothers* did before 'em.



Certainly no place sets Mankind more upon a level than *Smithfield* does; *Lords* and *Bellows-menders*, *Beaux* and *Fleaers* of dead *Horses*, *Colonels* and *Foot-soldiers*, *Bawds* and *Women of Virtue*, walk cheek-by-jole in the *Cloysters*, and jostle one-another by *Candle-light*, as familiarly as *Nat. Lee's* Gods in *Oedipus* jostle one-another in the dark. The poor *Vizor-masks* suffer most unmercifully, for no sooner can they shew their Heads within this blessed place of *all Freedom* and *no Quarter*, but away they are hurried into a corner, and a hundred several Hands about 'em at once, to examin whether they carry any *Contraband Goods* about 'em.

The Woman and her Children in the *Macca-bees*, that chose rather to part with their *Lives* than pollute themselves with *Swines-flesh*, would have died ten thousand Deaths, rather than have touch'd the Ear of a *Smithfield Pig*, with a thousand of Prince *Moloch's* Pagan Subjects floating in the Sauce about him. But perhaps our virtuous Citizens swallow Pig and Pork so earnestly, to shew their Aversion to *Judaism*; as the learned Mr. *Selden*, I remember, somewhere tells us in his *Table-talk*, that for the very same reason our Ancestors were wont to provide *Gammons* of Bacon against *Easter*, which godly Custom their Posterity keep up to this very day.

So much may suffice at present, for I am just now going to a *Puppet-show*, to see the *Creation of the World* and *Noahs flood*, which will give me more Satisfaction, I don't question, than Dr. *Woodward's Hypothesis*, Mr. *Whistons Theory*, or any new System of our modern *Virtuoso's*.

*I am your most humble Servant.*

To

To George Moulton, Esquire; upon the breaking up of Bartholomew-fair.

Dear Sir,

Sept. 12. 99.

**T**He Glory is departed from *Smithfield*, and Love and Intrigues have left the Cloisters; in short, *Bartholomew-fair* is over, *Et voila, mon Ami, les miserables Effets d' une si grande Revolution.*

Those very individual Persons, who, two Days ago, glitter'd in *Imperial Tinsel*, govern'd Kingdoms in Imagination, commanded Legions, and talk'd sublime Heroic in Tragic Buskins; those very Persons, I say, who put the Sun out of Countenance in his double Capacity, both as the God of Poetry and the Governor of the Day, who, out-shone him at Noon with their brighter *Bristol stones*, and out-metaphor'd all *Parnassus* in their Opera's; Those very persons, I say, who commanded Respect from the inferiour Mob, and drew the Eyes of the whole City, more than a Lord-Mayor at a Publick Cavalcade:

——— *Quis talia fando, (Ulyssis,  
Myrmidonum, Dolopumve, aut duri miles Temperet  
a lachrymis)*

Are now, by a most wonderful Revolution of Fate, divested of all their Splendour and Magnificence. Their Troops, their Armies, nay, their very Guards have deserted them; they are now reduced to the common Obscurity of Mankind; instead of the most exquisite Wine, that used to Crown their Glasses, we find them burying the Regret of their lost Sovereignty in humble Flip, or more humble Anniseed, and are glad to be trusted for a Dinner

at



at a *Boiling-cook's*, and snore contentedly in a *Garret*.

And those charming *Dulcibella's*, who by the unparallel'd *lustre* of their Eyes forc'd *Monarchs* to lay their *Scepters* at their Feet, who had the disposal of Kingdoms and *Dominions*, who stole away the *Hearts* of all Beholders, and, whenever they pleas'd, drew either *Admiration* or *Pity* from the Spectators, are now, by their like *Inconstancy* of Fortune, oblig'd to return to the *Privacies* of a less *pompous* Life. They whom Yesterday's Sun beheld so *majestically* severe, that they refused a *gracious* Smile to prostrate Princes;

*Nunc in quadriviis, & angiportis,  
Glubunt magnanimos Bruti nepotes.*

Are now glad to dispence the last Favours for no higher a Bribe than a *Silver-thimble*, and a *double-gilt Brass-ring*: In the Day-time, they foot Stockings, wash Footmens Socks, and repair the Breaches of old *Lace* and *Muslin*, regale themselves with a Pint of *Milk* at Noon, and *Gray-pease* at Night, trudge it on Foot from *Charing-cross* to the *Change*, and with their *officious* Elbows remind all the Passers-by of their *desolate* condition: In fine, They, who so lately commanded the whole *Universe*, are under perpetual Alarms from *Watchmen*, *Constables*, and the savage Justice's Clerk; and as an Ancient Author who lived in *William Rufus's* time has it,

*In midnight Cellars now they Ply  
For two-pence wet, and two-pence dry.*

But though *Bartholomew-fair* be dead, and buried for a *Twelvemonth*, yet, it is some *Consolation* to us, that it revives in both the Play-houses. Poetry is so little regarded there, and the Au-

dience is so taken up with *Show* and *Sight*, that an Author need not much trouble himself about his Thoughts and Language, so he is but in fee with the *Dancing-masters*, and has a few luscious *Songs* to *lard* his dry Composition. One wou'd almost swear, that *Smithfield* had removed into *Drury-lane* and *Lincolns-Inn-fields*, since they set so small a Value on good *Sence*, and so great a one on Trifles that have no Relation to the Play. By the by, I am to tell you, that some of their late *Bills* are so very *monstrous*, that neither we, nor our Fore-fathers, ever *knew* any thing like them. They are as *long* as the Title Pages to some of Mr. *Prin's Works*, nay, you may much sooner dispatch the *Gazette*, even when it is most crowded with Advertisements. And as their *Bills* are prodigious, so are the *Entertainments* they present us with. For not to mention the *Bohemian Women* that first taught us how to *dance* and *swim* together ; nor the famous Mr. *Clinch* of *Barnet* with his *Kit* and *Organ*; nor the *worthy Gentleman* that condescended to dance a *Cheshire-round* at the instance of several persons of Quality ; nor t'other *worthy Gentleman* that Sung like a *Turkey Cock* ; nor lastly that *prodigy* of a man that diverted the *Boxes* so much with my *Ladies Birthday*, and so dexterously *Mimick'd* the Harmony of the *Essex Lyons* ; not to mention these and a hundred other notable curiosities, we have been so unmercifully over-run with an inundation of *Messieurs* from *Paris*, that one would be almost tempted to wish that the War had still continued, if it were for no other reason but because it would have prevented the coming over of these light-heel'd Gentlemen, who have been a greater Plague to our Theaters, than their Privateers were to our Merchantmen. Shortly, I suppose we shall be entertained here with all sorts of *Sights* and *Shows*,



as, Jumping through a *Hoop*; ( for why should not that be as proper as Mr. *Sympson's Vaulting upon the Wooden horse* ) *Dancing upon the high Ropes, Leaping over eight Mens Heads, Wrestling, Boxing, Cudgeling, Fighting at Back-sword, Quarter-staff, Bear-baiting*, and all the other noble Exercises, that divert the good Folks at *Hockley*, for when once such an infection as this has gain'd ground upon us, who can tell where it will Stop?

What a wretched Pass is this wicked Age come to, when *Ben Johnson*, and *Shakespear* won't relish, without these *Bagatelles* to recommend them, and nothing but *Farce* and *Grimace* will go down? For my part, I wonder they have not incorporated *Parson Bu—ess* into their *Society*, for after the Auditors are stupified with a dull Scene, or so, he wou'd make a shift to relieve them: In short, Mr. *Collier* may save himself the trouble of writing against the *Theatre*, for, if these lewd Practices are not laid aside, and Sence and Wit don't come into play again, a Man may easily foretel, without pretending to the Gift of *Prophecy*, that the Stage will be short-liv'd, and the strong *Kentish Man* will take Possession of the two *Play-houses*, as he has already done of that in *Dorset-garden*. I am

Your humble Servant.

P. S. The strong *Kentish Man* ( of whom you have heard so many Stories ) has as I told you above, taken up his quarters in *Dorset-garden*; and how they'll get him out again the Lord knows, for he threatens to thrash all the Poets, if they pretend to disturb him. Mr. *Joseph Haines* was his Master of the Ceremonies, and introduced him in a *Prologue* upon the Stage; and indeed who so fit to do it, as this Person, whose Breath is as strong as the *Kentish Man's Back*? I don't

doubt, but that several of the Ladies, who saw this Prodigy of a Man, long'd to try a *Fall* with him in Private, like the Woman in *Ovid*, that was desirous to lie with *Hercules*, for no other merit but that of his Strength. Her words, unless my Memory fails me, were these,

——— *Subiit me magna cupido,  
Ferre virum, tulerat qui prins ipse polum.*

And to convince you that I have not Slandered the fair Sex, I have sent you inclosed the following Letter, which was written by a certain *Countess* that shall be nameless, dropt by her Foot-man in the *Pall-mall*, and taken up by a Chairman. At present 'tis all the talk of the Town, and every *Chocolate-house* rings of it.

*To William Joy, the strong Kentish-man.  
Suppos'd to be written by the Lady ———*

S I R,

**I** Saw you Yesterday, with satisfaction, exerting your *Parts* in *Dorset-garden*; on that very Theatre where I have frequently beheld the *Alexanders*, the *Cesars*, the *Hercules*, the *Almanzors*, the greatest Heroes of *Greece* or *Italy*, of ancient or modern Times, taking *Towns*, sacking *Cities*, over-turning *Empires*, singly routing whole *Armies*, but yet performing less *Wonders* than You. Yet, I must tell you, it grieves me to see so noble a *Talent* misemploy'd, and that *Strength* thrown away upon undeserving *Horses*, that cannot reward your *Labour*, which might much better divert the requiting *Woman*. Meet me therefore, thou puissant *Man*, in another *Garden*, on a better Theatre, where you may employ your *Abilities* with



with more Profit to Your self, and Satisfaction to the expecting

MELESIND A,

*A Consolatory Letter to my Lady ——— upon the Death of her Husband,*

*Madam,*

**I** Was very much surprized to hear that your Ladyship takes so much to Heart the Loss of your Husband; that your Relations should not be able to Conquer so obstinate a Grief; or that a Person of your good Sense and Resolution, should be so unfashionable and so weak, as to pay that Respect to the Ashes of the Dead, which well-bred Women now-a-days can scarce afford to the Living.

I will not pretend to attack your Grief in the common Forms, I will not represent to you, that all Flesh is Grass, that nothing is exempt from the Laws of Fate, and that 'tis in vain to regret a Loss, which it was not in our power to prevent; these thread-bare Topicks I shall leave to Divines and Philosophers, and shall content my self, to oppose your Lamentations with Arguments better suited to your present Condition.

'Tis true, Madam, you have lost a Husband, and what of that? have not Thousands done so before you? but then consider, that this Death makes room for a new Election. A Widow ought no more to afflict her self for the Death of her Husband, than a Country Corporation is obliged to go into Mourning for the Death of the Member that represented them in Parliament; for, without staying for a Writ from the Clerk of the Crown, she may proceed to a new

H h 2

Choice

Choice as soon as she sees convenient. Your *Husband*, God be thank'd, has neither carried your *Youth* with him into the other World, nor your *Joynture*; cou'd he have robb'd you of *either* of those *Blessings*, you might have just Reason to *complain*; but I think a Woman's Condition is not very *desperate*, when her *two* surest Friends, her *Beauty* and her *Wealth* stick close to her.

As you have *Charms*, and *Money* enough to procure you store of *Lovers*, so in my Opinion, it must needs be an *agreeable* Diversion to you in your present *Sorrow*, (for I will allow you, Madam, to keep up the *Appearance* of it) to observe the different *Address* and *Language* of your Admirers.

One will tell you, that he adores the Perfections of your *Soul*, exclusive of all *Worldly* Considerations; but, Madam, have a care of these *Platonicks*, for a Man that makes *vigorous* Court to the *Body*, is worth a Thousand *Coxcombs*, that pretend I know not what mighty kindness to the *Soul*.

Another will tell you, that he is ready to *hang* or *drown* for your Sake, and desires you to chuse what sort of *Death* for him you think fit, if you deny him that *Blessing*, wherein his Life can be only *happy*. Be govern'd by me, Madam, and take such a Lover at his *Word*; if he *decently* dispatch himself, you may take it from me, that he lov'd in earnest, but if he *fails* to give you this Testimony of his *Affection*, you may conclude he was a *Hypocrite*, and consequently not worth the saving.

A third perhaps will boast of his *Acres*, and tell you what a large *Settlement* he will make you; whatever you do, pray take care of these *Smithfield* Gentlemen, these Land and Tenement-*Panders*, for not one in a Thousand is *honest* at bottom,

And



And if he can but *joyn* your Estate to his, never troubles his head about the more comfortable *Conjunction* of Persons and Affections.

It will be a *pleasant* Amusement for you, to manage these Humble Servants so *artificially*, as to make all of 'em *hope*; yet, at the same time *jealous* of one another, to steal a *kind* Glance sometimes at one, and bestow a *gracious* Nod sometimes upon another, to see them *languish* at your Feet, and hear the *different* turns of their Rhetorick; then after you have thoroughly examined their *several* Merits and Qualifications, 'twill be high time to proceed in your Choice. But whenever you go about that, Madam, let me advise you to observe the same Policy, as the *Cardinals* do at the Election of a *Pope*, and pitch upon one, who, in all probability, is soonest like to make a *sede vacante*. Thus, Madam, instead of dwelling upon the *Illustrious Qualities* of the *Defunct*, according to the *thread-bare* Method of common Comforters, I have made bold to lay down before you the Measures you are to take with the *Living*. I confess I have ventur'd upon a Task for which I am no ways qualified: *Solomon* has told us, That the Hearts of *Kings* are *unsearchable*; which, I suppose, he knew to be so by his own; he might have added, when his Hand was in, That the Hearts of Widows have the same *occult* Quality, and are as hard to be *understood*. Thus, *Madam*, you are not to wonder, if the Directions I have given you are none of the properest, however, such as you see 'em, they are at your Service, as is likewise,

*Madam,*

*Your most Obedient and Faithful, &c.*

To Walter Knight, Esq; at Ruscomb in Berkshire; being a Relation of a Journey to London.

Sir,

Lond. Octob. 15. 99.

YOU are earnest to know how I got to *Town*, and what Adventures I met upon the *Road*. Since you can condescend to entertain your self with *Trifles* of this nature, be pleas'd to take 'em as they follow.

As soon as I came to *Reading*, I sent the Man of the House where I lay that Night to enquire what Places were taken in the Coach; who brought me word, that only one Place was taken, and that for a Woman. I presently represented to my self some *Maid*, *Wife*, or *Widow* of Nineteen, with black rolling Eyes, cherry Cheeks, narrow Mouth, swelling Breasts, and a Breath as sweet as Violets. I thank'd my kind Stars for this favourable Opportunity, and with these pleasant Imaginations pass'd away the Night very agreeably. Next Morning, full of these charming Idea's, I made haste to the Inn where the Coach lay; but, good Heavens! no sooner did I peep within the Leathern Machine, but I found my self the most lamentably disappointed that ever poor Sinner was. Instead of the *Beauty* I had represented to my self, behold, there was an *Old Gentlewoman* with formidable *Whiskers*, her *Nose* and *Chin* as ready to meet as the two ends of a Half-moon, and a dismal *Forehead-cloth* into the bargain, to cool my Courage. A Man of more Piety than my self would have thank'd Heaven for being so favourable to him, and securing him from a Temptation; but



but i'faith, I could not find in my heart to do it. Into the Coach I stept, but with as much regret on my side as a Citizen, that has bribed deep to get himself elected in a Country Borough, is turn'd out of the *House*, and without so much as bidding her Ladiship *Good-morrow*, I compos'd my self to sleep as well as I could; and, being pretty well prepar'd for it, by what I had been doing the Night before, slept Ten Miles perpendicular, without the least interruption, till we came to *Maidenhead*.

Here we took up a *Captain* and *two Gentlemen* besides. The *Captain* was one of the most agreeable Companions that ever could have aton'd for my former Disappointment; he had been in the Service ever since the famous Campaigns at *Hounslow*, since which he had seen most of the Actions in *Scotland*, *Ireland*, and *Flanders*. Our Conversation at first ran upon *Politicks*; and we talk'd very judiciously of the Miscarriages of the War. *Religion* succeeded to that Discourse, and when we became weary of that Subject, as indeed none of us had much to say to it, by one unanimous Consent, we fell upon *Women*. The *Captain*, who, as I told you before, was a Man of *Wit* and *Pleasantry*, diverted us extreamly upon this Argument: He told us, that as other Gentlemen devoted their Time to *Geometry* or *Musick*, or any thing else that they fancied, he had made it his particular Business to study *Women*, and had arriv'd to so great a Perfection in this Noble Science, that, after the first *Interview*, he could as certainly tell *how many Days* a Woman would hold out, and when she would deliver, as *Mons. Vauban* could tell when a *Town* would surrender.

I compare, says he, a *Woman* to a *Fortification*: In the first place, because it is in my own Way, and like *Tully's Fidler*, that defined the Soul  
to

to be Harmony, a Man always ought to borrow his Metaphors from his own Profession. And, secondly, because there's the greatest *resemblance* in the World between 'em. There's no *Fortification* so strong, nor no *Woman* so virtuous, but by open *Force* or *Stratagem* may be made to *yield*. The World is at liberty to say what it pleases; but I positively maintain, that every *Woman* is to be taken; she is either to be undermin'd by *Flattery*, or won by *Bribery*, which we *Military Men* call *Capitulation*, or else (but it does not happen once in a hundred Years) to be manag'd by downright *Strength*, which the Learned in *Mathematicks* call taking the Town by *Storm*. Now all the Art lies in knowing how to imploy these different Expedients. Some Ladies will be flatter'd into *Love*, whom all the Bribes that can stir about *Westminster-hall* in a *Sessions* can never move: And others, by far the greatest part of the Sex, are to be manag'd by *Money*, who have too much Discretion to be impos'd upon by *Flattery*. And there are others too great for *Bribery*, and insensible to all the *Flattery* in the World, that must be *vanquish'd* by *Force*. Tho' their Inclinations, Gentlemen, are as rampant as yours, nay, perhaps fiercer, yet they would seem to be *forced*; they think 'tis some Excuse for their *Infirmity*, and quarrel with you after you have oblig'd 'em. In the heat of my Discourse I have omitted one thing, which never fails, when all other Artifices miscarry, and that is the pretending to be *Religious*; it gives a Man the Character of being *silent* and *circumspect*, which is *all* in *all* with the Ladies, and I have found it so by experience.

It was my Fortune, Gentlemen, about some eight Years ago, to be quarter'd upon an *Elder*, when some of our Troops were in *Scotland*:

His



His Wife, as to her Beauty, was but indifferent, but she was young, and she belong'd to the *Kirk*, which were two extraordinary Temptations, especially the latter. I offer'd her *half a Piece*, which was a Sum big enough in that Country to have corrupted all the *Ministry*, but could not prevail: Then I laid out all my stock of *Rhetorick* upon her, and made a *Goddeſs* of this *Coquette*, but to as little effect as before. At last it came into my Head to speak well of the *Covenant*, and rail at the *Bishops*, after which, to my no little surprize, I found her *communicative* enough of her Person.

In short, Gentlemen, I have try'd all the tricks in the World, and find by long Experience that *Flattery* does more than *sincere Dealing* with 'em, and *Wine* more than *Flattery*, *Money* more than *that*, and *Religion* (I mean the *pretence* of it) more than either *Flattery*, *Wine*, or *Money* put together. This you may take for granted, when you have beaten a Woman's *Pride* and *Honour* out of the Field, and she has nothing but her *precious Soul* to capitulate for, that *Body* and *all* are in a fair way of being yours: for *Spinosa* and *Vanninus* never made a quarter so many *Atheists* as *Love*.

Since I am upon this Argument, Gentlemen, and we have nothing else to talk of, give me leave to tell you a short Story relating to this Affair: The Scene lies in *Wales*, or the Borders of it, I won't be positive, but I dare swear it will divert you for want of something better.

In the Country above-mention'd lives a Family very remarkable for their Godlineſs, by the same token that they always kept three or four *Presbyterian* Divines, with as many young *Cubbs* of the *Schism*, to keep the House in due order. From Morning to Night there was nothing but *Exhortation*, and *Use*, and *Application* to be heard with-

within the Walls. The *Cook* exhorted the *Butler*, the *Groom* gave *Spiritual Advice* to the *Gardiner*: Nay, the *Kitchin-Wench* and *Turnspit-Boy* wou'd spoil my *Lady's* Dinner, to settle the grand Point of *Predestination*. Yet, amidst all this *Whining* and *Praying*, and *Singing of Psalms*, the *Devil*, who owed the Family a *Grudge*, for making this *Mocking-War* against him, seduced my *Lady's* *Praying-Gentlewoman* to commit Acts of Wickedness with one of the *Knight's* *Praying-Footmen*: This zealous Pair managed their Affairs with so little Discretion, that their Amour came to be discovered by some of their Fellow-Servants; but godly People, you know, think themselves above *Scandal*. At last, word was brought to the *old Lady*, that they were actually in *Bed*. At the first she cou'd not believe the News, for how durst *Satan* be so impudent, as to put his nasty Cloven-Foot within her Threshold? But finding it confirmed by a Cloud of Witnesses, she went to the Scene of Leudness, taking with her a *Smith*, and a *Nonconformist Parson*; one to break open the Door in case of Opposition; the other to rouse up their Consciences in case of Impenitency. Upon the first Alarm that my *Lady* gave them, the *Lovers* wou'd not answer; but when they found the *Smith* began to fall to work with the Door in good earnest, the *Footman* got up and open'd it. The *old Lady* cou'd hardly forbear striking them, so much was her *Holy spleen* provoked at the *Profanation* of her House; But she thunder'd out Judgments plentifully against them, and the *Divine*, that was with her, did the same, but especially to the *Trespassing Damosel*, though his *Eyes* gave his *Tongue* the Lye, all the while he reprimanded her. In short, the *Footman* had his *Livery* stript over his Ears, and the poor *Wench* was sent Home to her



her Relations, by the same token that she attempted to *drown* her self by the way.

This *godly* Family was in a strange *Disorder* to be defiled thus with Fornication, and the Master of it being then in *London*, his Lady sent him an Account of this unhappy Accident, withal desiring his Advice, to know what must be done upon this occasion. He order'd the *Bed* upon which this wicked Actio had been committed, to be carried out of the Gates of the House, and there to be burnt. On the Day when this was put in *Execution*, the discarded *Footman* chanced to come by as Fire was set to the offending materials, and being told the reason of it, My Master, says he, might have let this Bone-fire *alone*; for, to my *Knowledge*, if he's resolved to *punish* in this manner every Bed or Chair that has been accessory to *Fornication*, there's ne'er a Bed or Chair in the House can 'scape him.

The Captain had just made an end of his Story as the Coach was got upon the Stones. I took my leave of the Company in the *Hay-market*, being oblig'd, as you know, to visit Mr. B——; by whom I find, that there's no stirring for me out of *Town* this Month or two. This is a sensible *Mortification* to me; for whereas I flatter'd my self, that I should pass the Winter with you in one of the best *Airs* in *Berkshire*, I must now do Pennance in everlasting Fogg and Smoke, which is my aversion of all aversions. The only Relief I can *propose* to my self, is to *converse* with you by way of Letters as often as I can, and by that means to fancy my self at *Ruscomb*. So that *when* any thing remarkable happens here, you may depend upon having an Account of it from, Sir,

Your most humble and most obliged, &c.

---

*A Love-Letter from an Officer in the Army to a Widow, whom he was desperately in love with before he saw her.*

**T**HO' I never had the Happiness to see you; no, not so much as in a Picture, and consequently can no more tell what *Complexion* you are of, than he that lives in the *remotest* part of *China*; yet, Madam, I am fallen passionately in love with you, and this Affection has taken so deep root in me, that in my Conscience I could die a *Martyr* for you, with as much Alacrity as thousands have done for their Religion; tho' they knew *as little* of the Truth, for which they died, as I do of your Ladiship.

This may surprize you, Madam, but you'll cease to wonder, when I shall inform you what it was, that not only gave birth to my Passion, but has so effectually confirm'd it. Last Week, riding into the *Country* about my lawful Affairs, it was my fortune to see a most magnificent *Seat* upon the Road: This *excited* my *Curiosity* to enquire after the Owner of so *beautiful* a Pile; and being inform'd it belong'd to your Ladiship, I began that very moment to have a strange *Inclination* for you: but when I was farther inform'd that some *Two thousand* Acres of the best Land in *England* belong'd to this noble Fabrick, together with a fine Park, variety of Fish-ponds, and such-like Conveniences, I then fell up to the Ears in *Love*, and submitted to a Power which I could not resist.

Thought I to my self, the Owner of so many agreeable things must needs be the most charming Lady in the Universe: What tho' she be old,  
her



her Trees are green? What tho' she has lost all the Roses in her Cheeks, she has enough in her Gardens? What signifies it tho' she be barren, since her Acres are fruitful? With *these Thoughts* I 'lighted from my Horse, and on the sudden fell so enamour'd with your Ladiship, that I told my Passion to every Tree in your Park, which, by the bye, are the *tallest, straitest, loveliest, finest-shap'd Trees* I ever saw; and I have since *wore out* above a dozen Pen-knives in engraving your Name upon 'em.

I will *appeal* to your Ladiship, whether any *Lover* ever went upon more *solid* Motives than my self. Those that chuse a Mistress wholly for her *Beauty*, will infallibly find their Passion *decay* with that; those that pretend to admire a Woman for the *Qualities* of her *Mind*, are guilty of a piece of *Pagan* superstition, long since worn threadbare by *Plato* and his Disciples; for he that loves not a Fair Lady for the *Flesh*, as well as the *Spirit*, is only fit, in my Opinion, to make his Court to a *Spectre*; whereas Madam, you need not question the *Sincerity* of my *Passion* which is built upon the same *Foundation* with your House, *grows* with your *Trees*, and will daily *encrease* with your *Estate*.

For all I know to the contrary, your Ladiship may be the *handsomest* Woman in the World; but whether you are or no, signifies not a Farthing, while you have Money enough to set you off, tho' you were ten times more forbidding than the present red-nosed Countess of —, and ten times older than the famous Countess of *Desmond*. I am a *Soldier* by my Profession, and as I *fought* for Pay, so, with Heaven's Blessing, I design to *love* for Pay: All your *other Suitors* would *speak the same Language* to you, were they as honest as my self: This I will tell you for your Com-

Comfort, *Madam*, that if you pitch upon me, you'll be the first Widow upon Record, from the *Creation of the World* to this present hour, that ever chose a Man for telling her the Truth. I am

*Your most Passionate, &c.*

---

*A Letter to Mr. Owen Swan, at the Black-Swan Tavern in Bartholomew-lane; upon his forgetting to send Wine into the Country.*

*Friend Swan,*

**Y**OU promis'd to send me some Wine; you forget your Friends. I must excuse you; *great Wits have short Memories*. Pray remember me to the Rakes; tell 'em I would drink their *Healts*, if you would afford me Wine, which pray send by the first *Opportunity*, to

*Your Friend and Servant, &c.*

---

*Mr. Swan's Answer.*

*Sir,*

**I** Just now receiv'd a Letter from your virtuous Hands, by the same token you was pleas'd to make merry with a certain Friend that shall be Nameless, who, to my knowledg, thinks of you oftner than Somebody, that shall be Nameless too, does of his Maker. I should thank you too for the Title you give me of a *Wit*, but *Wits* have a worse fault than *Forgetfulness*; the ill-natur'd World calls it *Poverty*. *Wit* and *Poverty*, you know, are as inseparable Companions as *War* and *Poverty*; and this may be the true Reason why



why the Wits lie under the Scandal of Forgetfulness: The Rakes last night were all in bodily Health, and drank yours heartily, even your humble, whom (tho' no Wit, nor Pretender to it) the bare mention of your Name does somewhat inspire thus to accost you in the Poetical way:

I, *Owen Swan*, the most sincere and honest Man  
That e'er drew Wine in *Quart* or *Cann*,  
From *Beersheba* unto *Dan*,  
Most humbly thanks you for your sage Epistle;  
Tho' my Muse can't sing, she'll strive to whistle.  
Your virtuous Name I never think of,  
But in full Glasse your Health I drink off.  
Those virtuous Gentlemen, the Rakes,  
Last night were in for Ale and Cakes,  
(For Wine, I mean) but you'll forgive Mistakes.  
The *Wits*, dear Brother, ———  
Are us'd to pardon one-another;  
And may *Old Nick* your humble take,  
And as a Neighbour brews, so may he never bake,  
If he'd not drink an Ocean for your sake.  
My Verses limp; and, why? 'tis meet  
They keep proportion to the Feet  
Of him who to his Cellar ran  
To fill your Bottles,

*Owen Swan.*

To a Physician in the Country ; giving a true state  
of the Poetical War between Cheapside and  
Covent-Garden.

S I R,

WE are almost barren of News ; the War  
betwixt the Northern Crowns, and the  
*Poetical Physicians* is the only Subject at present ;  
*Holstein* and *Riga*, *Cheapside* and *Covent-Garden* the  
Scene of all our Coffee-house Debates. What  
passes in our two first, the Publick Prints will in-  
form you ; the latter I shall endeavour to give  
you some Account of: You are not Ignorant of  
the *Civil War* that is broke out amongst the Sub-  
jects of *Apollo*, and what Disorders we have lately  
had in *Parnassus*. Two brawny *Heroes*, the Sons  
of *Pæan*, head the opposite Factions ; both have  
signalized themselves extraordinarily, one in  
Four Poems, which he has Printed, and t'other  
in a Poem printed four times. The *City Bard*  
takes Arms to drive out *Wit*, as an *Evil Council-  
lor* from all the *Realms* of *Apollo*. The *Covent-Gar-  
den Hero* rises in its Defence, and maintains its  
Services. This Quarrel is so far spread, that  
it's not like to be decided *Proprio Marte* ; each  
Chief has his Faction, the *Knight* of the *Round-  
Table* has gathered a Body of Mercenaries, to  
whom, on the other side, are opposed a Squadron  
of Auxiliary Volunteers ; and thus, as in *Forty  
One*, *Blew-Aprons*, and *Laced-Coats* are drawn up  
against one another, and the *Rabble* and *Gentle-  
men* set together by the Ears ; each Side confident  
of Success, that trusting to their Multitudes, this  
to their Courage and Conduct. The *Pestle* and  
Mor-



*Mortar-men* are drawn up against the *Æsculapian Band*; the first, who like *Taylor*s and *Women* measure the Goodness of every Thing by the length, assert the good old Cause of long *Bills*, and long *Poems*, against the *Jus Divinum* of Efficacy and Sense; and think it infinitely more Meritorious to write three or four *Folio's* without *Wit*, than to fill a small *Octavo* with it, and prefer the Art of *Swelling* a *Bill*, before the *Skill* to *Cure* a *Disease*. The *Cheapside Hero*, they say, devotes himself wholly to their Service, and *Rhimes* as well as Prescribes to the use of their Shops: However, this doubtful Chief, in the midst of his *Cheapside Triumphs*, has been brought under Martial Discipline, and forc'd to run the Gantlet in *Covent-Garden*, and switch'd through the whole Posse of *Parnassus*, for fighting against the Law of Arms with false Colours. Those that favour his Cause complain of the Injustice and Indignity of his Punishment, alledging, he suffers for what he never did. They on the other Hand defend their Proceedings, and affirm they know him through his Disguise, and that coming upon 'em in Masquerade, he ought to suffer as a Spy, or an *Assassin*; and deserves no more Quarter, than he gives to his *Patients*. Notwithstanding this, his Party have rallied once more, and the *Mercenaries* are brought to the Attack, who hope to effect that by Stratagem, that they despair of by plain Force; and, like the *Scots* at the *Bass*, since they can't reduce 'em by *Arms*, attempt to Poison them with *Stink-Pots*. At the Head of those, is a Mendicant *Rhymer*, one that begs with a *Poem*, like a *Pass* in his Hand, and with a *Sham Brief*, as a Sufferer by *Poetick Fire*, has Collected the Charity of well-disposed Persons through all *Parnassus* for above twice Twelve *Months*; and like a true beggar, when he has tired 'em out, falls a railing.

For a Bribe from his Ballad-Printer's not large enough to Rob him of the Benefit of the Act of Parliament for the Relief of poor Prisoners, and the Promise of a Dinner now and then from Sir *Arthur*, he has consented to *Libel* his Benefactors, and return to his old Quarters, and subsist for the Remainder of his Life upon the *Basket*. Thus countenanced and encouraged, he lays about him most desperately, and like one not much concern'd for the Success, draws his *Incense*, and his *Ammunition* from the same *House of Office*; *Friends* and *Foes* are treated alike in Compliment, he Paints one with the same Sir-reverence, that he aims to bedaub the other; and when his Hand is in, like the Conqueror in *Hudibras's* Ovation, bestows his Ordure very liberally amongst the Spectators. Thus, Sir, I have given you a true Account of the State of the *Poetical War*, headed on both Sides by Gentlemen of your Faculty; among whom, though here has been no Bloodshed, there has been as much Noise of Slaughter and Execution, as in *Holstein*, or *Livonia*. You may expect more on the same Subject, for the Quarrel is not like to drop, while *Hopkins* can tell his Fingers, or *Wesley* subsist on Mumping in Metre.

*I am, &c.*

*An Exhortatory Letter, to an Old Lady that  
smoak'd Tobacco.*

*Madam,*

**T**Hough the ill-natur'd World censures you for *Smoaking*, yet I would advise you, *Madam*, not to part with so innocent a Diversion. In the first place it is Healthful, and as *Galen* de

*ust*



*usu Partium* rightly observes, is a Sovereign Remedy for the Tooth-ach, the constant Persecutor of Old Ladies. Secondly, Tobacco, though it be a Heathenish Weed, is a great help to Christian Meditations; which is the Reason I suppose that Recommends it to our Parsons; the Generality of whom, can no more write a *Sermon* without a *Pipe* in their *Mouths*, than a *Concordance* in their *Hands*: besides, every Pipe you break, may serve to put you in mind of Mortality, and shew you upon what slender Accidents Man's Life depends. I knew a *Dissenting Minister*, who on Fast-days used to mortify upon a *Rump* of *Beef*, because it put him, as he said, in mind, that all *Flesh* was *Grass*; but I am sure much more may be learnt from Tobacco. It may instruct you, that Riches, Beauty, and all the Glories of this World vanish like a *Vapour*. Thirdly, It is a pretty *Play-thing*: A Pipe is the same to an Old Woman, that a Gallant is to a young one, by the same Token they make both *Water* at Mouth. Fourthly and Lastly, It is fashionable, at least 'tis in a fair way of becoming so; cold Tea, you know, has been this long while in Reputation at Court, and the *Gill* as naturally ushers in the *Pipe*, as the *Sword-Bearer* walks before the *Lord-Mayor*.

*I am your Ladiships humble Servant.*

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To Dr. Garth.

W Hether your *Letter* or your *Prescription* has made me well, I protest I cannot tell, but thus much I can say, that as the one was the most nauseous thing I ever knew, so the other was the most entertaining. I would gladly ascribe my

Cure to the last ; and, if so, your *Practice* will become so *universal*, you must keep a *Secretary* as well as an *Apothecary*.

The Observations I have made are these, that your *Prescription* staid not long with me, but your *Letter* has, especially that part of it where you told me I was not altogether out of your Memory: You'll find me much alter'd in every thing when you see me, but in my esteem for your self: I, that was as lank as a *Crane*, when I left you at *London*, am now as plump as an *Ortolan*. I have left off my *false Calves*, and had yesterday a *great Belly* laid to me. A *facetious Widow*, who is my Confident in this Affair, says you ought to *Father* the *Child*; for *He* that lends a Man a *Sword*, is in some part accessory to the *Mischief* is done with it; however, I'll forgive you the *Inconvenience* you've put me to. I believe you were not aware you were giving *Life* to two *People*. Pray let me have a *Consolatory Letter* from you upon this new *Calamity*; for nothing can be so welcome, excepting *Rain* in this *Sandy Country* where we live. The *Widow* saith, she resolves to be *sick*, on purpose to be acquainted with you; but I tell her, she'll relish your *Prescriptions* better in *full Health*: And if at this distance You can do her no Service, pray prescribe her

Your humble Servant.

To Madam \* \* \* upon sending her Sir Richard Blackmore's Job and Habakkuk. By Mr. Tho. Brown, after Balzac's manner.

TO shew you what an universal *Submission* is paid to Beauty, an *Eastern Prince* comes to wait on you this morning. 'Tis true, he does not appear in his *Arabian Magnificence*, nor visits you



you with a Splendor *suitable* to his rank ; but after the manner of *Suppliants* he addressees himself to you in a *penitential* habit, and you see him just as he escaped out of Sir *Richard's* Poetical *Powdering-tub*, which has prov'd more *unfortunate* to him than his *Dung-hill*. However, Madam, it was your *Command* he should appear before you in this Garb ; and the *Patriarch*, to shew his *an-tient Meekness*, has obey'd you. But altho' he enjoys the *happiness* of your Company, yet either discouraged by his late unworthy *Treatment*, or overcome by your *Beauty*, he is not able to speak a Syllable for himself. He that had *Eloquence* enough to describe the *least* of your *Charms* ; he sees that the natural Armour of his *Leviathan* is not so impenetrable as your *Heart*, and that the *weakest* of your Glances exceeds the Strength of his fam'd *Behemoth*. Tho' he first saw the *Light* in a Country which furnishes our Altars with *Perfumes*, yet he owns, they fall short of the natural *Sweetness* of your Breath, and confesses, that his own *Arabia* was improperly call'd *happy*, since it ne'r produc'd any thing so comely as yourself.

But, Madam, tho' your Commands are not to be *disputed*, *Job* had hardly *ventur'd* to appear before you in this Disguise, had not a *Brother* in Affliction and *Fellow-sufferer*, come along with him to keep him in *Countenance* : Both of 'em are so much alter'd for the worse, since they have come out of the Doctor's Hands, who, not content to murder the *Living*, exercises his Cruelty upon the *Dead*, that their *nearest* Relations, were they now alive, wou'd hardly *know* them. *Job* complains more of his *ill Usage* from the *City Bard*, than all his other Afflictions, which the *Devil*, in conjunction with his *Wife*, contriv'd to lay upon him ; and *Habakkuk* bewails the ignoble Captivity he lies under, with a deeper Resentment than

that of his Country-men in *Chaldea*. However, both of them will glory in their Misfortunes, if you'll but vouchsafe to cast a *pitying* Look upon them, nay, *thank* their unmerciful *Persecuter* for putting them in this *disadvantageous* Dress, if it produces so *favourable* an Effect.

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To Monsieur de la — his Correspondent in Paris.

*Written in the Person of a French-man, and giving an Account of all the merry-Passages he observ'd in London.*

I Had long ago discharg'd my Promise, and sent you an Account of the most *remarkable* things that offer themselves to a Stranger's *Curiosity*: But *London*, Sir, is too *Gigantic* a Place, and the many new Objects one *daily* meets are so apt to *efface* the Idea's of the *former*, that a Man may very well be *allow'd* to pass a few Months in it, before he can regulate his Thoughts, and reduce them into *Method*. For your *Comfort*, I shall not trouble you with any Relations that are not to be found in our common *Itineraries*. The *Discoveries* I send you, are either the *Result* of my own Observation, or such as I gather'd in my frequent *Converse* with the ablest *Virtuoso's* of this famous City. In short, they very well *deserve* your Attention, and you may depend upon the Truth of them.

People may talk as they *please*; but I am of Opinion that there is more *Religion* stirring in *London*, than most Cities in the Universe: Nay, that in a great measure 'tis *incorporated* with their very Trade. Those worthy Gentlemen the Stage-Coach-Men shew it in their printed Bills, where they never *fail* to conclude with an *If God*



permit. Nay, in one of their *Lotteries* I observ'd the Projector endeavour'd to hook in Customers with a *Text* of Scripture, and made *Solomon Pimp* to his Design, by quoting that *Saying* of his, *Time and Chance happen to all*. What is more surprizing, your very *Beggars* in the common Streets use the same Tone with the *Presbyterian* Parsons. In short, *London* is so far from being a *prophane* Place, that some of the most *Eminent* Citizens, who can afford it, have *two* Religions going at once, and will march you gravely at the head of six notch'd Prentices, to *Church* in the Morning, and a *Meeting* in the Afternoon.

As for the *Women*, I'll say that for them, they are perfect *Heroines* in their Nature ; they'll see you half a Score Kings and Queens murder'd upon the Stage, yet shew no more Concern than if so many Nine-pins were *tipt* down. And then at the *Old Baily*, tho' the Judge gravely tells them, *Look ye, Ladies, we have a smutty Trial coming on, where we shall be oblig'd to call every thing by its proper Name, and therefore it may be convenient for you to withdraw* ; yet the Devil a Lady will *flinch* for the Business, but sit you out the whole Trial without so much as putting on their *Masks*, tho' the Witnesses now and then talk a *Heathen* Philosophy that's enough to make even a Midwife *blush*. — But the merriest thing of all, is their *Pindaric* Poetry. Wou'd you know what sort of Versification it is ? I will tell you then : Why first of all, here is one huge Line as long as my Arm or longer ; then there come one, two, or three short Lines, like a *Pigmy* behind a *Giant* ; very pretty, begar ! then another long Line, and then a short one, and another short ; and another long, and so on to the End of the *Stanza*. I was told that the *English* Poets borrow'd this Fancy from the Fagget-makers ;  
for

for these Fellows will first of all put you down a long Stick, and then a short one, and after this manner binding the Sticks together, when they have done, call it a Faggot, as the Authors call the other a *Pindaric Ode*.

Few Towns in *Christendom* are so apt to promote *Scepticism* as this. There are at least half a Score Pretenders to *Anderson's Scotch Pills*, and the Lord knows who has the true Preparation. The same Uncertainty there is about *Bateman's Spirit of Scurvy-grass*: Nay, as you walk to *Hogsdon*, one Sign tells you, *This is the true, old, ancient Farthing-pye-house*; and before you can walk three Steps further, you meet another Sign that has the *Impudence* to tell you the very same Story. Thus a Stranger is wonderfully puzzled which of these two Houses to go to, and not knowing how to clear the Difficulty, sometimes goes to neither. They abound particularly in *Holes in the Wall*: to the best of my Remembrance there are at least four in *Baldwin's Gardens*, and as many more about *Red-Lyon Square*: Now, I believe it wou'd *Nonplus* the ablest Antiquary of them all to determine which is the right, ancient, and primitive Hole in the Wall.

I have been exceedingly surpriz'd at the great Variety of Spelling in the publick Signs. I cou'd instance in a hundred, but shall content myself with the Word *Lancashire*, that has been most inhumanly us'd by them. You shall find it written *Lanckisheir* in one, *Lankesheare* in another, and *Lanckasheer* in a third. I foresee that this Difference of Orthography in these publick Inscriptions, as your Alehouse-Signs most certainly are, will give the Grammarian a World of Trouble two or three hundred Years hence: so, for my part, I wonder that Dr. *Rentivoglio* does not



not petition the *Parliament* that no Victualler be suffer'd to set up a Sign till it has been first *carefully* examin'd and consider'd by Commissioners well skill'd in these *Matters*, and chosen for the purpose.

They have several Latin Words in and about this Town, that are *peculiar* to *England*, and go *current* no where else. In one of the Villages about *London* there is a very *noble* Hospital, and over the Refectory a *Latin* Inscription, giving to understand that this Building was erected at the Charge of a Gentleman that belong'd to the *Societas Haberdasherorum*. I was for a long while perplex'd to know what Countrymen these *Haberdashierians* were, or from whence they borrow'd their Name. Sometimes I thought 'em the Remainders of the old *Aborigines* of the Island, and sometimes a People of the *Cimbrica Chersonesus*, that came over with the *Saxons*. I consulted *Strabo*, *Ptolomy*, *Dionysius Afer*, *Mela*, and the old Geographers, about the matter, who gave me not the least *Insight* into them: Then I turn'd over *Cluverius*, *Ferrarius*, *Du Fresne*, *Salmasius* upon *Solinus*, and who not, but was no wiser than before. At last a learned *English* Gentleman told me that these *Haberdashierians* were a civiliz'd moral People enough, and only dealt in harmless Manufactures, as Pins, Tape, Inkle, and Packthread.

Some *Airs* have been observ'd by Naturalists to breed *Agues*, as the Hundreds in *Essex*, some to breed *Calentures*, as *Guinea* in *Afric*, others to breed contagious Distempers, as *Barbados* and *Jamaica*. Now the Air of *Cheapside* has this peculiar Quality belonging to it, as to breed Horns. 'Tis certain (and the Observation has been made ever since *William* the Conqueror's Days) that not one marry'd Man in a hundred that dwells in that

that Street escapes them. Nay, I have been credibly inform'd that a Linnen-draper of *Cheapside* bought him a fine *Tortoise-shell* Tobacco-box near the *Exchange*, and before he had wore it full a Week in his Pocket, it was converted to perfect *Horn*.

The Merchants of *London* are nothing near so *polite* as ours in *Paris*. The Devil a jot do they know of the *Ouvrages d'Esprit*, whereas ours will discourse better upon *Books* and *Authors* than *Trade* and *Commerce*. I made a *Visit* to one of them, and after the first *Compliments* were past, enquir'd of him what *Books* of Note had lately appear'd in the World. Oh Sir, says he, since the joining of the two *Companies*, we have had the finest *Bettelees*, *Palampores*, *Basts* and *Jammars*, come over that ever were seen. Pardon me, Sir, said I, these Affairs are somewhat out of my *Knowledge*. ——— Indeed, as for the *Mamoodies*, the *Lingoes*, the *Culgees*, and the *Chints*, continues he, they receiv'd some little Detriment by the Salt Water: but ——— you mistake me, Sir, cry'd I, for all this while I was talking of ——— but then for your *Mulmuls*, *Phootaes*, *Gurrah's*, *Moorees*, and *Rostaes*, mind me what I say, Sir, I *desie* the whole World to *match* us. And so he went on, till I was forc'd to break up abruptly with him.

Foreigners unjustly charge the *Londoners* with Want of *Civility* and *Invention*. Don't they give a plain *Proof* of their singular *Courtesie*, when *Curates*, *Surgeons*, *Operators* for the *Teeth* and *Toes*, *Anglice* *Tooth-drawers* and *Corn-cutters*, nay, *Farriers*, and *Sextons* go by the Name of *Doctors*? And then, who dares question the Goodness of their *Invention*, who considers that those noble *Curiosities*, *Swimming-Girdles*, *Pacing-Saddles*, *Chalybate Pancakes*, *Engines* to prevent



prevent Leaking, and that great Traveller Major *John Choke's* famous Necklaces for breeding of Teeth, with a numberless Set of *Theories* were invented here? Besides, the last *new Religion* that appear'd in these Parts of the World, was it not *wholly contriv'd* by the *Philadelphians*?

'Tis worth a Stranger's while to peep into the several *Conventicles* here, to observe how Affairs are *managed* among them. The Minister gets up into his *Box*, talks a great deal of *unintelligible* Stuff; the People *lugg* out their Silver Ink-horns, and take it upon *Content*; which puts me in mind of the *Fellow* in Hell that was always making of *Ropes*, and an *Ass* still devour'd them.

Among other Customs, I observ'd one very *singular*, and *ancient*, and *still* kept on foot, which is, to make *Fools* of People on the first Day of *April*. I cou'd never inform my self what gave the first Rise to so *odd* a Frolic; but methinks they might let it alone; for since three Parts in four of the People are *Fools every Day* in the Year, what *occasion* is there to set a Day apart for it?

When a Humour takes in *London*, they ride it to *death* before they can part with it. As for instance, *Lotteries* were first set up for Annuities and Pensions; then they came down to Books and Pictures, at last they *descended* even to Snuff and Balsam, to Plum-Cakes and Mince-Pies. Thus, because *Æsop* from *Tunbridge* had the good Fortune to please, a hundred other *Æsops* from *Epsom*, *Islington*, and other Parts of the Kingdom were immediately trump'd up, till the very Name of *Æsop* at last grew *scandalous*. The same Folly *infected* the Theatre, where a *Beau* at his first Appearance upon the Stage happening to tickle the Fancies of the Auditors, you cou'd have ne're a Play without that Animal to set it off.

off. The first *Beau* diverted 'em with his huge *Muff*, the second with his monstrous *Periwigg*, the third with *Buttons* as big as Turnips, the fourth with an extraordinary *Cravat*, the fifth with a fantastical *Sword-Knot*. 'Twas the same original Coxcomb all the while, but only a little diversify'd. ——— Having seen the famous *Brass Monument* in *Westminster*, I went in the next Place to see *Dr. Oats*, whom I found in one of the *Coffee-houses* that looks into the *Court of Requests*. He is a most *accomplish'd* Person in his way, that's certain. The Turn of his Face is extreamly *particular*; he has the *largest* Chin of any Clergyman in *Europe*, by the same token, they tell a *merry* Story how he cheated a *two-peny* Barber by hiding it under his Cloak. In short, his Mouth stands *exactly* in the middle of his Face, like the *White* in the *Center* of a *Target*.

I had the *Curiosity* sometimes to bestow an half Hour at Mr. B ———'s little Mansion in *Russel-Court*. Some Ministers will make you *cry*, some will make you *sleep*; but honest *Daniel* will make you *laugh* with his Preaching. I happen'd to *hear* him once, when he took occasion to prove the *Tendency* of Mankind to *Corruption* from their loving *rotten* Cheese. Do but observe, my Brethren, says he, when an old *Cheshire* Cheese is brought to the Table, how *readily* every Man sticks his Knife into the *blue* Part, a plain Indication (and then he *nodded* his Head) of the *Truth* of original Sin!

But of all the *Virtuoso's* in *London*, commend me to the ingenious *Dr. Thimbleworth*, who publish'd the Furniture of a *Chinese* Barber's Shop in the *Philosophical Transactions*. He is certainly a *profound* Philosopher, and will assign you a *Physical* Reason for any thing almost. I will give  
you



you one remarkable Instance, to shew you the great Depth of his *Penetration*. He *chanc'd* to be in a Gentleman's Company that *fainted* away at the Sight of a few *Eggs*. What does my Doctor do upon this, but *whips* streight into *Essex*, where one Gentleman liv'd, enquires privately into the *secret* History of his Family, and finds his Grandfather had stood in the *Pillory* for *forging* a Bond. Having made this lucky Discovery, he soon found out the *true* Reason of the Grandson's *Aversion* to *Eggs*. A thousand other Curiosities I cou'd impart to you, but having already *swell'd* my Letter to too great a Bulk, I will e'en *reserve* them to a fitter Opportunity, and conclude with *assuring* you that I am

Your Humble Servant, &c.

*A Letter to a Lady that had got an Inflammation in her Eyes.*

*Madam,*

YOU will hardly believe, perhaps, how much People talk of your Indisposition. The late *Eclipse*, when the Sun it self was in Labour, occasion'd not half the Discourse, as the present Distress your Eyes are in, throughout the whole Empire of your Beauty, that is, throughout the whole Kingdom. Nothing is more generally talk'd of, or more universally lamented. Those *beautiful Eyes*, which were wont to spread Joy in all *Hearts*, now diffuse *Sorrow* in every *Breast*: At the same time they raise different Passions; the *Women* pity what they *envy*, and the *Men* lament what they *adore*. 'Tis true, there are some discontented Persons,  
that

that perhaps have formerly felt your Rigour, who let drop bold Expressions; they say, your Eyes are deservedly punish'd for the many Violences and Barbarities they have committed; That 'tis but just they should be afflicted, who have made so many poor Men suffer; and, That it seems a manifest *Judgment* of Heaven, that the Distemper should *attack* you in the very place where you *assault* Mankind. These are the Murmurs of some few Men, *Madam*, whom we except from the multitudes who bewail the Calamities of your Eyes.

Sir *Thomas* —, who (you know) speaks fine things, did me the honour of a Visit yesterday, and commands me to tell you, That had he as many Eyes as *Argus*, to give *yours* one moment's ease, he would pluck 'em all out, and throw 'em (as he would *himself*, and his *Fetters*) at your Feet. For my own part, *Madam*, who have but two Eyes, one of 'em is at your Ladyship's Service; the other I am unwilling to lose, because I am unwilling to lose the sight of you.

And now I shall conclude with my *Advice* and my *Wish*; my *Advice*, That you would take care of the finest Eyes in the World: My *Wish*, That the Flame were remov'd from your Eyes to your Heart. I am, *Madam*,

*Your Ladyship's most obedient Servant.*

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T H E E N D.



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A  
Choice Collection  
OF  
LETTERS,  
OUT OF  
*ARISTÆNETUS,*

Epist. II. Lib. I.

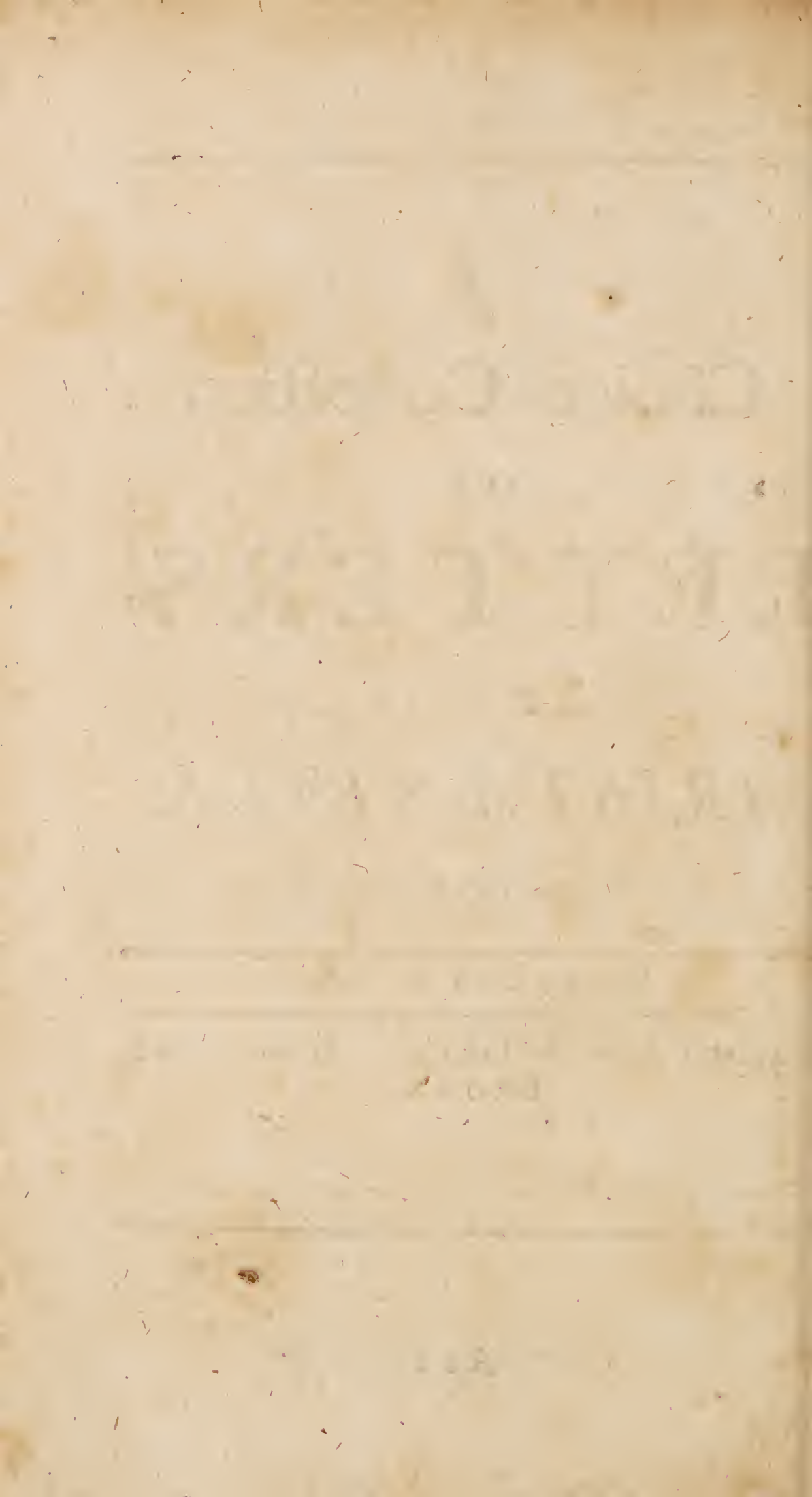
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In two PARTS.

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*Translated from the GREEK, by Mr. THO.  
BROWN.*

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A  
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*ARISTÆNETUS.*

Epist. II. Lib. I.

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PART. I.

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*Translated from the GREEK, by Mr. BROWN.*

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I Was a singing to my self one of the newest Songs last Evening in the Piazza, when a very merry Adventure befel me: Two pretty young Ladies in the bloom of their Youth, and inferior to the Graces in nothing but their Number, came up to me, and the Elder of them, with a Look that had nothing of the Air of a Coquette in it, was pleas'd to greet me after the following manner.

A a a z

What?

Whatever you may think of the matter, Sir, you have made two Conquests to Night by your Voice: Love has found a way to our Souls thro' our Ears, we are both subdu'd by your Harmony, and have had a Debate with our selves, for which of us you intended this Entertainment. My own Vanity made me believe it was meant for me; my Companion here is as positive that the Compliment was design'd for her. Thus not being able to decide the Controversie among our selves, which had lik'd to have engag'd us in a Civil War, we both agreed to have it determined by your self.

Why, faith, Ladies, reply'd I, to them, you are both of you very Handsome; but the Duce take me if I am in Love with either of you: therefore I wou'd advise you, as a Friend and a Plain-dealer, not to quarrel about such an insignificant Fellow as I am, but to let all Actions of Hostility cease, and live like good Neighbours together: Not but that I believe I cou'd be heartily in Love with both, or either of you at any other time, but at present my Heart is engaged else-where; and I am confident you have more Generosity and Justice than to usurp the Property of another, or to take up with the leavings of Love.

Oh! cry'd they, this is a downright Sham. There's not one handsome Woman in this Quarter of the Town, yet you pretend to be in Love; 'tis plain we have caught you in a Story, therefore you shall swear that you love neither of us.

I cou'd not but laugh at the Proposal: Why, Ladies, said I, every thing about me is at your Service; but I have a tender Conscience, and wou'd not willingly be perjur'd.

That is as we would have it, said one of 'em; we knew the Truth wou'd come out one way or other, therefore resolve to come along with us,  
for



for we won't lose so fair an Opportunity. With that both the Damofels fell a tugging and hawling me forward; they pluckt one way, and I pluckt another; but you know the Proverb, *Two to one is odds at Foot-ball*; so I was forc'd to submit to my Destiny, and go along with 'em whither they were pleas'd to lead me. So far the Story may be read or heard by all the World, but what follows is a Secret: In short, not to set your Mouth a Watering, with a description of every Particular, I was carried to a Room, where we made an extemporary Bed of Chairs and Stools; so Ingenious is Love when it is put to its Shifts. The two good natur'd Nymphs were not disappointed; and your humble Servant went off well satisfied with his good Fortune.

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## Glycera to Philinna.

*Out of the same, Epist. 3. Lib. 2.*

SOME ill Demon certainly ow'd me a Spite, (by the same Token he more than got out of my Debt) when I was seduc'd to marry this dull Flegmatick Lawyer of mine; for I'll tell you after what a horrid rate he uses me: Every Night, when other Husbands, as in Duty bound, solace their poor Wives a Bed, my Man of Law sits up, pretending he has a Conveyance to draw for my Lord — and then, says he, I'm to make a Speech in the Court to morrow for my Client Sir *John* — and if I have it not by heart, there will be the Devil and all to do; with that he walks about the Room in a meditating Posture, to make me believe he is in earnest, mumbling I know not what

unintelligible Stuff to himself. Since he has not Assets enough, as far as I can perceive, to discharge the Debt of Matrimony, why should he Marry, I wonder, to inflame his Reckoning? Why shou'd a Man that doth not want a Wife to humble his Constitution, pretend to Monopolize a young Virgin to himself, especially when he wants either Will or Ability to do her Justice? Did he chuse to make me his Spouse, only to deafen me with impertinent Stories of Executions, Answers, Ejectments, and impertinent Decrees? Did he ever think I cou'd prove such a supple Slave, as to sit up all Night to hear him? Since I find he puts my Bed-chamber to no other use, than to prophane it with nasty Petty-fogging, I am resolv'd for the future to have a separate Bed by my Self: If this won't reform him, but he still continues an incorrigible Sot, drudging in other Peoples Business, and neglecting mine, I am resolv'd to give him a *Rowland* for his *Oliver*, and to speak to some more able Council to manage my Law-case. This I hope is enough to make you comprehend my Meaning: you are a sensible Woman, experienc'd in these Affairs, and therefore a Hint is sufficient. Consider then, my dear Friend, and tell me how I must play this Game. You are a Woman, and understand the Necessities of our Sex, and tho' I have not nam'd my Disease to you in down-right Terms (for my Modesty wou'd not give me leave to do that) yet since you know the Nature of it, I hope you'll be my Doctress, and prescribe me a Remedy. 'Tis but reasonable, I think, that you, who are my near Relation, and besides have a good Talent at Composing of Differences, shou'd stand my Friend at this Juncture: Besides, as you had a great hand in making this wicked Match, you are oblig'd in Honour, to make it supportable to me. But above all, it will

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be requisite to be very ſecret, for ſhou'd my litigious Blade come to hear that I apply my ſelf to other Council, he might reject me for good and all, and ſo what I get in the Hundred, I muſt expect to loſe in the County.

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## Cirtion to Dictys.

*Out of the ſame, Epift. 7. Lib. 1.*

**D**Iſtracted between Joy and Grief, I write the following Lines to you: Yeſterday I was at my old Recreation of Fiſhing by the Sea-ſide, and as I was drawing a thundring Fiſh out of the Water, ſo very large that it made my Rod crack again, behold there comes up to me a pretty Damoſel, with a lovely mixture of Roſes and Lilies in her Cheeks, tall and ſtraight as a Cedar that likes the Ground it grows in. Thought I to my ſelf, I'm a lucky Dog to Day, Fortune favours me in both Elements, and now I am like to get a better Prize at Land than I drew juſt now out of the Water. Honest Friend, cries ſhe, I conjure you by *Neptune*, to look after my Cloaths a little, while I waſh my ſelf in the Sea. This Requeſt, you may imagine, was not unwelcome to me, becauſe it would give me an Opportunity to ſee ſomething. She had no ſooner thrown off her Rigging; but, good Heavens! there was a ſight enough to have ſpoiled the moſt Virtuous Reſolutions of the ſevereſt Philoſopher: From between her Hair, which was of a lovely Black, and flow'd down her Shoulders in great Quantity, I diſcover'd a pair of Roſie Cheeks, and an Ivory Neck, that wholly poſſeſt me with Admiration

and Surprize: Both these Colours were in the highest perfection, but they deriv'd no little agreement from the neighbourhood of the Black. To return to our Nymph, she had no sooner undress'd, but she plung'd foremost into the Waves; The Sea was as smooth as a Bowling-green, and when she appear'd above the Water, had I not seen her before, I durst have Sworn she had been one of the *Nereids*, of whom the Poets tell us so many Stories. When she had washed as long as she thought fit, out she came; and from such a Sight as this, our Painters, I suppose, were instructed how to draw *Venus* rising out of the Sea. I immediately ran to my lovely Damosel to deliver her her Cloaths, and when she was so near me, cou'd not forbear to touch her Bubbies, and so forth. But to see what ill Fate attends me! The young Gipsie blush'd and frown'd at me: But even her very Anger became her; it gave a fresh Lustre to her Beauty, and her Eyes darted Lightning at me. Then in her Indignation she broke my Rod, flung my Fish into the Sea, and ran away from me, as fast as her Legs would carry her. Imagine in what a Confusion she left me. I lamented the loss of what I had taken with so much Pains; but the loss of her, whom I had as it were in my Hands, afflicted me infinitely more. This Disappointment, in short, so mortifies me, that I dare no longer trust my self with the cruel Idea of it.



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Philochorus to Polyænus.

*Out of the same, Epist. 4. Lib. 1.*

**L**A S T Week *Hippias* and I were taking a turn in the Park, when on a sudden he thus accosted me: Friend, says he, prithee mind that Lady yonder that leans upon her Maid's Arm. How tall! how straight! how well-featur'd she is! By Heavens, She's a Miracle of a Woman: Let us e'en cross the Walk and accost her. Why, replied I to him, you're mad I think: Unless I am mistaken in her Outside, she's a Woman of Vertue, and consequently no Game for such as you and I; But if you resolve to proceed, let us view her a little more distinctly before we board her, for I love to look about me before I leap. My Companion fell a Laughing, as if he had been distracted, and striking me gently on the Shoulder, Thou'rt a Novice, said he, I find in these Affairs. Take it from me, all the Women in the World are made of sinful Materials. One may have more Hypocrisie than another, but if you put it home to her, I'll engage you'll find her made of true Flesh and Blood. But alas, you are a perfect Stranger to the Town-intrigues, otherwise how cou'd you imagine that any Woman of Honour wou'd be walking here at this time of the Day, and dart her Glances so artfully on all she meets? Prithee observe how she plays with her Necklace, how slyly she steals her pretty Hand out of her Glove; and as if she went to reform some Disorder in her Dress, how dexterously she discovers her Breasts? From these and a thousand  
other

other Indications I conclude that this Lady won't let a Man sigh at her Feet in vain; but what is more convincing, I now tipt the Wink at her, and she as kindly return'd it; therefore let us go and board the Vessel, for I dare engage she'll make no Resistance. He had no sooner spoke these Words, but he makes directly to the Prize, above mention'd, and finding a fit Opportunity he thus made his Addresses to her: I swear by your Beauty, the most sacred Oath to me that can be, you have made your self in a Moment the absolute Sovereign of my Heart; and if you please to order that Eves-dropping Maid of yours, to retire to some distance, I have something to communicate to you, which perhaps you will not be displeas'd to hear. She accordingly commanded her Attendant to file off, when the other in this manner pursued his Discourse. As I know that Love is no Camelion to live upon Air, I am not so unreasonable as to demand any Favours of you *Gratis*: And on the other hand, Madam, I am sure you are too conscientious to put too high a Price on them. Gold, you know, may be too dearly bought; but I hope you'll comply with the Running Market-Price; I have, Madam, two things to plead for me, Vigour and Wealth, but I would by my good Will husband both of them so, as to make them hold out: Come give me your Answer. The Lady's Eyes sufficiently declar'd the Consent of her Heart; she stood still and blush'd, and such a beautiful Red streak'd her Cheeks, as we find in the Heavens when the Sun is just a setting. When my Friend found the Bargain was now as good as struck, he turn'd about to me; And what do you think now of my Skill in these Affairs? you would have dissuaded me forsooth, from this Expedition, but now you see how I have succeeded; for, at the expence of a few Words and a little  
Time



Time I have brought the Nymph to surrender. You alas are such a Heretick, as to believe there are Women in the World above Flattery, Corruption and Bribery, but you are in a damn'd mistake; follow me, and I'll show you some Sport: but in the mean time take this for granted, That there is no Garrison so strong, and no Woman so obstinately Vertuous, but by one Practice or other, both maybe brought to take a new Master.

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## Lamprias to Philippides.

*Out of the same, Epist. 16. Lib. 1.*

**Y**OU remember me troubled with all the Symptoms of Love, and desire to know how I got cur'd of it; I us'd to entertain my Passion in the Fields and solitary Groves, which instead of abating, grew every Day fiercer, and raged more violently in my Breast. As I walk'd by the purling Streams, May *Cupid*, said I, and his Mother, (for they, and only they, know what Torments I languish under) give me Courage enough to make a Declaration of my Passion, which hitherto I have stifi'd within me. As Love has transfixt with his Darts this tender Breast of mine, so I hope he will in the same manner treat the fair Insensible, who has given me so many cruel Inquietudes. One Day it happen'd that after I had amused my self with these Contemplations in the Woods, I found I had Resolution enough to venture an Interview with my Mistress. I went accordingly to her House and had a long Conversation with her, wherein I found the Beauties of her Mind, to be not at all

in-

inferior to those of her Face: Her Looks wore all the bewitching Marks of the most agreeable Innocence; I admir'd her Hand, the whitest and softest in the World: I view'd with sacred Horror, those killing Eyes, that penetrate quicker and deeper than Lightning. To compleat my Ruin, she shew'd me a delicious pair of Breasts as it were by accident, on which the God of Love himself, would be proud to recline his Head. All this while my Tongue was tied with a religious Awe, and I had not Assurance enough to acquaint her with my Pain. However, I was very intent on my mental Devotion, and pray'd to *Cupid*, that since he knew my Imbecility so well (which I wholly imputed to himself) he would so effectually touch my Mistress's Heart, that she of her own accord, should own her Affection to me. I had no sooner concluded these pious Ejaculations, but I found the God had heard my Prayers; for my Mistress, who look'd so Coy and Demure at my first coming into the Room, on the sudden, smiled very graciously upon me, and gently squeez'd me by the Hand; and then no longer able to conceal the vehemence of her Desires, she imprest so warm a Kiss on my Lips, that I was in good hopes the Seal would never have parted from the Wax: All the Sweets of *Arabia the Happy*, all the fragrant Odours of the Eastern World, all the blooming Beauties of the Spring, and the Wealth of Summer: In short, all the Incense that is offer'd on the Altars of our Gods, comes infinitely short of the natural Sweetness of her Breath. But here I will stop my Narration, for what need I trouble my self to send every particular to you, who are old enough to imagine them of your self? Only this I will add, that we strove all Night-long, which of us should express their Love in the most Emphatical Manner; and that, that sawcy In-

tru-



truder, Sleep, found us too well employ'd to offer to interrupt us.

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## Philomatia to Emusus.

*Out of the same, Epist. 14. Lib. 1.*

**T**HIS comes to let you know that we are not so bewitched to Musick as you imagine, and that the best Lute and Guitarr in the World will make but little Progreſs, unleſs it comes attended with the more powerful Harmony of Money. Why then do you give your ſelf and me the unneceſſary trouble of ſo many Serenades? Why muſt you imploy your Hands to ſhew the Paſſion of your Heart? Why do you proſecute me with your Sonnets, and Sing under my Windows?

*Since Beauty's Charms do hourly fade,  
And 'tis a Shame to be a Maid;  
Let not Love's Pleaſures be delay'd.*

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You are old enough, one would think, to know that Money atones for all Defects with us Women, and that Beauty and Vigour have no Merit with us, if they have no Gold to recommend 'em: But you think me an eaſie, fooliſh, good-natur'd Creature, who am to be impos'd on by any wheedling Stories. You fancy'd, I ſuppoſe, that I never had been initiated in the Myſteries of our Profeſſion, and that I wou'd immediately ſurrender to you, upon the firſt ſtroak of your Violin, and the firſt touch of the Lute; but to undeceive you, know that I was bred up under the moſt experienc'd

perienc'd Mistress of her time; who formed my tender Mind with wholesome Precepts; telling me, that nothing under the Sun was sincere or desirable but Money; and teaching me to despise every thing but that. Under her Instructions, and by her virtuous Example, I have profited so much, that I now measure Love, not by vain empty Compliments, that signify nothing, but by the Presents that are made me, and by the Almighty Rhetorick of Gold, which will stand my Friend, when a thousand such fluttering Weather-cocks as you have left me in the Lurch.

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### Terpsion to Polycles.

*Out of the same, Epist. 7. Lib. 2.*

**T**O convince you how insensibly Love gets Admission into the most innocent Hearts, be pleas'd to read over the following Story: A young Country Girl, fell desperately in Love with her Mistress's Gallant, and took Fire her self, while she contributed to extinguish that of others. Being obliged to keep Watch upon the Stairs, lest the Lovers shou'd be surpriz'd, she cou'd not but often hear their Murmuring and Sighing: She saw 'em too folded in one anothers Embraces, performing the Ceremony of Love; and thus through the Eyes and Ears of this tender Girl, the God of Love, with his Torch and Arrows, plung'd himself over Head and Ears in her panting Breast. She bewailed the Unhappiness of her Condition, and accus'd her Destiny for giving her a Mind susceptible of the most tender Impressions, yet, denying her the Means to satisfy them:



Why shou'd not I, said she, participate Pleasure with my Mistress, since I have a Soul as sensible as hers? Why shou'd Love, that tramples over all Distinctions of Rank and Quality, shew himself faint-hearted only in my Quarrel? But she did not afflict herself with these unprofitable Complaints. *Venus* wou'd not suffer her to lose the the Time in lazy Wishes, for being sent one Afternoon to invite the Gallant to her Mistress's Lodgings, without any farther Preamble or Preface, she accosted him in this manner: *Sir*, said she, *I believe you to be a Gentleman, and willing to ease the the Longing of a young Virgin: if my Face will go down with you, that, and the rest of my Body are at your Service. You know well enough what it is to Love, and therefore will have Compassion, I hope, on one that languishes under that Distemper.* The Gentleman without farther ado, took her at her Word, and was so courteous as to play the Priest, since she was so willing to be the Sacrifice. He soon eased her of that Burden she complain'd of, and own'd that he ne'er receiv'd more Pleasure in his Life. The Kisses of married Women are generally insipid; the Kisses of mercenary Harlots are fallacious and deceitful; but those of an Innocent, Uninstructed Virgin are sincere, and consequently the most delicious. Our Lovers had like to have fainted away under the Violence of their Agitation; their Souls kept hovering about their Mouths, but their uninterrupted Kisses denied them a Passage While the golden Minutes pass'd away in these Transports, the Mistress, who was seiz'd with a Fit of Jealousy to see them stay so long, stole softly into the Room, and surprized them in very Criminal Circumstances. The unhappy Maid found the first Effects of her Indignation, whom she thump'd and beat, and dragg'd by the Hair; but the poor Wench  
intreat-

intreated her to consider, that tho' her ill Stars had sent her a Slave into the World, which was none of her Fault, she had as strong Inclinations as the best of her Sex: that Love was an Imperious Deity; and when he had once got Entrance into a Heart, would not throw up his Possession, as she herself could not but know by Experience. Wherefore, Madam, says she, in consideration of Love, who is our common Master, and whose Yoak both of us carry, be pleas'd to forgive this Indiscretion in me: which, after the worst Gloss you can put upon it, was only the Effect of a foolish Curiosity, from which the best of Women are not exempt. These Complaints so innocently deliver'd, soon appeas'd her Mistress's Fury, who, taking her Gallant by the Hand, thus rallied him; *I find*, cries she, *you are of the Humour of some People, who had rather gather sour Grapes, than stay till they are ripe. What could make you so foolishly trifle your time with a silly raw Baggage, that is so far from knowing how to perform her part in the Chorus of Love, that she does not yet understand how to level her Kisses aright? A Virgin is dull and heavy, and unacquainted with the true Management of a Passion; whereas such a Woman, as I am, that has tried many a fall with many a Man in her time, needs not the Instructions of any one, but gives the utmost Satisfaction. In short, a Woman gives, but a Virgin only receives Kisses, which makes a sensible Difference between them. And this, continued she to her Spark, you know well enough; but, if you want to have your Memory refresh'd, come to me to Night, and I will make you own I am in the right,*

What happen'd upon this, I can't tell, neither am I curious to know, because all Men affect to govern themselves by their own peculiar Palates, but especially in the Business of Love.



*A Letter of Gallantry, from a young Gentleman, to his Perjur'd Mistress.*

*Out of the same, Epist. 9. Lib. 2.*

**I**F you consider, Madam, what ill Treatment, I have had from your Hands, you are in the right on't to believe that I hate you most mortally; but then if you reflect what an absolute Empire your Beauty has gain'd over my Soul, you can't but be sensible that it is impossible for me to harbour the least injurious Thought of you. To convince you how far I interest my self in every thing that concerns you, I swear to you by that adorable Face, which hath made so perfect a Conquest of me, That next to the Grief of losing you, I am in the next place concern'd to think what Punishments Heaven has in store for you, for affronting it by so open, so bare-fac'd a Perjury. Love has so effectually stiff'd all Resentments within me, that I dare not entertain the least disadvantageous Wishes against you. But tho' I am ready to forgive you, I am afraid least the Powers above shou'd call you to an account for violating their Majesty by a Crime so provoking. If the thing wholly depended on me, you might safely stare Heaven in the Face, after you have so often called down its Vengeance on your Head; but my Fear is, (and my Concern for you, obliges me to tell you so much) that the Gods will not be so ready to Pardon you, as I have been; and any Misfortune of yours wou'd afflict me more, than to find my self neglected and forgotten by you. I impute my Miseries to Destiny, not to you, (you see, Madam, I would rather judge injuriously of Heaven than of your self) and I will never cease

to Pray, that Justice itself may be blind, that so you may escape the Punishment you deserve, rather than those bright Eyes should suffer any thing, tho' they have caus'd my Ruin. Nay, if it should be your chance to trespass once more, and offend Heaven again, I hope it will have a due Regard to the Weakness of your Youth. I am content to Sacrifice my Pretensions to you; I, who wou'd sooner part with the *Indies* than your self, provided that you wou'd be no Sufferer. Farewel charming Creature, farewel; and may Fate be as indulgent to you, as I have been: Show me now, if you can, a Lover like me, who after such cruel Usage ever writ so humble a Letter.

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### Abrocomas to his dear Delphis.

*Out of the same, Epist. 21. Lib. 2.*

**Y**OU'll be angry perhaps at the frank Confession I am going to make to you. I examine with curious Eyes all the Women I see, I go to all the places of publick Resort, and no Female escapes me; pray, Madam, don't think I do this to carry on any Intrigue with 'em (for I wou'd not have you put so unjust a Construction upon my Expressions) 'tis only to see how much your Beauty surpasses theirs, and to be able to do the more Justice to your Merits. Yes, Madam, by *Cupid* I swear it, who never had a devouter Votary than my self, you surpass the rest of your Sex in Dress, Beauty, and all other Agreements: Your Charms are so conspicuous and shining, that they need no Artifice to set 'em off: A natural Red adorns your Cheeks; neither do you lie under any necessity to load your Head with that

cum-



cumberfome Attire, other Women take a Pride in. You have the loveliest Hair in the Universe; Who can behold fo black a pair of Eye-brows, in fo fair and white a Fore-head, and not own himfelf your Slave? I dare not trust my Invention, as fertile as it is, with venturing upon more Particulars. In fhort, Madam, all the Perfections of your Sex center in you; and your Empire is never fo fafe, as when you appear among our moft celebrated Beauties. Your Sight alone, as it creates our Astonishment, fo it commands our Love; and to make a new Triumph, you need only appear to a new Beholder. Since my Life is intirely wrapt up in yours, I wifh you may live long and happy. All my Inclinations, all my Hopes and Thoughts terminate in you; and I earneftly beg of Heaven, that I may always continue in this Opinion. Enjoy that Conqueft therefore which Nature has given you, and I will everlaftingly carry Love's Golden Dart in my Breast. Neither do you endeavour to pluck it out, for befides that, you are not able to do it, I don't defire to part with it, for I take Pleafure in nothing fo much as in my Paffion. May it always be the Scope of my whole Life to love *Delphis*, and may it be my Fate to be belov'd by her, to be fubdu'd by her Beauty, and charm'd by her Converfation.

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## Oceanius to Aristobulus.

*Out of the fame, Epift. 20. Lib. 2.*

**Y**OU defire to know what Progreff our Friend *Damon* has made in the Affections of his Miftrefs whom he hath fo long befieg'd, and

I am sorry I cannot send you so good News as I cou'd wish: He threw himself down at her Feet, and in the common strain of Lovers; will you not, says he, take compassion on my Youth? Will you not pity one that dies every Moment for you? Show at least some Tendernefs to the Man, who never was conquer'd by any Beauty but yours? But she return'd him a Compliment, as cold as if it had come out of the midst of *Tartary*: Leave persecuting me, says she, with idle Stories of your Passion, with your pretended Darts, and your Romantick Flames, for you do but lose your Time and Labour. The Youth was reduc'd to the last Despair, when he found himself thus slighted, and as Anger on these Occasions generally succeeds to Love, he said the most reproachful bitter things to her, that his Indignation cou'd inspire him with. When his Fury had spent it self, looking upon him with a scornful Air, I know, says she, how to punish the Insolencies of your Tongue: All your Sex are perfidious and false; You devour us, nay, you devour one another. The most savage Beasts in the Woods, unless compell'd by Hunger, seldom attack the Travellers, but when they are taken by you, and have been debauch'd with a Domestic Education, they prove erranter Brutes than any in the Forest; to be short with you, your Perjury and Inconstance teach us to lay aside all Pity, and treat you as you deserve: for in the first Ardors of your Love, you can lie all Night at our Thresholds on the bare Ground; you can say the most submissive things in the World; you can whine and cry, and make Goddesses of us; you have Oaths perpetually at Command, and with those Counters you deceive us; but no sooner have we granted the last Favours to you, but you grow insolent and haughty; you make us the Subject of your ill-manner'd Mirth, and you disdainfully reject her, whom



whom the day before you adored like a Divinity. You are all Atheists as to Love, and pretend that *Jupiter* has other Business on his Hands, than to trouble himself about the Oaths of Lovers.

Thus the Lady discarded the unfortunate *Lyco*; and, as partial as I am to my Friend, I cannot but own there is a great deal of Truth in her Invektive.

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## Chrysis to Myrina.

*Out of the same, Epist. 15. Lib. 11.*

**Y**OU and I, my dearest *Myrina*, have long languish'd under the Tyranny of *Cupid*, who is the most Fantastical of all the Deities. You are in Love with my Husband, and 'tis my unhappy Destiny, (But who can resist the God who commands all the rest?) to doat on your Page. What Expedient will Love, who uses to be no Blockhead when he is put to his Shifts, what Expedient, I say, will Love find out to put an end to our present Sufferings? You know I am a constant Woman at Prayers, and if a Woman ever prays for any thing in good earnest, you likewise know, 'tis when she prays for a kind Gallant. Now to be plain with you, I put up a fervent Petition to Heaven this Morning, that it wou'd furnish a Remedy for both our Passions; when immediately the following Thought came into my Head: I won't be positive, as our Priests generally are, that this Whimsy of mine is of Heaven's inspiring; but it seems so easy, so pretty, and so feasible, that I am resolv'd with your help to see it put in Execution.

The Stratagem in short is this: Do you pretend to be very angry with your Page, upon what Occasion you think most proper, whether for tearing your Fan, beating your Squirrel, or so forth, but be sure to turn him out of your House. The better

to colour this Business, I will give you leave to strike him a Blow or two, but I article before-hand with you, that you sha'n't hurt him. Upon this I know he will immeniately run to me, as being your greatest Acquaintance, and I will take care to dispatch my Husband on an Errand to you, under pretence of interceeding for the Boy, that you wou'd be so kind as to take him into your Service again. By this means both of us will have a fair Opportunity to satisfie our Longings, which, for my part, I will see punctuallly perform'd, unless your Page is a very ignorant Devil indeed; and I suppose you will not be wanting to your self. But, my dear *Myrina*, remember to keep my Husband with you as long as you can, for that you know will be for our mutual Interest. I can tell you before-hand, that you will not be disappointed in my Spark; I that have so often experienc'd how well he performs upon Duty, am satisfy'd he'll out-do a Hero, when Wickedness spurs him on. *Farewel.*

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## Stesichorus to Eratosthenes.

*Out of the same, Epist. 9. Lib. 1.*

**T**O see now what cunning Gipsies these Women are! T'other Day a certain Woman of my Acquaintance, walking in the Market-place with her Husband by her side, and a Train of Servants at her Heels, saw a Gallant of hers at some distance off, with whom she used to be familiar. She had a mighty Longing to whisper something in his Ear, and if possible, to steal a Kiss from him before her Husband's Face; so to bring the matter about, she pretends to fall upon her Knee, and her Gallant, who, as it seem'd, understood her Design, charitably lent her his Hand to help her



up : Then down she tumbles again, and our Gentleman was forced the second time to give her his Assistance. Oh ! my poor Wife, cries the Cuckold, in a strange Consternation, I hope thou hast not hurt thy self. Troubled with such cruel Fits, cry'd she ; and then she made a third Stumble. The Gallant on one side, and the Husband on the other, did what in 'em lay to set her on her Legs again ; but as her Fits still increast, the Husband, with the help of the kind Gentleman, was obliged to carry her to the next Tavern : The Gallant chafed her Hand, and rubb'd her Face ; and all the while the Fellow thank'd him for the great pains he took with his Wife : but finding her Indisposition still increase, he ran down Stairs like Lightning to fetch a Physician of his Acquaintance to her, not daring to trust his Servants with so important a Message. In the mean time, our Lovers were not wanting to administer mutual Consolation to each other : So by that time the Husband came back with his Doctor, his Wife was exceedingly refreshed. The Gallant was complimented a thousand times for his Civilities on this Occasion : Sir, says the Man, I heartily beg your Pardon for the Trouble my Wife has given you. Lord, Sir, answer'd he, if it was to do ten times again, it would be no trouble. But indeed 'twas too much, Sir. I 'faith, cries the other, I don't think I can ever do too much for her. I swear but you have, says the Husband ; I find she hath put you into a Sweat with helping her. In short they drank a loving Glass together ; the Wife pretended she was twenty *per Cent.* better than when she set out in the Morning ; the Gallant was highly satisfy'd with what he had done, and the Husband the merriest Man alive, to see his Wife so miraculously recover'd.

*The End of the First Part of Aristænetus's Epistles.*

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A  
Choice Collection  
OF  
Select LETTERS  
OUT OF  
*ARISTÆNETUS.*

Epist. II. Lib. I.

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In two PARTS.

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*Translated from the GREEK, by Mr. THO.  
BROWN.*

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*About a Lady that consented to grant her Lover  
every thing but the last Favour.*

**Y**OU have heard of several fantastick Effects that *Love* has produc'd in the World: But I am going to tell you of One which will surprize you more than all the rest; for my part I never heard of the like before. *Architeles*, to whose Person and Character I suppose you are no Stranger, has for this good while been most furiously in love with *Telesippe*. It was not without a great deal of Importunity, that



that she was prevail'd upon to admit him into her *Company*; at last she suffer'd it, but has tied the poor *Young Fellow* to such hard Conditions, that 'tis a *Miracle* to me how he could *comply* with them. Young Man, says she, I give you leave to kiss me as often as you please; nay, to touch my *Breasts*, to squeeze my *Hands*, to *caress* and *hugg* me, even when my *Stays* are off; but as for *Marriage*, I would not have you so vain as ever to *think* or *dream* of it, lest you should *forfeit* these Privileges, and force me to *discard* you my Service. Be it then as my *Queen* would have it, replies *Architeles*; if you are pleas'd, I am resolv'd to be so, and shall think you *reward* my past Sufferings more than they deserve, if you will vouchsafe me a kind *Look* now and then, and sometime honour me with your Conversation. But, Madam, may I make so bold as to ask you, why you *forbid* me to think of *Marriage*? For a hundred and twenty *Reasons*, replies the *Lady*; but at present I shall only give you *one*, which you must own to be *sufficient*. *Matrimony*, like some sort of *grotesque Painting*, looks well enough when you view it at a *distance*; but when you come up *close* to it, the *Courseness* of the Daubing is enough to turn ones Stomach. *Hymen* puts the flattering End of his *magnifying* Glasse into the Hand of all his *Customers*, which makes them see a thousand more *Charms* in their *Mistresses* than they *really* possess; and this is the Reason why most of them repent of their *Bargain*, when they find it so *wretchedly* disappoint their *Expectations*, and throw away the *Romance* after they have once *read* it. *Enjoyment* as *naturally* begets *Disgust*, as *Disgust* concludes in *Hatred*; and a Man that would have *pawn'd* his Soul to obtain one *favourable* Glance from his *Mistress* before he was *married* to her, flights and undervalues her when he has her in his Power. Be-

sides,

sides, there's no trusting to you young Fellows : You are as inconstant as *Weathercocks* ; and 'tis as impossible to *secure* you, as to *fix Mercury* : She that passes for a *Goddess* with you to Day, ten to one but you make a *Fury* of her before the Week is over. In short, Expectation keeps Love *alive* ; but *Enjoyment* kills it beyond all possibility of a *Resurrection*. Thus you see what a *narrow Circle* this *Imperious Devil* has confin'd the Unfortunate *Architeles*. He lives with his Mistress in no better a Post than an *Eunuch* would do ; nay, I much question whether she does not grant some Favours to her *Monkey* and *Lap-Dog*, which she refuses him. For my part, I wonder he does not *rebel*, and throw off a *Tyrant* that treats him so *rigorously*, and imposes that as a *Diversion* upon him, which *Antiquity* made to pass for one of the greatest Punishments in Hell. To *touch* and *see*, and yet be *forbidden* to *taste*, is certainly the greatest of all Curses !

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## Euxitheus to Pythias.

Epist. 2. Lib. 2.

*A Gentleman falls in Love with a pretty Lady at Church, and sends her this merry Love Letter.*

WELL, Madam, for your sake I believe I shall never like a *Church* so long as I live. People use to go to those Places to *pray off* their Misfortunes ; but for my part I have pray'd my self into such a Peck of *Troubles*, that only *Jove* and *You* ; no, I beg your Pardon, only *You* and *Jove* can tell when I shall get clear of them : For alas ! while with my *Hands* and *Eyes* most devout-  
ly



ly lifted up, I was as *busie* at my *Prayers* as a Lawyer at his *Papers*, I found my self all on a sudden shot thro' the Heart, Liver, Pluck, and all, by that confounded Dog of an Archer *Cupid*: For, Madam, turning my self to the Right, who should I happen to see but your *Ladyship*? and I no sooner saw your *Ladyship*, but those everlasting *Murderers*, your *Twinklers*, pink'd and stabb'd me in a thousand Parts of my Body. I endeavour'd to *remove* my Eyes from an Object that would not allow me time to say my *Prayers*: For, Madam, you must know I am plaguy *Religious* in my Nature; but the Devil a jot my *Eyes* wou'd obey me: So on I gaz'd, and star'd without *Intermission*, while the rest of the People went on with their Devotions: And, Madam, when you perceiv'd that my *Eyes* made so familiar with your Divine Countenance, like the rest of your *Cruel Sex*, that take a Pleasure in *mortifying* us poor Men, you threw your *Hood* over your Face, and not content with that, turned your self another way; nor was that all, but you clapt your *unrighteous* Hand upon your *Seraphical* Cheek, only leaving a small part of it not much bigger than a Patch, as our Ladies now wear them, to be seen, which however was enough to do my Business *effectually*. Now, Madam, let me ask you one civil Question. Will you be pleas'd to take into your Service a *Slave* that is ambitious of living and dying for your sake: and who would rather chuse to carry your *Chains*, than enjoy a dull lazy *Liberty*, or be the greatest *Monarch* in the Universe. I can't tell whether *Jupiter* is alter'd of late; but by *Jove* I dare swear, that even *Jupiter* himself would leave his *Heavenly Mansion*, and put himself once more to the Expence of a *Golden Shower*; but what makes me talk of a *Golden Shower*? I dare swear that he would take any *Form* or *Shape* upon him, even that of a *Bellows-mender*, a  
Broom-

Broom-Man, or a Chimney-sweeper, only to have the *Privilege* of making you a small Visit. But, Madam, to let *Jupiter* alone, (*nam quæ supra nos, nihil ad nos*) and to return to my self; I could wish you would give me as *just* an Occasion to speak *well* of your *Good Nature*, as you have given me to extol your *Beauty*: For, under the Rose, *my Dear*, it would be a most *horrid* and *lamentable* thing, if your cruel *Treatment* should fright back the Lover, whom your *Charms* have gain'd you. Since you have spoil'd my *Devotion* at *Church*, I'll e'en try how can pray at *home*: And O ye Gods! that any one of you would be so tender-hearted as to *assist* and *promote* the Amours of the most *passionate* Wretch that ever drunk his Mistress's *Health* out of a Slipper; or told his *Pain* in the Woods to those *compassionate* Gentlemen the *Trees*: And as for you, *Charming Damsel*, I am ready to *swear* to you by what *God* or *Goddeß* in the Firmament you please: Or rather, if you'll take my Word without *swearing*, I will pray to every *Divinity*, that so long as you *vouchsafe* to be the *Sovereign Lady* of my Heart (and may that be so long as both of us *live*; and may both of us *live* as long as we are able to *enjoy* and *look at* one another,) I may take a *Pride* in wearing your *Fetters*, and being

*Your most obsequious Vassal.*

Al-



## Alciphron to Lucian.

## Ep. 5. Lib. 1.

*How a Woman put a Trick upon her Husband who had surpriz'd her at a publick Entertainment, and made him glad to buy his Peace with her at any rate.*

**T**'Other Day so merry an Adventure hap'ned at our End of the Town, that I can't for the Heart of me forbear to send you a short Account of it. We had a publick Entertainment, you must know, in the Suburbs, to which *Charidemus* invited several of his *Friends*: Amongst the rest, there was a certain *Lady* (you'll excuse me, if I don't think it proper to give you her *Name*) whom that *Latitudinarian* of a Lover *Charidemus*, who flies boldly at all *Game*, meeting accidentally in the Street, as he was upon the *hunt*, must needs oblige to sup with him. After all the *Guests* were arriv'd, the *Master* of the *Feast* comes into the Room, spruc'd up as fine as a *Lord*, and brought with him an old venerable Gentleman, who it seems was his Friend. Our young Female no sooner saw him come into the Room, but immediately she flew into the next *Apartment*, and sending for *Charidemus* to come to her; Lord! says she, what have you done? You have utterly ruined me: That old Fellow you brought along with you is my *Husband*, the most jealous, ill-natured, yellow-pated Dog, that ever was known, and as surly and peevish as he is jealous; he certainly knew me by my *Mantua*, for 'tis not a full Week since he gave it me; and I perceived he kept his Eyes incessantly upon it, so that when he comes home, our House

will

will be *untiled*, that's certain ; and if I escape with the *Loss* of a Leg or an Arm, I come off cheaper than I expect ; but after all, says she, perhaps *Ways* and *Means* may be found to put the *Doctor* upon the Old Prig : Be you therefore so kind as to send me out of hand a Plate-full of *Victuals* to my House, and I warrant you I'll manage my *Tyrant* rarely, and make him as *meek* as a Lamb before I have done with him. 'Twas no sooner propos'd, but agreed upon : so she took the shortest Cut to her House, that she might get thither before her Ancient *Lord* and *Master* ; and taking a Neighbour's Wife along with her, both of 'em laid their Heads together how they might best *dumfound* the jealous Coxcomb. They were hardly got within doors, but in comes Sir *Fumble* the *Cholerick*, roaring and swearing like a *Dragon*, and calling the Wife of his Bosom a thousand *Whores* and *Strumpets*. Well, you insatiable *Cockatrice*, says he, I'll put it out of your Power to abuse me or my Bed any longer : My *Eyes* are not so bad, but I knew you well enough to night by your *Mantua* ; but I'm resolv'd to spoil your *Gadding* abroad for the future. With that he ran *furiously* to his *Sword*, when the other Woman, who had retired into the next Chamber, *pops* very *seasonably* into the Room : Neighbour. cries she, here is your *Mantua* again, and I give you a thousand Thanks for the Use of it. I was invited out to an Entertainment this Afternoon, which made me make so bold with you : And pray Madam, be so kind as to *accept* of something that I have brought you : with that she uncovers the Plate, and sets it before her. When our old *musty Cuckold* saw this, the Sky *clear'd* up with him in a trice ; his Suspicions vanish'd, his Jealousy was *non-plus'd* ; nay, the Scene was so *wonderfully* chang'd, that from a haughty imperious *Tyrant*, he became the most *obsequious* Slave that might



might be. Dear Fubsee, cries he, I own I was in the wrong; but what shall I say? the best of us may be sometimes *mistaken*; truly, truly, I was *besides* my self; my Passion had made me as *blind* as a Beetle: But prithee dear Wife, lay a *Fine* upon me, and see it be a good *heavy Fine* too, a Neck-lace of Pearl, a new Gown and Petticoat, or some such matter; for I am resolved to *purchase* my *Peace* with thee, let it *cost* me what it will: But what a *Mercy* was it, my pretty *Pigsnye*, that our Neighbour should come in so *luckily*, and thereby prevent the *Effusion* of my dear Spouse's *Blood*. Thus the old Gentleman *humbled* himself before his Wife; and to show his *Gratitude* for this strange *Deliverance*, must needs go to *Church* immediately. His *pious* Wife made her best use of this *Opportunity*, sends for her *Gallant*, and *Cuckolds* her Husband, that now he might have occasion to thank Heaven for somewhat.

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## Hermocrates to Euphorion.

Ep. 6. Lib. 1.

*The great Danger a Man runs of finding himself disappointed when he marries, confirmed by the Story of a young Girl, that began to trade for her self very soon.*

**T**O show you how *soon* the Women of this Age grow ripe, as likewise to *deter* you from committing *Matrimony*, till you have made a due *Enquiry* into all Matters, suffer me to *entertain* you with the following *Story*. A Gentleman's Daughter of my Acquaintance surpriz'd her Nurse the other Morning with the following *Confession*:  
Nurse,

Nurse, says she, if you will give me your Word, and promise that you will never talk on't again, I have a *Secret* to impart to you which *highly* concerns me. The *Nurse* swore by all that was good and sacred, by the never-failing *Brandy-Bottle*, and the comfortable *Sack-Posset*, that it should never go out of her Lips. Upon this, the young Girl *blushing* very prettily, to tell you the Truth, Nurse, cries she, I have lost my *Maidenhead*. How, says the old Gentlewoman, have you parted with that precious *Treasure*? Upon that she tore her *Hair*, wrung her *Hands*, stamp'd the Ground with both Feet, and *laid on* as if she had been distracted. For God's sake, Nurse, says the young Gipsy, don't make such a *Noise*, lest the Folks in the House should over-hear us. You *promised*, did you not, to *keep* my Council? why then do you make all this *Pother*, as if you designed to betray me? And, Nurse, to let you see I am not so *guilty* as you take me, tho' I was ready to die for Love, yet I did not *surrender* up my *All* on the sudden; no, I disputed every Inch of *Ground* with my Gallant; but alas! I found all this *Strugling* was to little purpose; I was of *twenty* Minds in an Hour; and thus I *expostulated* with my self: Shall I *obey* the Dictates of Love, or bid *Defiance* to him? Shall I consult my *Pleasure*, or preserve my *Reputation*? Both are in my *Power*. But alas! I find a Woman has no *Free-will* in these Matters, the *Bias* on Nature's side runs so strong; and *Honour* is an unequal Match for *Inclination* at any Hour of the *Day*, but especially of the *Night*. What helpt to *inflame* my Passion, was the very Opposition I made to it; so that having held out about a Month, it was not in the power of frail *Flesh* and *Blood* to sustain the Siege any longer. When she had done her Story, this is *lamentable* News, replied the old *Beldam*; You have dishonoured my *Grey Hairs*, and broke thro'

all.



all the wholesome *Admonitions* I have given you: But, Miss, since (as the Proverb has it) *What is once done, is never to be undone*; all the Advice I can give you at present, Miss, is to forbear this Pastime, Miss, for the time to come, till the *Holy Priest* has join'd you to some *Husband*, and then you may fall on a *God's Name*, and take your *Belly* full; for, mind me, Miss, should you do this *naughty* thing again with your Spark, ten to one, Miss, but your Apron-strings would rise up to your *Chin*, and tell strange Tales of you. This would enrage your Father, break the Heart of your Mother, and *expose* you, Miss, to the malicious Mirth of all the *Neighbourhood*: But, Miss, I trust in Heaven, that before any thing of this *happens*, Providence will find out for you a good Pains-taking *Husband*; and I hope your Father has got your *Portion* ready to strike the first fair *Chapman* that bids for you. So then, Mother, cries the Girl, jumping and frisking about her, I have nothing more to fear, have I? No, cries the Nurse, for this bout, Miss, I hope you have nothing more to *fear*: And when you come to be *married*, Miss, leave every thing to my *Conduct*: For, Miss, do you see, I'll manage *Matters* so for you, that, Miss, tho' your Husband could see as far into a Mill-stone as the best *Philosopher* of them all; nay, tho' he were a *Man-midwife*, and a *Conjurer* into the bargain, yet, Miss, he should never suspect you: And if he has any Skill in these Matters, his very *Skill* shall help to cheat him. This virtuous *Discourse* past between the old *Woman* and our young *Hartet* in a private *Arbour* in the Garden, and was *accidentally* over-heard by one of my Servants. Judge then, my worthy Friend, what a cruel *Risque* we poor Men run, that venture into the *Terra incognita* of *Matrimony*; when our *Females* are debauch'd before they

get into their *Teens*, and *know* Man almost as soon as they can tell their Right-hand from their Left : So that if the Age *goes* on after this wicked rate, as it has *begun*, a Man that is resolv'd to have a *Maidenhead*, must chuse his *Wife* out of the *Cradle*, or at best, be *content* to take her in a *Bib* and long *Coats* ; but a word to the *Wife* is sufficient.

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## Eubulides to Sostratus.

Ep. 12. Lib. 2.

*That 'tis Folly for a Man to marry a Woman beneath himself, out of hopes that she'll make a dutiful Wife, which is confirm'd by an Instance to that purpose.*

**I**T seems you are not convinc'd by what I said to you in our last *Conversation*, therefore I once more affirm it ; and you may believe your *Friend*, who has found it to be so by woful *Experience*, that a *perverse* froward Woman is never to be mended : even *Poverty*, that uses to humble the haughtiest *Tyrants*, cannot correct their *Insolence*, or make them tractable to their *Husbands* ; of which sad Truth I am a living *Testimony* : for like a silly Blockhead as I was, I married a Woman with not a Groat to her *Portion*, thinking I should live *easier* with one whom I prefer'd as it were from a *Dunghil* to my *Bed*, than with one that was more suitable to my *Quality* and *Estate*, who perhaps might presume upon her *Family* and the *Fortune* she brought me. I lov'd her, tho' a *Serving-maid*, with the truest *Passion* imaginable ; I was concerned to see so pretty a Creature undergo such vile *Drudgery* ; I pitied the Meanness of her Condition ; and as *Pity* easily



sily improves into *Love*, (which was a piece of *Natural Philosophy* I then was unacquainted with) I pitied and pitied her still, till at last I fell up to the Ears in love: Thought I to my self, the *Duce* is in't if a Woman, who has so many *Obligations* to her *Husband*, will not make the most *dutiful* Spouse in the *Universe*; but I was *lamentably* mistaken in my *Politicks*; for tho' she had scarce Cloaths to her Back, when I took her for better for worse; yet now she is more insolent and ill-manner'd than if she had brought her weight in *Gold* with her. In short, the *Devil* can't match her for *Envy*, *Malice*, and *Ingratitude*: Her *Passion* sometimes transports her so, that she *threatens* to drub my Jacket. 'Tis true, she has not as yet been so good as her word; for which I may thank her *Fear*, and not her want of *Will*: However she pretends to controul and contradict me in *every thing*, and neither fears me as her *Husband*, nor respects me as her *Patron*. This, my dear Friend, is *all* the *Portion* I have had with her, tho', now I think on't, I must do her the justice to own, that she brought a Gown with her, but sobepatch'd and betatter'd, I'll warrant you, that it had been two hundred Years out of *Fashion*; but now no Cloaths are *good* enough for her; and every other Week forsooth, she must have a *new* Gown and Petticoat, as if she studied all the ways in the World to *ruin* me, and bring me to a *Gaol*. Were my Estate ten times *greater* than it is, she would soon bring it to *nothing* by her boundless *Prodigality*: 'Tis to no purpose to tell her what will be the Effects of her *Vanity*. T'other Morning, as she was *importuning* me upon the old score for a *New* Gown; my Dear, said I to her, Prithoe do but behold this Coat of mine; it has served me a whole *Twelvemonth*, and yet I can make a *shift* with it still; in good faith you will

undo me, if you go on after this rate. *Undo* you? cries she to me so loud, that you might have heard her a Mile off; You are *like* indeed to be undone by my *expensive* living: there's never a Woman in Town but goes better drest than myself, tho' their *Husbands* are nothing near so well able to bear it: And, Mr. *Thrifty*, how long do you think I have worn this Mantua? 'Tis about a Fortnight old, reply'd I: Look you there, cries this *Instrument* of Hell, as I hope for Salvation I have had it a full Month; but every thing I find is too good for your *loving* Wife. With that she fell a *roaring* and *crying*, as if she intended to exhaust all the radical Moisture in her *Body*. Now, what would you advise me to do in this Case? For my part, I see no other way left me but to belabour her Sides with a good *Oaken Cudgel* at parting, turn her out of *Doors*, and bid her make the *best* of her way to *Hell*, rather than she shall squander all I have, and send me to an Hospital. I know by Experience, that the *more* a Man bears with an *imperious* Woman, the more she will *ride* him; and that a true *Scold* is no more to be cur'd than a vicious Constitution, which turns the best *Aliments* into Poison: Therefore I am resolv'd she shall *troop*, and be a *Thorn* in my Foot no longer. This is *fully* concluded between me and my *self*, *ne-mine contradicente*; and as for my *Dear Spouse*, she may travel with her Band-Box wherever she pleases; and whether she *hangs* or *drowns* her self in her great Discretion, 'tis all one to

Your humble Servant.

Epi-



## Epimenides to Agrinota.

Ep. 17. Lib. 2.

*A Letter of Gallantry to a married Woman.*

**I** Protest, Madam, you advise one like any Oracle: Your *Exhortations* are the soberest things in the World, by the same token, I never *think* of them, but they *wonderfully* affect me. The last time I had the Honour of your *Company*, you were pleas'd to ask me when I intended to raise the *Siege*, and leave off *persecuting* you, adding, that you had an honest Man to your *Husband*, and would sooner *lose* your *Life*, and all that, than *violate* his *Bed*? After this, Madam, you *very discreetly* counselled me to fly the *Country*, lest he should find me *prowling* in his *Territories*, and cut my *Throat* for endeavouring to *fortifie* his *Head*. Now, Madam, as I hinted above, you have a most excellent *Hand* at *advising*, but you must give me leave to tell you that you were never in *Love*, nay, that you never saw a *Lover* in your *Life*; for your *Language* shews that you are a perfect *Stranger* to these *Matters*. You tell me that you have a *Husband*; why, what care I if there were a *thousand* of 'em; for then there would be so many the more to *Cuckold*? A true *Lover* is as great a *Stranger* to *Fear*, as he is to *Modesty*. Break your *Fan* about his *Ears*; set your *Lap-Dog*, *Squirrel* and *Monkey* all at once upon him, turn him out of *doors*; call him a hundred *saucy Fellows*, and fling your *Chamber-pot* at him; yet all this won't hinder him from making a second *Attack*: Fright him with a *Bully* of a *Husband*.

eight foot high; nay, set *Death* before his Face, he'll break thro' all Difficulties, and sail against *Wind* and *Tide*, to arrive at his expected *Port*. *Venus* is infinitely more honoured by these noble *Resolutions*, than by all the Incense and Victims that her other Votaries present to her. So, Madam, you may save your self the trouble of giving me any more wholesome *Admonitions*; for, upon my word, they are not like to edifie with me. Having made these Advances, I scorn to listen to the Suggestions of so treacherous a Privy-Counsellour as *Fear*; and have resolved either to take the Town by *Storm*, or else to die in the *Trenches*, or do something that's worse: You may dissuade me to the contrary, till your *Lungs* are tired; but my *Heart* whispers me to keep my Ground; and for your sake I have bound my self by an Oath, either to fall in your Quarrel, or else to cure my *Love* by *marrying*: For I have been told that *Marriage* is as effectual a Cure for *Love*, as *Beheading* is for the *Tooth-Ach*. But, Madam, I hope you'll not put me upon such cruel *Extremities*. In the mean time, Oh, thou most charming of all Women! don't entertain such wicked Sentiments as to think that these are *Compliments* of course, and no better. You must be a rank *Infidel* to distrust me after so frank a *Declaration*: For, as I hope to be happy in your *Embraces*, my *Pen* is *Secretary* to my *Heart*, and writes nothing but what that dictates to it.

Farewell.



## Ælianus to Calyca.

Ep. 1. Lib. 2.

*A young Gentleman had fallen out with his Mistress; and a Friend of his endeavours in this Letter to re-establish him in her good Graces: And the better to bring it about, tells her that he shall bring his Pockets lined with Gold; which Argument, they say, never yet failed with any Woman of any Age, Religion or Country whatsoever.*

**I** Have presumed to write to you this Letter in behalf of my Friend *Charidemus*; and if my Eloquence could come up to the height of his *Passion*, I should not much doubt of carrying my Point with you. This young Gentleman has been long your *Adorer*; and unless you propose a speedy Cure to his *Pain*, I am afraid will not continue long in the Land of the Living. At present he is a *walking Skeleton*, and I leave it to you to consider what Credit it will be for you to send one, who is a *Ghost* already, to his Brethren below. For my part, I daily put it up in my *Prayers*, that Bloodshed may never be laid to your Charge; and that so beautiful a Face as *yours* may never be indicted at Heaven's *Old-Baily* for Murther. You are *angry* with the young Spark I know, and perhaps he has merited your Indignation: But if his *Youth* will not plead for his *past* Errors, yet remember he has done *Penance* enough by being banished your Company so long. As you are only *inferiour* to the Goddess of *Beauty*, perhaps it may not be amiss for you to try to imitate her: 'Tis true she has her *Fire*, and carries her *Darts* about

her; but her *Fire* is gentle, not devouring, and her *Darts* are reserv'd for those that despise, not for those that adore her. You are not content to set us on *fire* by your *Sight*, but wound us even with your *Absence*. Now where would the *harm* on't be, to heal the Wounded by a *kind* Glance, and to soften that *Flame*, which your *Cruelty* first kindled? So far, Madam, I have talked to you in the Language of an *Interceder*; now give me leave to say a Word or two to you as an *Adviser*. I know indeed that it is no ill *Policy* for a Woman to make her *Lover* now and then smart by her *Disdain*; because it not only puts an *Edge* upon his *Appetite*, but keeps him in his *Duty*; but then there is danger in carrying this Point too far: For as *Satiety* is apt to *cloy*, so too severe a *Treatment* generally disgusts him. Who knows too but it may make him bestow his *Applications* elsewhere, where he has a fairer Prospect of succeeding? *Cupid* comes and goes away in a Minute; where he hopes there he *settles* his Quarters; make him *despair*, and he *abandons* them in an instant: For this reason a Lady that would *secure* her Lover to her self, ought to manage her Game *cautiously*; and altho' she is not inclined to grant him the last *Favours* as often as he demands them, to afford him at least so *slender* and so *cheap* a Diet as *Hope*. To deal plainly with you, Madam, several of your Sex have been laying out for my *Friend* already; and one that shall be nameless, had *certainly* drawn him into her *Toyl*, if he had *firmly* resolved to forget all Womankind for you. As for those *fluttering* Coxcombs that make love to all the *Females* they meet, and adore all Faces alike, you may receive them in what manner you think fit; but a sincere Lover, like my *Friend*, ought to be used *sincerely*, and treated upon the square: Therefore, Madam, let me advise you  
to



to keep within due Bounds, lest you *crack* the Line by endeavouring to *stretch* it; and let not your Discretion degenerate into *Pride*. You need not be informed what a Pleasure the World takes to mortifie the *Haughty*: Besides, Delays in these Matters are often prejudicial; and the *Fruit* that tastes well when *newly* gather'd from the Tree, loses all its delicious *Flavour* by being kept too long. Time spurs on *continually*, whether we employ it to our Advantage or no: And when old Age knocks at your Door, your other Guests will leave you; and 'tis a *sad*, but an *undeniable* Truth, that Love seldom or never survives the loss of *Beauty*. A Woman is like a *Garden*; while the *Verdure* lasts, and the *Flowers* are in perfection, what can be more *agreeable*? But when the *Spring* is once gone, the *Flowers* decay, and the Garden lies neglected. Thus it happens with a *Woman*; for when her *Shape* and *Charms* have left her in the *Lurch*, she must either keep at home, and be a *Magdalene* in her own *defence*, or resolve to be *laught* at if she peeps abroad. Love waits upon *Beauty*, as *Flatterers* do upon *Wealth*, and both *disappear*, when the attractive *Object* is gone. But, Madam, I forget whom I am *talking* to all this while; for what need I make a long *Harangue* to one, who knows these Matters so much better than my self? Let me therefore conjure thee, O thou *Phoenix* of thy Sex! to forget and forgive all former *Quarrels*; and let thy *Soul* that inhabits so fair a Mansion, be, if 'tis possible, more charming than thy *Body*. You see how a *Rose* withers upon the *Stalk*, if it is not gather'd; I need not make any *Application*. Will you then be reconciled to your *Lover*? I am sure you will: For I know your *Breast* is capable of the most tender Impressions; and 'tis not in your Temper to be cruel. Know then that I will wait upon you

you to morrow Night, and be Master of the Ceremonies to my young Gentleman, who shall bring with him store of *Mediators* in his Pocket ; I mean of *Broad-Pieces* : For between Friends, Madam, nothing is so hearty a Reconciler, or so effectual a *Pleader*, especially in the Affairs of *Love*, as a round Handful of *Gold* : Thus hoping you'll pass an Act of *Indemnity* for what is past, and put the best *Construction* upon the present, I remain

Your most obedient Servant.

## Apollogenes to Sofias.

Ep. II. Lib. 2.

*Describes the uneasy Condition of a young Gentleman, who at the same time had a violent Passion for his Wife and his Mistriss.*

I Believe no young Fellow in the World, was ever in such *Cursed* Circumstances as I ; and were it possible for a Man to consult every Lover between *Pole* and *Pole*, I fancy they'd all own that mine is the hardest Case that ever was. I kept a Woman and lov'd her, but after a Month or two, grew weary of her, as 'tis the way of frail Mankind : Thought I to my self, I'll e'en leave off this foolish expensive course of Life, turn honest, like the rest of my Neighbours, and marry. I did so ; and married a Woman of Vertue and Fortune ; and, in short, possess'd of all those good *Qualities* that can recommend one of her Sex. But tho' I enjoy this Charming Bedfellow every Night, my *Passion* for my old Mistriss burns still as violently as ever ; and yet I defie any Man  
breath-



breathing to love his Wife better than I do. But here's the *mischief* on't, when I *possess* one, I cannot forbear thinking of the *other*; and thus when I am in *company* with my Wife, my wicked *Memory* conjures up the Idea of my *Mistriss*: And when I am *circled* in my *Mistriss*'s Arms, some untoward *Demon* or other puts my *Wife* into my Head. In fine, my Case is like that of a *Pilot* at Sea, who finds himself attack'd by two *contrary* Winds that struggle for the *Sovereignty* of the Ocean, and buffet his poor Vessel by turns most *unmercifully*. You'll wonder perhaps how I should be able at the same time to harbour two *such* incompatible *Interests* in my Breast, as a *Wife* and a *Mistriss*: But you may rest assured, that what I have told you is *true*; and I could wish with all my Soul, that as these two *Passions* make a shift to subsist in my Heart without *justling* out one another; so my *Spouse* and my *Miss* could be induced to set up their Houses together, and live *peaceably* under the same Roof, without any *Jealousie* or *Heart-burning*. But this is a *Miracle* which I must never expect to see; for tho' a *Miss*, so long as you supply her with *Mony*, cares not a farthing if you are concerned with a thousand other Women; yet that untractable craving Animal called a *Wife*, would sooner see you squander her *Fortune*, and plunder her of her Grandmother's *Jewels*, than let you pay the least *Sum* of *Love* into any *Exchequer* but her own.

*The end of the second Part.*

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# LETTERS out of *PLINY*, Junior.

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By Mr. THO. BROWN.

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**I** Am to inform the Reader, that in the following Letters, I have not confin'd my self to a literal Version. Where I found any place so perplexed that no certain Sence cou'd be made of it; or where it could not be understood without a Comment, (which would have look'd ridiculous in such a Collection as this) I have fairly omitted it, and sometimes I have made bold to alter a Word or two to make my Author more palatable to the English Reader. As for the Choice I have made of the Letters, if they are not the best, I hope they will not Displease.

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*To his Friend Romanus.*

Lib. 3. Epist. 13.

**A**T your Request, I have sent you the *Panegyric* I lately deliver'd before our most incomparable \* Prince, altho' I had sent it to you, whether you had desired it or no. Now you have it before you, I must beg you to reflect upon the Difficulty, as well as the Nobleness, of the Subject. Upon other Occasions, the newness of the Argument generally draws our Attention, but here it was impossible

\* Trajan



fible for me to say any thing which all the World did not know before. For which Reason, the Reader, having nothing else to employ him, will only mind the Elocution, in which 'tis a hard matter for a Man to succeed well, when that, and only that, is taken notice of. I could wish that the Order, Transitions, and Figures could be considered at the same Time: For in the most barbarous Nations, you shall find many that are able to invent handsomely, and to express themselves magnificently enough; whereas to dispose of things in their proper Order, and to vary the Figures with Art and Judgment, is only the Talent of the Learned. I am of Opinion indeed, that the sublime and pompous Stile is not alway to be used; for as in a Picture nothing sets off the Light so well as an artful Disposition of the Shades, so an Oration is no less recommended by the Simplicity than Majesty of the Diction. But why should I trouble you with these Things, who know them so much better than my self? In the mean time I beg the favour of you, to mark what places you think want Correction; for I shall be the easier inclin'd to believe that the rest of the Oration pleases you, when I find you dislike some Passages in it. *Farewel.*

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*To his Dear Caninius.*

Lib. 8. Epist. 4.

**I** Was the noblest thing you ever attempted in your Life, to relate the *Dacian War* in Verse: For, besides the newness of the Subject, what can be more Copious and Fertile, what more Poetical, and, tho' we all know it to be true,

true, what more seemingly Fabulous? You will have a noble Occasion to employ all the Stores of your Invention: When you talk of Rivers commanded to take a new Course, or bridled by new Bridges, that before were hardly to be pass'd in Boats; when you talk of Armies encamp'd on the tops of Precipices, and a mighty King who had grasped the whole Universe in his Imagination, not only deprived of his Kingdom but his Life: In short, when you come to describe two magnificent Triumphs, both of which were celebrated for the Reduction of a Nation held Invincible before: The only and greatest Difficulty will be, to express all this in a Strain equal to the dignity of the Subject; which even you, my Friend, will find to be no easy Task, altho' you have a towering, elevated Genius, capable of the highest undertakings. Some little trouble too you'll find it, to soften the Names of these barbarous People, and particularly of their Towns, so as they shall not shock our Ears, when they come into Verse; but there is nothing so harsh and dissonant but what may be made harmonious, or at least tolerable, with a little Care and Alteration. Besides, if it were lawful for *Homer* to contract, to extend, and turn Words, even of *Grecian* Extraction, for the better Cadence of his Verse, why should not the same Privilege be allow'd you, especially since it is not affected but necessary? Therefore, when after the Custom of the Poets you have invoked the help of the Muses, and especially of your Heros, their greatest Patron, whose noble Atchievements and Actions you are going to Sing, weigh Anchor, put up all your Sails, and, if ever you did it upon any Occasion, so now more particularly hoist your Flag, display your Colours, and bear down with all the Force of Wit. These Metaphors perhaps may seem

too



too daring for Prose; but why may I not be indulg'd to speak in the Poetical Language to a Poet? But this I bargain with you before hand, that you shall send me your Poem in pieces just as you finish it: Nay, even before you have finish'd it, by which means it will come the more fresh, like Fruit newly gather'd from the Tree. You will tell me 'tis impossible that small Fragments should please so well as an entire Work, or that a Sketch should be so well liked as a finish'd Picture: I confess it, and therefore I will consider it as such, and you shall bestow the last hand upon it at your leisure in my Library. To your other Favours give me, I beseech you, this farther Mark of your Friendship, as to communicate to me what you wou'd let no Body else see: For tho' I shall the more commend and value your Writings, as I see them come out more slowly and more correct, yet I shall both Love and Honour your self infinitely the more, as you send me these things with most dispatch, in their Undress.

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*To his Wife Calphurnia.*

Lib. 6. Epist. 7.

**Y**OU send me word, that my Absence does not a little afflict you, and that you have no other Antidote against your Melancholy but my Letters: 'Tis no small Satisfaction to me, that I am always in your Thoughts, and that such Trifles can contribute to your Diversion. For my part, to let you see my Case is parallel with yours, I am perpetually reading yours, and the oftner I read them, the more new they seem to me, and I still discover some fresh Beauties in 'em, which I  
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did not observe before. Tho' this in some measure alleviates my Pain, yet it sets me a longing the more for your Company ; for if your Letters are so sweet and entertaining, what Pleasures may I not expect from your Conversation ? Therefore let me conjure you to lose no Opportunities of Writing to me, tho', as I hinted before, at the same time this Commerce delights me, it gives me some Uneasiness.

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*To the Same.*

Lib. 7. Epist. 5.

**T**IS impossible for me to tell you how much I regret the want of your good Company, and I have several good Reasons for it : In the first place, there is Love in the Case. Then 'tis to be consider'd that you and I never lived asunder, which is the reason why I pass the greatest part of the Night in thinking on you. From the same Cause it proceeds, that even in the Day-time, at those Hours when I used to visit you in your Chamber, my Feet of their own accord carry me thither, and then when I miss you, I come back no less melancholly and sorrowful, than if you had turn'd me out of your Room. The only time that I am free from these Inquietudes, is when I am pleading in the *Forum*, and drudging for my Friends. Judge then, what a mortified Life I lead, when I am forced to find Relaxation in Labour, and Comfort in Care and Misery.



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*To his Friend Ferox.*

Lib. 7. Epist. 13.

**Y**OUR last Letter is a convincing Argument that you Study, and that you don't. You'll tell me I talk Riddles to you, and so I do, till I explain to you more distinctly what my Meaning is. In short, the Letter you sent me, shows you did not study for it, so easie and negligent it appears to be; and yet at the same time 'tis so polite, that 'tis impossible that any one should write it, who did not weigh every word; or else you are certainly the happiest Man in the World, if you can write Letters so just and exact, without Care and Premeditation.

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*To Cornelius Tacitus.*

Lib. 7. Epist. 20.

**I** Return you your Book which I read over very carefully, having marked all along in the Margin what places I thought fit to be alter'd, and what struck out; For I am no less inclin'd to tell the Truth, than you are to hear it. 'Tis a plain Case, I believe, that no Man suffers himself to be so patiently found fault with, as he that deserves the highest Commendation. And now I expect my own Book from you, with your Corrections and Amendments. These reciprocal Offices of Friendship that pass between us give me no little Satisfaction; for if Posterity will have

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any Concern for us, I am pleased to think that it will tell, with what Amity, and Integrity, you and I have lived together. It will be a remarkable, and perhaps the only Instance in History, that two Men almost of the same Age and Quality, and of some Reputation for Learning, (I am oblig'd to speak the more sparingly of you, because at the same time I speak of my self) should promote one another's Studies so unanimously. When I was but young, and you had justly acquir'd a high Character in the World, even then it was my greatest Ambition to imitate and follow you, tho' at never so great a Distance. We had then at *Rome* several Persons of Wit and Learning, that were deservedly admired; yet so great a Similitude was there between our Tempers and Dispositions, that even then I endeavoured to Copy after you. For this Reason 'tis no small Satisfaction to me, that whenever there is any Discourse about Learning and Learned Men, you and I are still quoted together; that when your Name is mention'd, the Company immediately mentions mine; and that when they prefer a third Man to one of us, they mean it of both. But 'tis no matter to me, whether you or I are mention'd first, for if I am first, it is only because I am the next to you. I don't question too, but you have observ'd, that in the last Wills of the Deceas'd, unless there was some particular difference in the Case, you and I have Legacies of the same Value generally bequeathed us. The Conclusion I draw from all this is, That we have the greatest Obligations that can be, to entertain the strictest Amity; since even our Studies, our Manners, our Reputations; in short, the united Testimony of the World, are so many Arguments why the mutual Friendship between us should still increase. *Farewell.*



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To the same.

## Lib. 6. Epist. 16.

YOU desire me to send you an Account of my Uncle's Death, that you may be the better able to relate it in your History. I am oblig'd to you for this Favour, for I foresee my Uncle's Name will be immortal, if it has the Honour to be preserv'd by your Pen: Tho' it was his Fate to die, like great Cities memorable for their Calamities, in the universal Desolation of the finest Part of *Italy*; Nay, tho' he himself has written several learned Volumes, which will propagate his Memory to future Ages, yet that Eternity which seems to be entail'd on every thing you write, will not a little contribute to perpetuate his Name: For my part I reckon those Men happy, who by a particular Indulgence of Heaven, are capable of doing Things fit to be transmitted to Posterity; or of writing Works, that deserve to be read; but I reckon those the happiest of all who possess both these Advantages: Among the number of these latter I reckon my Uncle, by means of yours, as well as his own Writings, upon which account I am proud to comply with your Desires. My Uncle was then at *Misenus*, with the Fleet under his Command in the Harbour, on the 24th Day of *August*, about one of the Clock in the Afternoon; when my Mother came to tell him, that she beheld a far off a Cloud of an unusual Magnitude and Form. He had taken two or three turns in the Sun, after which he bathed himself in cold Water, then he lay down and tasted a small repast, and fell to his Books; but

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upon this Alarm call'd for his Slippers, and got up to the highest Part of the House, from whence he might most advantagiously behold this Prodigy. At so great a Distance we cou'd not positively tell from whence this Cloud arose, tho' afterwards we knew it came from Mount *Vesuvius*: Nothing resembl'd the Shape on't more than a Pine-tree does, for from a long taper Trunk, it spread itself to a very large Head; the Reason of which I suppose might be, that when the Wind that carried it up, began to fail, its own Weight made it run into a great breadth. Sometimes it look'd of a whitish, and sometimes of a black gloomy Colour, according as it carried up with it Earth or Ashes. My Uncle, thinking it impossible to make a just Observation of this Phænomenon without coming nearer, commanded a Gally to be got ready, and made an offer to take me along with him, if I thought convenient. I excused myself to him, and answer'd, that I would pass that Afternoon at my Study; and as it happen'd he had given me something to transcribe. As he was going out of the House with his Pocket-book in his Hand, the Seamen of *Retina*, affrighted at so surprizing a Conflagration (for the Village lay under the Mountain, and there was no other way of escaping but by Sea) begged of him not to expose himself to a Danger that so eminently threatned him. This did not dissuade him from his Design; and what he began out of a Spirit of Curiosity, he perform'd with the greatest Resolution imaginable. So he order'd the Gally to put out to Sea, and went himself aboard it, with an Intention to assist not only those of *Retina*, but the Neighbouring Towns, for the Country all along that Shore is extremely well peopled: He steer'd his Course towards those Places, from whence the affrighted Inhabitants ran away in great Multitudes:



tudes ; nay, he sail'd into the very Mouth of Danger, and was so free from Fear, that he took particular Notice of every Circumstance almost, relating to this Eruption. By this time a Shower of Ashes, attended with Pumice-stones, covered the Deck, falling the hotter, and in greater Quantities, as they approach'd nearer to the Shore. Upon this he consider'd a little with himself whether he had not best Tack about, and Sail homewards (which the Pilate advis'd him to do) but he told him that Fortune favour'd the Bold, and so order'd him to Sail to his Friend *Pomponianus*, who was at *Stabia*, on the other Side of the Bay. In this place, tho' the Danger seem'd to be at some Distance, yet upon the first Approach of it, *Pomponianus* had order'd all his Luggage to be carried on Shipboard, being resolv'd to make his Escape, had not the Wind sat in the contrary Corner. But the same Wind that hindered him, brought my Uncle into the Harbour, who perswaded them to be of good Courage, and endeavour'd by his own Example to make them lay aside their Fears. After this he bathed, and was very cheerful at Supper, or (what in these Dangers is full as great) he seem'd at least to be so. All this while the Flames broke out in several Places of the Mountain *Vesuvius*, which appear'd so much the brighter in so dark a Night : In this strange Consternation the Country People left their Habitations, which in their Absence were devour'd by the Flames ; and this my Uncle urged as an Argument, why it was not adviseable to quit the Place where they were. After this he compos'd himself to rest ; and slept very soundly, as those which were in the next Room and heard him, affirmed, for by reason of the largeness of his Chest, he breath'd somewhat of the loudest. But the Court-yard, thro' which there was a Passage to the Dining-room, was by

this time so cover'd with Ashes and Pumice-stones, that there was no getting out of it for him, if he had staid never so little longer; so being awak'd out of his sleep, he joyn'd *Pomponianus* and his Company, who had watch'd all this while. And now they debated among themselves, whether they shou'd stay within Doors, or venture Abroad in the open Air, for the Earth-quake was so violent, and the Houses reel'd and stagger'd so, that one wou'd have thought they had been torn up from their very Foundations. When they were now in the Fields, they feared the falling of the Pumice-stones, tho' they were light and porous, however of the two Dangers, this was the least. With my Uncle, Reason overcame Reason, with the rest, one Fear overcame another, so they carried Pillows on their Heads to break the Fall of any thing that might fall on 'em. In other places it was Day, but here it was as dark as possible Night it self could be, tho' it was somewhat lessened by the numerous Flambeaux and other Lights. Then it was resolv'd to go to the Sea-shore, and see how the Sea stood affected, which still continu'd very Rough and Tempestuous. Here my Uncle, lying along upon a Bundle of Cloaths, call'd once or twice for cold Water, and drank it off. After this the Flames, and a smell of Brimstone, which us'd to precede the Flames, as it made the place too hot for the rest, so it waked my Uncle, who being supported by two Servants, got up; but in an Instant fell down again, being, I suppose, suffocated by the sulphureous Vapours, and the Orifice of his Stomach closed up, that was naturally weak and puling. Three Days after this, his Body was found whole and intire, without the least hurt or mark upon it, and in the same Cloaths he last put on; in a Posture too, that made him rather look like one that was asleep

than



than dead. While this happen'd, my Mother and I were at *Misenus*; but this is nothing to the History, and you desired to be inform'd in no other Particulars, but those that related to the Death of my Uncle. I will therefore conclude, but before I do that, give me leave to add, That I have given you a true and faithful Account of all that has come to my Knowledge. I leave it to you to pick out what you think most proper for your Purpose; for it is one thing to write a Letter, and another to write a History; one thing to write to a Friend, and another to address himself to all the World. *Farewel.*

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*To Sura.*

Lib. 7. Epist. 27.

**Y**OU and I are both at Leisure, you to teach, and I to be inform'd; I have for a long while earnestly desired to know, whether there are any such Things in Reality, as Spectres, or whether they are only the Results of a fearful Imagination: For my part, I am inclin'd to believe the former, by what happen'd, as I have been told the Story, to *Curtius Rufus*: He was walking up and down a Portico towards the Evening, when the Shape of a Woman appear'd to him, but much bigger than the Life, and much more beautiful: This unexpected Sight strangely surpriz'd him, when the Phantom told him she was *Afric*, and came on purpose to tell him his Fortune; adding that he was going to *Rome*, where he should be advanc'd to the greatest Honours; that he should return back to this Province in Quality of Governor, and there die. Every thing exactly hap-  
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pened as the Spectre foretold. The Story goes that as he was Sailing for *Carthage*, and coming out of the Ship, the very same Figure met him upon the Shore, upon which he fell Sick, and remembring what it had formerly told him, gave over all Hopes of Recovery, before the Physicians thought his Case dangerous. But what I am now going to tell you, as it is by much stranger, so it is more terrible than the other. There was a large and stately House at *Athens*, but untenanted, by reason of the ill Name it lay under; for in the depth of the Night you might hear a Noise like that of the dragging of Chains, which at first seem'd to be further off, but by degrees came nearer and nearer to you: At last a Ghost appear'd in the Shape of an old Man, lean and meager, with a long Beard, and the Hair of his Head matted; it had Fetters about its Legs, and Manacles on its Hands, which it shook and rattled. These strange Noises disturbed the Neighbourhood so, that few or none could sleep for them; some fell Sick with watching so long, and their Fears increasing, died soon after; for tho' the Spectre was not visible in the Day, yet their Memory still represented to their Eyes, and one Fear begot another: For this Reason no one would dwell in the House, but it stood empty, and was left wholly to the Ghost, to play its Midnight-frolicks in; however, there was a Bill put over the Door, to signify that the House was to be Let or Sold, if by chance they cou'd meet with a Chapman, who knew nothing that it was haunted. It happen'd that one *Athenodorus*, a Philosopher, coming to *Athens*, read the Bill, enquir'd after the Rent, and suspecting there was something extraordinary in the Matter, because it was to be had so cheap, he informs himself of the Neighbours, who fairly acquainted him with the whole Business:



Business : He was so far from being discourag'd by it, that it made him the more eager to strike a Bargain. When it began to grow dark, he order'd a Bed to be made for him in a Room that faced the Street ; he call'd for Paper, Ink, and Candle, and order'd all his Servants to withdraw ; he employ'd his Mind, his Eyes, his Hands in Writing, lest his Imagination, having nothing to employ it, might be at leisure to create Visions and Spectres : All the former part of the Night the Scene continued quiet enough, at last he heard the ratling of Iron, and shaking of Chains. Our Philosopher did not so much as lift up his Eyes to see what was the Matter, nor left off Writing, but endeavour'd all he could to neglect it ; the Noise still increasing, and moving nearer, so that sometimes it seem'd to be within, and sometimes without the Room, at last *Athenodorus* look'd behind him and saw it, just as the Neighbours had describ'd it to him. It stood still, and beckon'd with its Finger, like a Man that calls to another. He, on the other side, makes a Sign with his Hand, that it should tarry a little for him, and falls a Writing again. All this while the Spectre rattled his Chains over his Head as he writ, and he looking behind him, found that it beckon'd to him as before, so he took up his Candle in his Hand, and followed it : The Ghost walked leasurely along, as if its Chains did hinder it, after that it turn'd into the Court-yard, and immediately vanish'd under Ground. Our Philosopher took some Leaves and Herbs that he might know the Place again ; the next Day he goes to the Magistrates of the Town, and advis'd 'em to dig in the Place where this happen'd : Which they accordingly did, and found a parcel of Bones wrapt about with Iron-Chains formerly belonging to a Body, which Time, and the Earth together, had putrified.

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These Reliques were publickly Buried, after which the House was haunted no more. I am inclin'd to believe this Story, having had it so confidently affirm'd to me. — I earnestly intreat you to bestow a little Consideration to inform me better upon this Point. 'Tis a Subject worthy of your deepest Enquiry, tho' I confess I am not worthy to have you to communicate your Learned Thoughts to me. Altho' you can plead on both sides, and manage an Argument either *pro* or *con*, as the Custom of the Gentlemen at the Bar is, yet I beg you not to employ that Talent here, but fairly to determine the Point, because I wou'd not be dismiss'd uncertain or left in suspence, since this is the Reason of my giving you this Trouble. Farewel.

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## C. Pliny to his Friend Fuscus.

### The Argument.

*In this Letter Pliny advises a young Gentleman what Method to follow in his Studies.*

SINCE you have been pleased to ask my Advice how you are to regulate your Studies, and improve the present Retirement you enjoy to the best advantage; In the first place, I am of opinion, that it will be highly beneficial to you (and 'tis what some of our greatest Masters have often advis'd) to translate out of Greek into Latin, and back again out of Latin into Greek; for by this sort of Exercise a Man not only makes himself compleat Master of both Languages, acquires the Propriety and Beauty of Words, Variety of Figures and Perspicuity of Stile, but by setting the best



Authors before him, as *Patterns* to imitate, he attains at last to *copy* their Virtues and Perfections. Besides, there are several things which escape the *Observation* of the nicest *Reader*, which 'tis impossible for the *Translator* not to see. So that by thus *employing* our selves, we cultivate the Understanding, and improve the Judgment: Neither will it be amiss, when you meet with any *Passage* in an Author that is *extreamly* fine and beautiful, to enter the Lists in *competition* with him, if I may so express my self, and try how you can perform upon the same Subject; then when you have so done, *carefully* and *impartially* to consider in what Places he *excels* you, and where you have the better of him. It will be no little Satisfaction to you to find that you *out-do* him in some things; as on the other Hand it will be a Mortification, if you see he *exceeds* you *every where*: But if you are minded to be upon this *Sport*, I would not have you *practice* upon mean, ordinary Authors, of little or no *Reputation*; but single out the most *Eminent* Masters, and chuse the most *shining* Places. This is a daring *Enterprize* I must confess; but such as can't be taxed with *Impudence* or *Vanity*, since a Man performs it in private by himself. However, 'tis certain that abundance of Men, to their great Commendation, have ventured to *contend* with our most *admired* Writers, by the same token that they were not at their first setting out ashamed to *follow* them at a distance, while they were in hopes one Day to *overtake* them. You will likewise find it very *serviceable* to you, when you have committed *any* of your *Thoughts* to writing, to lay them aside for some time, and endeavour to *forget* 'em: Then when you are *cool* and *sedate*, and divested of that Fondness that a Man *naturally* has for his own *Compositions*, to call 'em to a severe *Examination*; to strike out some Expressions,

and



and to retain *others*; in short, to make such Improvements and Alterations as you see convenient. Did not the *Advantage* we receive by it, make us sufficient amends for our Pains, 'tis an *ungrateful* piece of *Drudgery*, I confess, to call our Works to a second *Review*, to expunge and amend 'em; and when the whole *Body* of the Building is finished, to *enlarge* the Entrance, to *strengthen* the weak Parts of it, to strike out new *Lights* where they are necessary; in short, to make several *Additions*, however so, as not to *destroy* the *Symmetry* or Proportion of the whole *Structure*. I know that at present your Intentions run *chiefly* for the *Bar*: However, I would by no means advise you to *confine* your self *wholly* to that wrangling and litigious *Stile*, which is practised by our *Pleaders*: For, as we find by common Experience, that the *Ground* is soon worn out and exhausted, if it is *only* sowed with *one* sort of Grain; whereas it recovers *heart* by exchanging the *Seed*; so the Faculties of our Mind lose all their *Vigour* and *Activity*, when they are *constantly* employed upon one Subject, while a judicious *Variety* gives 'em a new force. For this Reason, if you would be govern'd by me, you should sometimes *try* how well you can perform in the *Historical* way; sometimes I would have you *employ* a few Hours in writing of Letters upon occasional Subjects; and sometimes too I would advise you to sacrifice to the *Muses*, and see how you can perform in *Poetry*. I say, I would sometimes have you *try* your *Poetical* Genius, because even in our publick *Speeches* and *Harangues*, where we are oblig'd to make any *Descriptions*, a Man is forced not *only* to indulge himself in the Liberties and Decorations of an *Historical*, but even of a *Poetical* *Stile*; And then, as for the *Purity* of Language, and a close compendious way of *expressing* ones self, 'tis no where  
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so happily learnt, as by frequent writing of *Letters*. When I tell you that you may sometimes divert your self with *Poetry*, I don't mean that you should attempt the Writing of a long continu'd *Poem*, which cannot be done without a great expence of Time, and perhaps more than the thing is worth; but only that it may not be amiss for you now and then, to checquer your serious Hours and Occupations, with a few short Sallies of Versification. This the World generally calls *Lusus* or *Sports*, and indeed so they are; however a Man gets sometimes no less Reputation even by these *Sports*, than by the gravest Performance. But to relieve my *Prose* with a little *Poetry*; for why should I not make use of *Verse*, when I encourage you to write it?

*As the sequacious Wax with ease receives  
What ever Shape th' informing Artist gives;  
Now represents the furious God of War,  
Or in Minerva's Likeness does appear.  
Now a fair Venus shews with all her Charms,  
Or wanton Cupid sporting in her Arms:  
As murm'ring Rivers with their Chrystal Streams  
Not only serve to quench th' aspiring Flames:  
But in belov'd Meanders as they flow  
On Fields and Flow'rs fresh Beauties do bestow:  
So should the Mind with early Care be wrought,  
And fashion'd for the diff'rent turns of Thought,  
One Art alone too dull a Chase does yield:  
Your active Sportsman ranges all the Field.*

And thus we find that the most Celebrated Orators, and Persons of the most eminent Rank, have condescended to employ and divert, or rather to divert and employ themselves in these agreeable Amusements: And it is almost incredible to tell how strangely the Imagination is affected by them;  
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for they are not *only* proper to describe Love, Hatred, Anger, Envy, Compassion, and the like, but likewise *comprehend* every thing that has a Relation to *Human Life*; nay, what seems directly *opposite* to its Genius, Verse takes in even the \* *Law* it self, as rugged and morose as it appears. This *Advantage* at least we reap from *Poetry*, that when we lay it *aside*, and return to *Prose*, we seem to have knock'd off our *Fetters*; and what every Man will soon find to be *true*, upon making the Experiment, our *Thoughts* and *Words* flow with more *Facility* and *Freedom*: Perhaps I have *exceeded* my Commission, and *interposed* my Advice in some Matters where you never *required* it: However, I am sensible that I have omitted one thing; and that is to tell you, what Authors I think most proper for you to *read*; altho' in *effect* I did it, when I advis'd you what to *write*; only remember this by the bye, always to read the best in their kind; for as the Proverb has it, 'Tis not the *Quantity*, but *Quality* that recommends every thing: Now, who these are, is so *commonly* known, that they need not be *pointed* out, or *named* to you. Besides, without engaging to make any such *Catalogue*, I have *already* swell'd my Letter to such a *Bulk*, that I have *trespassed* upon your Hours of *Study*, even when I pretend to *regulate* them. In short, take your Pen and Ink in Hand, and either put in practice some of these *Rules* that I have sent you, or if you are taken up about any thing else, *dispatch* and finish it.

M.

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\* Grotius has attempted something of this nature in a Paraphrase of one of the Chapters in Justinian's Institutions, de rerum divisione, & acquirendo earum Dominio, which is to be found among his other Poems; but for all that I would not advise any of our Inns of Court Gentlemen to try how Littleton's Tenures, or my Lord Vaughan's Reports, would run in Verse.



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# *M. Tully's Cicero's LETTERS.*

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By *Tho. Brown.*

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## Brutus to Cicero.

### The Argument.

*After Cæsar had been Assassinated in the Senate-House, Octavius, who was then about 18 years old, was sent for out of Epirus, and desired to take the Government into his Hands. Among the rest, Cicero made his Court to young Octavius, and recommended his Friend Brutus, and those of his Party, to his Protection ; for which Brutus, who was zealous for the Republick, quarrels with him in this Letter. 'Tis written with a great deal of Fire and Vehemence; and fully answers the Character that Antiquity gives us of that great dissinterested Man.*

**I** Receiv'd by your Friend *Atticus*, the Parcel of Letters which you sent to *Octavius*. Your *Affection* and *Concern* for my *Safety*, gives me no new Pleasure, because I daily receive fresh Instance from all Hands of your Friendship, and hear how zealously you speak in behalf of your *absent* Friend; but 'tis impossible for me to tell you how much I was grieved at that part of your Letter directed to *Octavius*, wherein you take occasion to mention me to him. What shall I say? I am *ashamed* both of my Condition and Fortune: However, I must write on. You recommend

mend me to his *Protection*: Gods! what Death is not preferable to such a *Servitude*? And you *thank* him for his great *Care* of the Republick in so *abject* and so *submissive* a Strain, that one would conclude from what you write, that the *Tyranny* was not *extinguish'd*, but only the *Tyrant* chang'd. Reflect a little upon your *Words*; and deny if you can, that this is the *Language* of a crouching *Slave* to a haughty *King*. You tell him there is one thing *required* and *expected* from him; that is, he would be pleased to take into his *Protection* those Citizens, of whom the People of *Rome* have a good Opinion: But what if he *won't*? Must we therefore be treated like *Out-laws*? For my part, I think it much *better* not to be at all, than to owe my Being to him. I can never believe that *Heaven* has so far abandon'd the *Roman* People, and the *Preservation* of our Empire, that such a one as *Octavius* ought to be *petitioned* for the Life of any one single *Citizen*, much less for that of the *Deliverers* of all *Mankind*. I am proud to use this *magnificent* Language: And certainly a Man is *allow'd* to do it, when he talks to *those* that neither know what they are to *fear* or *ask* for others. But this you'll tell me, is in *Octavius's* Power, and are his Friend: But if you have any *Kindness* for me, can you wish to see me in *Rome*, since you have begg'd Leave of a *Boy* to suffer me to live there? What occasion is there for you to *throw* away so many *Complements* upon him, if he must be intreated and humbly *petition'd* to grant us our *Lives*, which we never *forfeited*? Or do you think that he looks upon it as an Obligation, that for the obtaining such a Favour, you address your self to him rather than to *Antony*? What Man in his *right* Senses ever ask'd the *Successor*, much more the *Assertor* of another Man's *Tyranny*, that he wou'd be  
pleased



*pleased* forsooth not to cut the Throats of those that have best *deserved* of the Common-wealth. Now this *scandalous* Weakness and Despair, for which you are no less to be *blamed* than the rest of your Complexion, see what blessed effects it has produced : It first of all taught *Cesar* to *aspire* to the Empire, and after his Death *incited Anthony* to pursue the same *Designs* ; and now at last has so far *incouraged* the Ambition of a young beardless *Stripling*, that you must *humbly* beg him to spare the *Lives* of the *Defenders* of the common Liberty, and we must depend upon the *Mercy* of one, who cannot as yet stile himself *Man*. But if we would remember that we have the *Blood* of the ancient *Romans* in our *Veins*, these arrogant *Usurpers* should not be so forward to establish their Greatness at the *Expence* of the *Publick*, as we to *pluck* them down ; neither would *Anthony* be so much *encouraged* by *Cesar's* invading the *Sovereignty*, to attempt the *like* after him, as *deterred* and *humbled* by reflecting upon his *Fall*.

You that have born the *Consular* Dignity in your time, and stickled *earnestly* for those generous *Patriots*, who if they are once *brought under*, I am afraid your *destruction* will not be far off, how can you look back upon your *past* Actions, and either approve the *present* Villanies, or behave your self so *sneakingly* and *submissively*, as at least to seem to approve them ? Tell me what private *Quarrel* you have to *Anthony* ? why, because he would have our *Lives* in his *Power*, because he would have us *petition* him for our *Protection* who had received his Liberty from us ; in short, because he would *trample* upon our *Liberties*, and *govern* the Common-wealth in an *arbitrary* manner. Then you thought it *necessary* for us, to take up Arms to *prevent* his Tyranny ; and now we have *prevented* him, must we be such *Slaves* to *desire* another to take his place, or

else *manfully* assert the *Rights* of the Republick; unless after all it can be said, that we had no *aversion* to *Slavery*, but only to the manner of it. If this had been our *Case*, we could not only have preserved our *Fortunes*, under that *righteous* Master *Anthony*, but shared the chief *Employments* and *Dignities* of the State; and this treatment we might well *expect* to find from him, since our *passive* *abject* behaviour would have been the greatest *security* to his *Usurpation*; but no *Bribe* was great enough to make us *prostitute* either our fidelity or liberty. This very *Boy*, whom *Cesar's* Name seems to stir up against *Cesar's* Murderers, what would he not *give*, if we were capable of being *bribed*, that he might set up an absolute *Authority* by our *means* and *assistance*, as it is probable he will soon do, because we are *content* barely to *live*, to keep our *Estates*, and retain the empty *name* of *Senators*? Why did we *dispatch* *Cesar*, or to what purpose did we so much *rejoice* at his *death*? if after we have removed him out of the way, we can resolve to carry *Fetters*, and take no care to prevent our *Slavery*? But may Heaven take *every* thing from me, even what the World reckons the *dearest*, rather than that *greatness* of mind, which not only *forbids* me to *suffer* that in the *Heir* of him whom I kill'd, which I could not *bear* in the *Usurper* himself, but not even in my own *Father*, were he now alive; I mean, to assume to himself a despo- tick *Power* over the *Laws* and the *Senate*, and I to stand *tamely* by and see it. Can you be so *vain*, as to imagine that others will have *better* quarter from him, if we cannot be allowed to live at *Rome* without his *permission*? Besides, how can you think to *obtain* that which you *desire* of him; You ask him that he would be pleased to let us *live* in *safety*; do you think we receive our *safety* from him, if we receive our *Lives*; and how can we be said to



to receive the latter, if we are forced to throw up our *Dignity* and our *Liberty*. Perhaps you fancy that to live at *Rome* is to live in *safety*; Alas! 'tis not the *place* I value, if the *thing* be wanting; I never look'd upon my self to be *safe* while *Cæsar* was *alive*, till I had *fairly* rid the World of him; neither will I be a *banished* Man if I can *help* it, while I hate *Servitude*, and the tame bearing of *Affronts*, above all the *Plagues* in the Universe. In the *Græcian* Republicks, when they *knocked* any *Tyrant* on the *Head*, they used to serve his *Children* the same *sauce*; and are not we the most abandon'd *Sots* that ever *crawl'd* upon all *four*, if we can stoop to *flatter* the Man that has taken a *Tyrant's* Name upon himself, we, I say, that were the *Destroyers* and *Punishers* of *Tyranny*? Do you think that I have any regard for that City, or indeed believe it deserves the *Name* of one, that would not *accept* of *Liberty* when it was so *fairly* put into its hands, nay is rather inclined to *truckle* to a *Boy*, whose *Father* was *served* according to his *merits*, because he has assum'd the Name of *Cæsar*; than to *assert* its own *Freedom*, especially since it has so *fresh* and *recent* an Example before its Eyes, of an *Usurper*, who wanted no *Power* to support him in his *Pretensions*, that was taken off by the *bravery* of a *few* Persons? Therefore let me desire you for the future to *recommend* me no more to your *new* Lord and Master, nor indeed your self, if you'll be rul'd by me. You set too *high* a value upon the *few* years you have to live, if you can *con-*  
*descend* to *supplicate* a *Boy*, that he would be *graci-*  
*ously* inclined to let the *Candle* burn to the *Snuff*. You behaved your self very *bravely* against *Anthony*, and still continue to do so, for which reason I would not have you *forfeit* your old *Reputation*, or give the World any occasion to suspect your want of *Constancy*; for if you can so *vilely* sneak to *Octa-*

*vius*, whom you have, I find, *desired* to be *merciful* to us, People will be apt to conclude, that you are not out of *love* with a *Tyrant*, but are only for having his *Nails pared*. As for your *commending* him for what he has already done, I own indeed the *Actions* are *praise-worthy*, cou'd I be satisfied that the *end* of them was to *repress* another's *Usurpation*, and not to *establiſh* his own. But when you carry matters so *far*, as to tell me, that it is not only *convenient*, but *necessary* to *petition* him in our behalf, take my word for it, you pass a *Compliment* upon the *young Gentleman*, which he never *deserved*: You bestow that very *Power* upon him, which I thought the *Republick* had obtained by his means; besides you don't consider, that if *Octavius* deserves our *esteem*, because he makes *War* upon *Anthony*; the *Roman People*, tho' they bestowed all they have, yet they can never sufficiently *recompence* those who cut off that *Monster's Head*, of which that *Fellow* and his *Party* are only the *Tail*. This may let you see how much farther our *fear* carries us than our *gratitude*, because *Anthony* is still alive and in Arms. As for *Cesar*, all that cou'd or ought to be done to him is *past*, and cannot be *recalled*: But is *Octavius* one of that *bulk*, that the whole *Roman People* must *stay* to see how he will be *pleased* to use us? or are we such contemptible *Wretches*, that *one Man* must humbly be *implored* to grant us our *Lievs*? As for me, to return to my self, I am of that *temper*, that I not only *scorn* to *supplicate* him, but will do all that lies in my power to hinder others from doing the like: However I will take care to get out of the *Neighbourhood* of *supple Slaves*. In whatever *place* I am, that *place* I shall fancy to be *Rome*, and shall heartily *pity* such as you, who can neither be taught by your *Age*, nor by your *Quality*, not yet by the *Examples* of brave gallant Men, to despise a vile, nasty,



naſty, precarious life. To be plain with you, I ſhall think my ſelf to *happy*, if I can keep up to this *vertuous* Reſolution, ~~that~~ I ſhall think my Duty and Services to my Country overpaid: For what greater *pleaſure* can we enjoy, than the *re-membrance* of honourable Actions, and under the happy contemplation of our *Liberty*, to deſpiſe the *vain* greatneſs of the World? I am fully reſolved not to run with the *Populace*, or be carried down the *Stream* with a herd of tame *paſſive* Fools, or overcome by ſuch as are willing to be made *Slaves*. I will ſtill oppoſe our Uſurpers, I will try all Expedients, and leave nothing unattempted to *free* my Country from *Servitude*. If my Deſires are crowned with *ſucceſs*, as they deſerve, we ſhall all *rejoice*: But if it happens otherwiſe, I ſhall not *re-pent* of my labour; for how can any Man *better* imploy his time or thoughts, than in ſetting his Country at *liberty*? Therefore I conjure you, my dear *Cicero*, not to be *caſt down* or *diſcouraged*, and while you endeavour to avert the *preſent* Evils, caſt your Eye upon the *future* too, unleſs you have already *provided* againſt them, leaſt they ſhould ſurprize you *unawares*. Take this for granted, that without *conſtancy* and *reſolution*, all your bravery and freedom of mind, with which both when a *Conſul*, and now when a *Senator*, you *aſſerted* the *Rights* of the Republick, will be reckon'd as nothing. The *Caſe* of an *experienced* Virtue is much *harder* than that of one that is not *known*. We conſider their Services as ſo many *Debts*, or *Earneſts* of future *Payments*; and if they don't answer our *Expectations*, we proclaim them *Bankrupts*, and look upon them as *Cheats*. For this reaſon when we find *Cicero* to oppoſe *Anthony*, although it deſerves our higheſt *Commendations*, yet becauſe the *former* is in all reſpects ſuperiour to the *latter*, no one wonders at it. If the ſame *Cicero* who

chased *Anthony* with so much Resolution and Gallantry, should be found *warping* in his Conduct towards others, he will not only rob himself of all his past *Glory*, but utterly efface the *Memory* of it; for what can be called *perfect* where *Constancy* is wanting? And to be plain with you, no one is more oblig'd than you, to stand up for the *Common-Wealth*, and to maintain its *Liberty*; not only in regard of your own great *Qualities* and past *Actions*, but the *Wishes* and *Expectations* of all that know you. In a word, you need not trouble yourself about petitioning *Octavius* to protect us: Rather rouse up your self, and doubt not but that City where you have perform'd so many great Things, will recover its *ancient* Splendor and Liberty, if its *Noblemen* will but head the *People*, and unite to hinder the wicked Designs of our *Enemies*. Farewell.

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## Sulpitius to Cicero.

### The Argument.

Sulpitius in this Letter condoles Cicero upon the loss of his Daughter Tullia. One of the chief Reasons by which he endeavours to alleviate his Grief, is taken from the short duration of all mortal Beings, the instability of humane Affairs; and particularly from the Confusion and Disorders which reigned at that time, and at last ended in the utter Subversion of the *Common-wealth*.

I No sooner received the unwelcome News of your Daughter Tullia's Death, but I was heartily and earnestly afflicted at it, as, I confess, I ought to be, and look'd upon it to be a common



Calamity, wherein I had no *little* share. Had I been upon the *same* Spot with you, I had not been *wanting* to testify to you my *Resentment* on this Occasion, and administer all the *Help* that I was capable of giving you. I must own indeed that this sort of *Consolation* is melancholy and troublesome; for our *Relations* and *Friends*, from whom we expect this *Relief*, are equally *concern'd* with our selves; and therefore rather *want* others to comfort them, than are in a *condition* to do it themselves: However, I resolv'd to send you by the first Opportunity all that my *Thoughts* suggest'd to me; not that I am so vain as to imagine that you *know* them not; but because your Grief perhaps does so *entirely* possess all the Faculties of your *Mind*, that you are not at *liberty* to *reflect* on them. Now give me leave to ask you why this *domestick* Loss should afflict you in this excessive manner? Do but consider how *Fortune* has already *dealt* with both of us. We have seen all those things *snatch'd* from us, which ought to be no less *dear* to a *sensible* Man than his *Children*: We are robb'd of our *Country*, our *Reputation*, of our *Places*, and in short, of all our Honours; and when we have suffer'd this, what can *farther* happen to *inhance* our Grief? or what *Soul*, that has labour'd under these *Calamities*, ought not to grow *callous* and *insensible* to all other *Accidents*? Can you regret the *Loss* of your Daughter, when ever you think? (And how can you avoid it? for 'tis no more than what I say *daily* to my self) That in this *wretched juncture* of Affairs 'tis no great *Unhappiness* to shake off a troublesome *Life*, which at best is scarce worth the *dragging* after us. Now what was it that should make her so *fond* of Life in this general *Shipwreck* of the Republick? What *Temptations*, what *Hopes* could she have, or what mighty *Advantages* could she *pro-*

pose her self? I suppose to marry some fine young Gentleman of Quality, and live *handsomely* and *comfortably* with him. I don't question but that a Person of your *eminent* Rank in the World, when ever you pleased, might have *chosen* a Son-in-law, with whom you might *safely* trust your Daughter. But let us see what you could have *expected* from such a Match, suppose it had been never so *advantagious*: Why, to have Children by her Husband, who might be a *Comfort* to her when they were *grown* up, who might enjoy the *Fortune* left 'em by their Parents, advance themselves by *degrees* to all the considerable *Posts* of the *Government*, and have it in their Power to serve their Friends. Alas! *all* these Things are already *gone* before they are *given*; and our *Government* and *Liberties* lie *buried* under the same *Rubbish*. But still you'll tell me, 'tis a *sad* thing to lose ones Children. 'Tis so, I confess; but 'tis a more *stabbing* Affliction to survive the *Destruction* of ones *Country*. And this puts me in mind of a certain *Passage*, which did not a little contribute to make me *easie* in my Mind, in hopes it may have the same *effect* upon your self. At my return from *Asia*, as I was sailing from *Agina* to *Megara*, I had the curiosity to *look* about me, and cast my *Eyes* upon the Coast by which we pass'd. *Agina* was behind me, *Megara* before me; I had *Piræus* on my right, and *Corinth* on my left Hand: All which were formerly *Flourishing* and *Wealthy* Towns, but at present nothing but a heap of *Ruins*. So then I began to make these *Reflections* with my self; "Why should we poor Mortals *complain* and *repine*? We, who cannot reasonably expect to live long in this World, if the Fate of *War*, or the common Course of *Nature*, carries us out of it; when we see the *Skeletons* of so many *Illustrious* Cities, that

" might



“ might have promised themselves a much longer  
“ Duration? Stifle all your *Resentments*, and re-  
“ member that you were born a *Man*, and conse-  
“ quently ordained to *die*. To deal *ingenuously*  
with you, this *Reflection* gave me a great deal of  
*Ease*; and I would advise you to *cure* your self  
by setting something of the *like* nature before  
your Eyes. As for Instance; So many considera-  
ble *Men* have lately been killed in the *Wars*:  
Our *Government* is shattered all to pieces; our  
*Provinces* are all exhausted and undone. Can you  
then be so exceedingly concerned for the *Loss* of  
one *Daughter*, who, if she had not *died* now, must  
certainly have paid the *Debt* of *Nature* at another  
time, since she was born subject to its Laws? But  
I conjure you to divert your Thoughts from these  
melancholy *Considerations*, and rather remember  
those Things that *become* a Man of your *Character*.  
Consider that she liv'd as long as it was worth her  
while to live; that she saw her *Father* possess'd  
of the most eminent *Dignities* of the *City*; that  
she liv'd long enough to see the better part of  
her Citizens *die* before her; in short, that she  
went off the *Stage* when our *Republic* likewise was  
destroy'd. I would desire to know what Reason  
either *you* or *she* have to complain of Fortune  
in all this?

Lastly, Remember who you are, one that us'd  
to *give* Advice and Consolation to others; and  
don't *imitate* those sordid *Quacks*, that pretend to  
cure all the World; and are not able to help them-  
selves; but rather make use of the same *Remedies*  
you prescribe to others, and expect a *Cure* from  
them. There is no Grief so *obstinate*, which  
length of time can't diminish and soften. 'Twill  
be *scandalous* in you to expect your Relief from  
Time, as the common *Herd* of *Mankind* use to do,  
and not *overcome* it rather by your Wisdom and  
Phi-

Philosophy. If the *Dead* below have any Sense left them, your Daughter in *duty* to you, and *love* to all her Relations in general, is so far from *countenancing* this Affliction, that even she *conjures* you to *grieve* no longer. Pay therefore this Respect to the *Dead*; pay it to your *Friends* who are *concerned* for your Grief; pay it to your *Country*, that whenever an Occasion offers it self, you may be able to *serve* it with your Advice and Assistance. In short, since we live in such Calamitous Times, that we must go down the Stream whether we will or no, don't give those at the Helm any *Umbrage* to think that you rather regret the Destruction of the *State*, and the good Fortune of our new *Conquerours*, than the Loss of your *Daughter*. I am asham'd to say more to you on this Head, lest I should seem to distrust your Prudence; for which Reason I will conclude. Your Friends have seen you behave your self so steadily in the time of *Prosperity*, that you were universally admired for it. Let them see, that you can bear bad *Fortune* with the same Equality of Mind; and don't afflict your self more than *Decency* and *Prudence* require of you, that you may give no occasion for People to say, that this is the only Virtue you want. As for me, so soon as you are grown *calm* and *sedate*, I will take care to inform you how *Affairs* go in this *Part* of the World.

Farewel.

Ci-



## Cicero to Titius.

## The Argument.

*This Letter is consolatory, and of the same nature with the former. The Arguments are almost the same, taken from the common Destiny of Mankind, and from the calamitious Disorders of those miserable Times. By this it will appear, that the Letter which Lentulus sent to Cicero was still fresh in his Memory, since he uses most of the same Reasons that are to be found in that; unless it will be said perhaps, that two Great Men, when they come to write upon the same Subject, may easily happen to fall upon the same Things, without communicating their Thoughts to one another.*

**A**lthough I am one of the unfittest Men in the World to administer *Consolation* to you, because I am so exceedingly afflicted at your Troubles, that I want a Comforter my self; yet since my Grief, as great and as just as it is, is not altogether so violent as yours, I thought my self obliged in point of *Gratitude* and *Friendship*, to hold my Peace no longer under this your present Sorrow, but endeavour to give you some little Comfort at least, that may serve to *alleviate* and *assuage* your Grief, if it cannot perfectly cure it. The Consolation which is most commonly prescribed in these Cases, and which we ought always to have in our *Mouths* and *Thoughts*, is to remember that we are born Men, and that we were sent into the World on purpose to be exposed to the Uncertainties of a fickle capricious Fortune; that consequently we ought to *acquiesce* in these Terms that Fate has allotted us; that is the greatest

greatest *Folly* imaginable to be overmuch *afflicted* at those *Misfortunes*, which it was not in our power to *prevent*: And lastly, that if we *reflect* upon those that were born before us, or cast our *Eyes* upon our Neighbours *about* us, we shall soon find that we do not stand singly by our selves, but that others have their *Losses* and *Calamities* as well as we. These Reasons indeed are not without their *Weight*, having been used by the *wisest* Men, and may be found in the *Writings* of our greatest Philosophers: But in my opinion, neither *they*, nor any other Reasons of the *like* nature, ought to make that *Impression* upon us, as the Confusions and Disorders of these *miserable* Times; when those are the *happiest* Men in my opinion, that have *no* Children at all; and even those that have *lost* them in this *calamitous* Juncture are far less *miserable*, than if they had *buried* 'em when the Republick was in a *flourishing* Condition, or when we had at least the *Face* of a Government among us. Now if your own private *Losses*, and the *Reflections* you make upon them, are the things that *wholly* take you up at present, I suppose that your *Stock* of Grief, let it be as *great* as it will, may soon be *exhausted*: But if you are griev'd for the *Misfortunes* of those that are *dead*, which seems to be the effect of your *Compassion* and *Love*, I will not represent to you upon this Head, what I have frequently *read* and *heard*, That there is no Evil in *Death*; for if there remains to us any *sense* after it, 'tis rather to be called *Immortality* than *Death*; and if we *lose* all manner of *Sense*, we ought by no means to call that a *Misery*, which we don't feel; but this I dare venture to *affirm* to you, without pretending to set up for a *Prophet*, that there are those *Rods* preparing for our Backs, and those *Calamities* hang over our Commonwealth, that whoever gets out of the way to avoid them, in my  
judg-



judgment takes the wisest Course that can be. Have we not *banish'd* all manner of *Virtue* and good *Learning* from amongst us? Nay, don't we daily see our Lives and Liberties *ravished* from us by the *Violence* and *Rapine* of unjust *Usurpers*? For my part, I never hear of any of our young Fry carried off by Distempers and other Casualties, in a most *lamentable* and *dismal* Year, but I am so far from thinking them unhappy, that I take it to be the highest *Mark* of the *Affection* and *Goodness* of Providence, to *remove* them out of these Miseries, and take away a *Life* from them, which would have been a perpetual Series of *Calamities* and *Vexations*. And therefore if you can but so far *prevail* upon your self, as to believe that no *Misfortune* has happened to those *Friends*, whose loss you so much *regret*, you will find that you have *beaten* your Grief out of one of its *strongest* Holds, and that very little *remains* to perfect your Cure; for when once all those *Branches* of your *Sorrow*, which had *Communication* with them, are dried up, you have none but your self left to mind; and one would think it no difficult Matter for a Person of your *consummate* Prudence and Discretion, of which you have given the World so many *Testimonies* even from your *Infancy*, to forget your Grief, especially when it is wholly *confined* to your self, and has nothing to do with the Miseries and Misfortunes of your *Friends*. Upon this occasion, give me leave to *represent* to you, that you have all along managed your self with that universal *Applause* in all your Affairs, both *Publick* and *Private*, that you are obliged in *Reputation* to preserve your *old* Character, and shew that you are still *Master* of all your former Constancy. 'Tis not enough for you, that *Time*, which uses to *conquer* the most *obstinate* Grief, will at last *abate* your *immoderate* Sorrow: You ought to *anticipate* so vulgar a *Remedy*,

dy, and should make use of no other *Physician* but your *Moderation* and *Prudence*. What *Woman* was ever known to *abandon* herself so excessively, to grief upon the Loss of her *Children*, but at last she *ceased* her Lamentations? A Man of *Conduct* and *Temper* will not tarry till so tedious a Healer as Time closes up the Wounds of his *Sorrow*, but will immediately call his Reason and Resolution to his Relief. Now if this Letter of mine is so happy, as to give you the least *Ease* under your *Afflictions*, I shall think I have performed a very *meritorious* Work; but if it fails of Success, I shall however *satisfie* my self, with having discharged the *Duty* of a Cordial and Faithful *Friend*; in which you may *assure* your self I will never be found wanting to the last Moment of my Life.

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## Cicero to Lucceius.

### The Argument.

One, who has been never so little conversant in Tully's Works, needs not to be told here, that the Desire of Glory was his predominant Passion, which perhaps he carried to an Excess. Accordingly we find him very urgent in this Letter with his Friend Lucceius, a Famous and Learned Author, but none of whose Works are now extant, to write the History of his Actions, and particularly Catiline's Conspiracy, upon the defeating of which he valued himself so much. Monsieur Perrault, at the End of his *Parallele des Anciens & Modernes*, T. 1. where he pretends to set the Moderns upon the same Level with the Ancients, with what Justice I will not say, opposes to this Letter of Cicero, one written by Monsieur Balzac to Cardinal de Richelieu, which the Reader will find below



*below. What an Opinion Tully had of this Letter, appears by what he says to his Friend Atticus about it. Epistolam Luceio nunc quam misi, qua res meas ut scribat rogo, fac ut ab eo sumas; valde bella est. Ad Att. l. 4. Epist. 7.*

**A**N awkward sort of *Bashfulness* has all this while hindred me from asking a certain Favour of you, altho' I have frequently endeavoured to do it; and yet I can make a shift to communicate it to you at this *distance*; because Letters don't use to *blush*. I am extremely *desirous*, and I hope the World can't *blame* me for it, to see my Name made *immortal* in your Works. 'Tis true, you have often promised to do me that *Honour*; but excuse me if I am *importunate* and *pressing* with you upon this Article; for altho' I had always a very great Opinion of your Writings, you have nevertheless surpassed it; and I am so *transported* when ever I read 'em, that I am impatient to the last degree, to have you *celebrate* my Actions with all *Expedition*; For 'tis not only my desire that *Posterity* should talk advantageously of me hereafter, and that my *Name* should live in future *Ages*: I am ambitious, while I am alive, to enjoy so authentic an Approbation as *yours*, to receive so distinguishing a Mark of your Friendship, and to be praised by a *Hand* so *universally* esteemed. I am sensible that while I am writing this *Letter* to you, you are engaged in several other *Designs*, which you have undertaken and begun: But since your *History* of the Wars of *Italy*, and particularly that of our late *Civil* Commotions, is in a manner *finished*; and since I heard you say, that you were going to begin the *Continuation* of them, I was resolved not to be *unmindful* of my self, and therefore beg you to consider whether it will be most proper to insert my Actions into the *Body* of that *History*,

story, or else to make a *seperate* Volume of *Catiline's* Conspiracy, as several of the *Greek* Historians have done: *Caisthenes*, for Instance, has compos'd a Treatise of the Wars of *Troy* by it self; *Timæus* has done the same in his Wars of King *Pyrrhus*; and *Polybius* in that of *Numantia*. I confess that it does not much concern me in point of Fame, whether 'tis so or no; but it highly concerns my present *Impatience* not to wait till you come to that part of your *History*, but to engage you, if possible, to *dispatch* me out of hand. Besides, I foresee this Advantage in it, that if you *confine* your self to the Limits of one *Subject* and of one *Person*, you will have more room to *display* the *Fertility* of your Wit, and the *Riches* of your Eloquence. I am not ignorant what an *impudent* Request this is, considering the *multiplicity* of Business which takes you up at present, and how ill it looks in a Man to *court* Commendation and Applause; but what will you think of me, if after all I don't deserve to be so much commended as I *desire*? But a Man that has once abandoned *Modesty*, must be *heroically* impudent, and not do things by halves. For this Reason I *earnestly* entreat you to *praise* me, and perhaps more than you think I *deserve*, without tying up your self so *religiously* to the strict Laws of *History*; and if you find any favourable *Inclinations* for me (tho' I remember it was *pleasantly* said by you in one of your *Introductions*, that you were no more to be *influenced* by them, than *Hercules* in *Xenophon* was by the Goddesses of *Pleasure*) let me request you not to *check* them, but for once make those *Allowances* to Friendship, which the *Severity* of Truth will not permit. Could I prevail with you to undertake this Affair, I dare engage it would not be *unworthy* of your Eloquence; for it might make a *pretty History* by it self, beginning with the *Conspiracy*, and ending with my *Return* from



from Banishment; in which compass of time you might take notice of all the *Changes* that have hapned in the Republic; and either describe the Causes of these *Disorders*, or lay down those *Remedies* that may be most proper to prevent 'em for the future. I shall wholly leave it to your own Discretion to *condemn* or *justifie* whatever you think deserves your *Censure* or *Commendation*; and if you have a mind to express your self *freely* and *openly*, as your Custom is, you may take notice of that *perfidious base* Treatment I have found in the World. With submission, I say it, the *Adventures* of my Life will afford a *Variety* that must certainly please; for nothing gives a *greater* Pleasure to the Reader, than the diversity of *Times*, and the *Vicissitudes* of Fortune. I must confess that when I *suffered* under 'em, they were not very *pleasing*; however the reading of them must needs be *agreeable*; for the Remembrance of a past *Affliction* gives a Man Joy, when he has no longer any occasion to fear it; even those who never *suffered* any, and behold the Misfortunes of other Men at a distance, without taking any part in 'em, must surely find a secret Joy in *commiserating* them. Is it possible for any Man to read how *gallantly* Epaminondas died at *Mantineia*, without feeling in himself some *Compassion* for the *Hero*, when he finds he wou'd not suffer the fatal *Spear* to be plucked out of his Side, till he had asked whether his *Buckler* was in the Hands of the *Enemy*; and when he was told that it was not, *expired* with Pleasure and Satisfaction? Who can read of the *Banishment* and happy *Return* of *Themistocles*, without being sensibly affected at the fantastick shifting of the Scene? I may *positively* affirm, that the reading of our common *Annals* makes no more *Impression* upon us, than the reading of an *Almanack*; whereas the dangerous and uncertain *Revolutions*

in a Great Man's *Life* inspire, us with all sorts of Motions, give us *Admiration* and *Desire*, *Joy* and *Grief*, *Hope* and *Fear*; and when all this is finished by some remarkable *Catastrophe*, the Mind, if I may so express my self, is *sated* with the Pleasure it finds in the Narration. And this makes me the more *importunate* with you to bestow a *separate* Treatise upon this *Tragi-Comedy* of my *Adventures*; for so I may very well call it, since it comprehends so many different *Acts*, play'd at several *Intervals*, and carried on by so many various *Motions*; Neither am I afraid that you'll *suspect* me of Flattery, for desiring to be praised by *you* rather than *any* one else; for you cannot be a Stranger to your own worth, and must *certainly* know that those who don't *admire* you, ought with more Justice to be reckoned among the *Envious*, than those who praise you among the *Flatterers*. Besides, I am not such a Fool neither, as to expect *immortal Glory* from a Man who will not obtain the same for himself by the *Beauty* of his Language, and the *Elegance* of his Work, even while he commends me. Thus, when we find that *Alexander* would suffer himself to be *painted* by none but *Apelles*; and none but *Lysippus* to make his Statue and Medals; 'twas not because he had a mind to gratifie and humour these two *great Masters*, but because he thought that the Excellence of their Art, as it would do *credit* to them, would bring much more *Glory* to himself: And yet these famous Artists only gave the Representation of his Body to those that knew him not: And had it never been done, what had he *lost* by it; or indeed what great Man makes the *less* Figure in Story, because his *Portraiture* was never taken? *Agésilas* of *Sparta* is no less *esteemed*, although he never would suffer his *Picture* to be drawn, or any *Statues* to be erected to him, than those who were so *extravagantly* fond  
of



of these *Vanities* : For that little *Book* wherein *Xenophon* has described his excellent *Qualities*, has done him infinitely more *Honour* than the others received from all their *Pictures* and *Statues*. Therefore if you'll oblige me so far as to allow me a *small* place in your *Compositions*, I shall be much more pleased, and think my *Memory* much better secured, than if all the *Writers* of this Age should conspire to do me the same *Honour* : For, not to mention the advantage of a *beautiful Stile*, which I may as certainly expect to find from you as *Timoleon* found from *Timæus*, or *Themistocles* from *Herodotus*, I shall have this farther Satisfaction, to see my self supported by the *Authority* of a great and deserving Man, who has shown the *Wisdom* of his *Conduct* in the greatest and most important *Revolutions* of State ; so that I shall not only have my *Actions* described in the *politest* Language, not *inferiour* to that which *Alexander* acknowledg'd to have been bestow'd on *Achilles* by *Homer* ; but I shall likewise have the *grave* and *solid* Approbation of the most *Illustrious* Person of his Age. I love the *Saying* of *Hector* in our Poet *Neivius*, who not only tells us, that it is a *Pleasure* to him to be praised, but goes further on, and adds, to be praised by a *Praise-worthy Man*. Now if you cannot oblige me in this particular ; that is to say, if your other Affairs should hinder you, (for I cannot believe that you'll refuse me any thing by your good will) I must be forced to do that for my self which several Persons have often condemned ; I mean, to write my own *History* ; although 'tis certain that I have the *Example* of several Great Men to justify me in so doing. But you know, my dear Friend, that there are many *Inconveniencies* in an Undertaking of this nature : A Man is obliged to write of himself with more *Indifference* than he would of another Person, when he is to relate any Action that deserves *Praise* :

On the other hand, when he is to speak of his own *Defects* or *Infirmities*, 'tis natural for him to pass them over in *silence*. Besides these *Disadvantages*, there are many *more* behind; a Man is apt to be less *believ'd* when he tells his own Tale; he talks with less *Authority*: In short, the World exclaims against him, and *says*, that he is more impudent than your Trumpeters at the *Publick* Sports, who after they have crowned the other Conquerors, and *solemnly* named them, when they themselves at the Conclusion of these Sports, come to receive the *Crown* which they have deserved, desire a Brother Trumpeter to *do* the Ceremony for 'em, lest they should be forced to *proclaim* their own *Victory*. Now this is what I would *willingly* avoid; and I shall *effectually* avoid it, if you will undertake this Affair for me, as I *earnestly* desire you; and that you may not be surprized to see me *beg* this of you with so much Eagerness, and in so tedious and so long a Letter, as if you had never given me your Promise to oblige the World with an exact *History* of all the Occurrences of our time; I must farther declare and confess to you frankly and ingenuously that I am in *pain*, as I have *already* told you, to see this *History* concluded by you in my *Life-time*: Whether this proceeds from the natural *Impatience* of my Temper, or whether 'tis because I am desirous to be known by *your* Books, and to *taste* while I am alive, the Pleasure of that *Glory*, which they will *certainly* bestow on me after my *Death*: I conjure you to let me know what you *design* to do, if it will not be too troublesome to you: For if you'll set about it, I will furnish you with sufficient *Memoirs*; but if you defer it to another time, you and I will talk more of it when we meet next: But I hope you'll *immediately* take it in hand, polish at *leisure* what you have begun, and continue to love me. Farewell.



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*A Collection of Letters from the  
best French Authors, adapted  
to the Humour of the present  
Times.*

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*By Mr. THO. BROWN.*

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P A R T III.

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*Monsieur Fountenelle's Letters,  
Author of the Amusements*

---To Mademoiselle de J---

*Upon sending to her a Boar in a Pasty, who had  
like to have wounded him at the Chase.*

*Madam,*

**I** Have ran the greatest Risk in the World, but  
at last my Enemy is defeated, and now I  
send him to you bound to his good Behaviour  
in Pye-crust. I have ordered him to be well Spi-  
ced and season'd with Salt, to preserve the Me-  
mory of my Triumph. Had I been acquainted  
with the Receipt of the ancient *Aegyptians*, I  
wou'd have embalm'd him, and made a Mummy  
of his Body: By that means he would have lasted  
numberless Ages; but it unluckily falls out with  
us Moderns; that we have no other Secret but  
F f f 3 this

this of Paste. Imagine that this Animal, you see before you, had no great mind that I should kill him: As soon as he saw me, away he scamper'd as if the Devil had been behind him, but on a sudden turn'd full upon me with a felonious Intent to Murder me. Upon which I deliberated with my self - what I had best to do. I could not tell but you might have set him against me, for whenever I see any thing that is dismal or terrible, I immediately conclude that it comes from you. But after I had well examin'd the Boar's Countenance, I cou'd not find that he came upon any such Errand. There was another Difficulty still behind, and that was to know, whether I had not best die to put an end to those cruel Torments you make me suffer; but there was too much Self-Interest I thought to take that course, and I humbly conceiv'd it was for your Ladyship's Honour, that a Lover so faithful as I, should live, altho' he did not find his Account in it. Thus the Zeal that I had for your Glory cost the poor Boar his Life, who little imagin'd he had to deal with an Adversary, that was animated by so powerful a Motive. In short, I shot my Gentleman dead upon the Spot, and his Brother Boars I presume will have more Guts in their Brains for the future, then to pick a Quarrel with such as preserve their Lives on purpose for you. I shou'd be the happiest Man in the Universe, Madam, if you would feed heartily upon him, out of Revenge for having been so impudent to put me in peril of my Life; and if that Consideration wou'd make him go down the better with you, I am,

*Your most Obedient, &c.*



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*To Monsieur C-----**Upon the Cartesian Philosophy.*

**S**O then 'tis a plain Case, I find, that you have lost your Understanding. It seems you are turn'd Philosopher of late, and what is more, you belong to that Sect of Philosophy which is the oddest in the World. Among other Heretical Doctrines, you maintain that there are no such things as Colours: Nay you pretend that Beasts are Machines, and move by Clock-work: In fine, you turn things topsie-turvy after so strange a rate, that a Man can't tell what to trust to. I spoke of it the other Day to Madam B— who is very much your Friend, and is heartily afflicted, at the loss of your Reason: I dare swear she wou'd strangle *Des Cartes* in one of her Garters, if she had him in the Room; for in short, his Philosophy is not to be endured in a Christian Country; it robs the Ladies of their Beauty, and makes them all as ugly as Witches. If there is no such thing as Colours, there's consequently no such thing as a fine Complexion; and what will become then of the Lillies and Roses in the Cheeks of our great Beauties? You'll come off but scurvily, let me tell you, if you think to appease them, by saying that Colours are in the Eyes of those that look upon them, and not in the Objects themselves. The Ladies won't depend upon the Eyes of other Men for their Complexion, but but are resolved to hold it of themselves, and not at the Courtesie of every Spectator. If there are no Colours in the Night, our Friend Mr. N— is finely brought to Bed, who fell in Love with

Madam *Z*—— meerly upon the score of her fine Face, and married her. It wou'd be a great Mortification to him, after having believed that he has the finest red and white in the Universe between his Arms, to find there is no such thing as red and white in Nature. But if the Complexion is a cheat upon our Senses, what will you say to those Ladies that practise the Mystery of Painting, and lay on the Carnation and the White as thick as Plaister? 'Tis certain nothing can be more real, and so these Ladies will enjoy a Privilege above the rest of their Sex, I mean that of having a true Complexion; however all the World are of another Opinion, and will positively tell you that theirs is not true.

I desire you to answer this Argument at your leisure; but this is not all, for Madam *De B*——, and my self have found out another Objection against your Philosophy, which you'll find it no easie matter to solve. You pretend that Beasts are no less Machines than Watches; now I dare engage that if you put a certain Machine call'd a Dog, and another Machine call'd a Bitch, together in the same Room, there will result a third little Machine from their corresponding together; whereas you may keep two Watches together as long as you live, nay, till Dooms-Day if you please, and they will never produce a third Watch between them. Now, Madam *B*——, and I find by our Philosophy, that any two Things that have the faculty to produce a third out of themselves, are of a Class much superiour to that of Machines. We give you time to consider of an Answer to these Objections, for we know very well that you must consult your Books, before you'll be able to do it. Madam *B*——, sends you Word by me, that she will not receive a Visit from you, before you have made some Reparation to her Complexion;



on: As for me, I assure you, I am a piece of Clock-work newly wound up, to go in your service, and am

*Your most Obedient Servant.*

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*To Madam D--- V---*

*Upon sending her a Black and a Monkey.*

*Madam,*

**A** *Fric*, to oblige you, has exhausted her self, and sends you two of the oddest Creatures she produces, so that nothing would be wanting to make my Present compleat, if I could send you a Crocadile to keep them Company. Both of them are in Perfection, the Black is the saddest Dog of all Blacks, and the Monkey the most malicious Devil of all Monkeys. I can assure you, that one of these Beasts has a mighty Respect for the other, and is a profest Admirer of his Ingenuity and great Parts. You'll soon discover that this Admirer is the Black. Besides that, it is an Article of Faith among those of his Nation, that the Monkeys have as much Reason as themselves, but that they conceal it as much as they can, by not talking, for fear Men should clap Pack-saddles upon their Backs, and make them work for their living: This Black, Madam, has a particular Esteem for the Monkey, as having lived under the same Roof many Years with him, and has not a jot of Understanding more than he has learnt in his long acquaintance with him. But I have one Advice to give you, Madam, and that is to look him frequently in the Face: Our Blacks in *France* turn tawny, and become of an Olive

Com-

Complexion, which is enough to scare *Lucifer* out of his Senses. The Physical Reason of this is, because the Sun is not strong enough in our Climate to keep up that charming Black which it gives them in *Afric*; but, Madam, your Eyes, that are so lively and piercing, will supply the defect of the Sun; and will not let him lose an Ace of his primitive Complexion. I am extreamly glad that you will always have a *Slave* in your presence to represent me; he is not more yours than I am; if he gives you any Occasion to have him well Cudgel'd sometimes, to put him in mind of his Duty, he something resembles me, for the Devil of Rebellion often tempts me to revolt against you. As for the Monkey pray don't be surpris'd, Madam, if you hear Sighs come from him, that are strong enough to turn about a Windmill; if you see him pass whole Nights without sleeping a Wink, if you find him as Melancholy as a Horse in a Pound, when he is not in your Company; in fine, if he eats little and can't divert himself in any thing; for I must tell you, Madam, that like a trusty Servant he has learnt all this of his old Master, who is,

*Your most Obedient, &c.*

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*To the same.*

*Upon the Death of her Monkey*

**I** Am told your Monkey is gone the way of all Flesh, at which I am exceedingly griev'd, for I am like to be a great loser by his Decease, since I have no body now to put you in mind of me; but the Black the unhappy Creature, I suppose



pose, broke his Heart, because he was not able to imitate me before you, as well as he desired; indeed there was nothing which he could not handsomely counterfeit with infinitely more ease than my Passion; but may his Destiny light upon all my Rivals that shall have the Insolence to be the Apes of my Affection; perhaps too the poor thing drew your Displeasure upon himself, for endeavouring to imitate my Passion, and so unluckily dy'd of Despair. If it is so, I have nothing left me to do, but to imitate him in my turn, and to die after him. I am inform'd you have shed some Tears for him; it is something of the latest to repent for your ill Usage of the poor Creature; but regulate your Conduct I beseech you, by him, and don't oblige me to die, if you must needs regret me after Death. It is very probable that if you so heartily lament the Party that imitated me, you'll grieve ten times more for your humble Servant. I am an Original of Tenderness; and if you lose me, you are not like to find my Fellow in haste, but must even content yourself with very scurvy Copies. But, Madam, let me conjure you, not to use the Black the worse because he is my Representative; it would be very hard upon him indeed, if for that Reason he must meet with the Destiny of the Monkey. Can you suffer nothing to be near you, that has the Misfortune to bear some Resemblance of my Fidelity and Devotion for you, but you must kill it by your Cruelty? The Tears I shed for the Death of the Monkey are better founded than yours, since his Adventure teaches me what I am to expect. Farewel, Madam, but remember if you please that you cannot restore the late Defunct to Life again, but that you have still the Power to preserve

*Your humble Servant, &c.*

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To Madam —

*How a young Gentleman, that had tried all other Methods unsuccessfully, frightened his Mistrs to comply with him, by threatning to starve himself in her Closet.*

**Y**OU will excuse me, Madam, if I have made bold to send you a short Account of a remarkable Accident which lately happen'd in these Parts of the World; and for the Truth of which, I dare pawn my Reputation to you. It will give you a wholesome Testimony of the Power of Love, and serve to instruct you, that when a Lover is once positively resolved to gain his Point, the best thing a Woman can do, is to strike up a Bargain with him, and lose no more time in Capitulating.

Monseieur — had courted a Lady two Years, but was so unfortunate as not to make the least Progress in her Affection. All his Services, his Cares, his Respects, his Complaints; in short, all his Tears and Protestations, had prov'd unsuccessful. One Day, happening to be alone with her in her Closet, he fairly and plainly told her, that since nothing was capable of touching her, he was fully resolv'd to die, and put an end to his Pains. This Discourse, I must confess, had nothing that was singular in it: For a thousand Men have threatned to dispatch themselves that never intended it; but what follows, you'll own to be very particular: And to the end, Madam, says he, that you may fully enjoy my Death, and have the satisfaction to see it steal upon me by degrees, I am resolv'd to die of Hunger here in your Closet. With that, he flung himself upon the Floor, resolving to put his Design in Execution



tion from that very *Moment*. The young *Lady* only *laughed* at him, and *left* him there, making no question but that he would be gone in less than a quarter of an Hour. In the mean the *Evening* approach'd; yet our *Trufty Lover* still continu'd in the *Closet*. She came to see him, and ask'd him whether his *Brains* were not grown *ad-dle*, and whether he intended to take up his *Quar-ters* there? To both which Questions our Gentleman made no manner of *Reply*; so that the *Lady* was obliged to leave him. In short, the *Night* passed, and next *Morning* the *Lady* came very early to *advise* him to lay aside this foolish *Resoluti-on*; but all she could get from him, was, *Madam, I have already done my self the Honour to acquaint you with my last Intentions*. Having said this, he look'd *languishingly* upon her, fetch'd a deep *Sigh*, and turn'd his Head the other way. On the *Third Day*, our *Lady*, more perplex'd than ever, brought him something to eat with her own Hands. 'Tis impossible to tell you with what a *scornful* Look he beheld it: He appeared in this short time to be considerably *weakned*; his *Eyes* look'd *dead* and *heavy*, his *Complexion* *pale*, and there seem'd to be something *wild* and *distracted* in his Looks. The fourth Day no sooner arriv'd, but our *Lady* began seriously and gravely to consider what a cruel Scandal this would be to her, if she did not take care to *prevent* it. How! a Man die in my *Closet*, kill'd by *Despair*, kill'd by *Hunger*! I am utterly *undone* if I don't hinder it. What *malicious* Stories will the Neighbourhood raise of me, if this should happen? Perhaps by this time too *Love* had gain'd some Ground upon her Heart; and I am apt to believe for my part, that *Love* work'd as powerfully with her as the *Fear* of Scandal. However it was, she resolv'd to go and argue the Matter with him; and after a long *Exhortation*, which he did

did not seem to *understand*, because he was in a manner *dead* ; she told him, that since all the Arguments she had offer'd to him, could not *get* him out of her *Closet*, she was willing to let him go out upon his own *Conditions* : With this, our poor *Lover* cast an amorous Look at her ; and ask'd her whether what he heard was *true*, or only an *Illusion* of his Senses ? She satisfied him that all was *true* ; when immediately Life return'd to him ; and not only *Life*, but a surprizing *Vigour*, which enabl'd him to pay off part of his Debt to Madam before ever he stirr'd out of the *Closet*. Never did *Lover* make a more honourable *Retreat*, that's certain : In all probability, our Lady was mightily pleased with her own *Charms*, since they had *Efficacy* enough to perform so *miraculous* a Cure ; and I don't doubt but in Reality they had a good Share in the *Miracle* : But then 'tis as true, that they ought not wholly to assume it to themselves ; but to *divide* the Glory of it with a cold *Neat's-Tongue*, a Roll of *Bread*, and a good Bottle of *Wine*, which our *Lover* had dexterously conveyed under a *Couch* which was in the *Closet* ; for you must know, that foreseeing he was to die, he had had taken care, like a good *Christian* as he was, to make some *Preparation* for it before-hand. And now, Madam, methinks I see your Ladyship striking your Fan against the *Table*, and crying, Was there ever such a horrid Piece of *Treachery* acted ? What will this wicked Age come to ? And yet, Madam, I must take the *Freedom* to tell you, that I look upon that *Woman* to be happy, *exceeding* happy, who has a *Lover* that can cheat her so ingeniously : For, in the first place, she has the Honour of having done all that can be requir'd from a Lady of the most rigid *Vertue* ; and, Secondly and lastly, she has the Pleasure of finding her *Appetite* gratified without the least Injury to her *Honour*. I dare engage



gaged that our young Lady has not been *backward* to testify her Love to Monsieur——, and that, to convince him of it, she has sent him home an hundred times since, with as much Satisfaction as then, and less *Hunger*. The Truth on't is, he deserv'd this kind *Treatment*, if it were only for the Fruitfulness of his *Invention*. Others take Towns by blocking them up, till they starve 'em; whereas our Lover carried the Place before him, by only pretending to *starve* himself. Well, this was certainly one of the *prettiest* Stratagems in the World. All the Mischief is, that You Ladies for the future will take no notice of us *Lovers*, when we talk of *dying* for You, tho' after all, I am apt to believe, that it will do us no very great *Harm* neither. You may find by this short Story, that our Cavalier had come off but bluely had the Lady's Rigour continu'd: But to our Comfort be it remembred, her Vertuous Resolutions did not hold out so *long* as a small *French* Roll, and a single Bottle of Wine.

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*To Mademoiselle de C——*

*Upon sending her an Extract of the Church-Register.*

*Madam,*

I Can without Vanity boast, that I make you to Day a very considerable Present: In short, I give two whole Years; you thought you were twenty two Years old, and I bring it you attested in a Paper under Hand and Seal, that you are but twenty; now I reckon that I give you these Years which I take away from you, and indeed in these matters we never reckon otherwise. The two years you thought had past over your Head, are still

still to come, and I do my self the Honour to make you a Present of them. I am ready to die for fear, Madam, that you will not value them as they deserve; But good Heavens! the Man that was able to make such a Present, to certain Ladies that shall be nameless, what Favours might he not expect from their Hands? Where are the Charms and Graces, the fine Expressions, and Compliments that can be put into the Ballance with two compleat Years? It is but reasonable, Madam, I think, that you shou'd employ 'em wholly upon me, since you are indebted to me for 'em. When they are gone and past, you may do what you please, I shall then pretend to have no manner of Right over you, but with Submission, Madam, from the present Moment, 'till you are compleatly twenty two, you wholly belong to me. After that, I leave you just as I found you, at Liberty to break off or continue the Commerce, according as you see convenient; but if I find you not at all inclined to do me Justice, know, Madam, that I will suffer no one to Love you, upon the foot of twenty years. Wherever I go I will proclaim to all the World, that in truth you had not been so old by two Years, if you had not been so minded, but that you refused to accept 'em from me, and that since you don't love me, 'tis but requisite you should reckon your self twenty two Years old. You little imagine perhaps to what strange Hazards you expose your self, by making me Master of the Secret of your Age: For, 'tis a Secret, Madam, which those of your Sex keep inviolably to themselves, and perhaps the only one a Woman can keep. Several Ladies have trusted me with the Affairs of their Families; nay, even with their Intrigues; but I cou'd never yet meet with one so open-hearted as to trust me with her Age: There are thousand Women



men that will run up to the Mouth of a Cannon, that will hang or drown with as much cheerfulness as if they were going to a Gossiping, that will make you nothing to jump down four Stories; but I never found a Woman that had Courage and Resolution enough to tell her Age. The truth on't is, the older they are, the more sensible they become of what importance it is, that they had not so many Years upon the account. As for you, Madam, who have not plaid your Cards so cautiously as you should have done, you little think how you will tremble one Day lest I should tell any Tales of you. Your Destiny will depend upon me, and there is nothing which I cannot force you to comply with, if instead of a Ponyard I send you the Extract of the Church-Register. I suppose you laugh at my Menaces now, and think the time is so far off, that you don't believe I shall ever live to see it. I am afraid indeed you'll prove a Prophetess, for unless you are less rigorous, you'll soon dispatch

*Your most Obedient, &c.*

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### *To Monsieur de T——*

*About a young cross Devil of a Wife, that would not let her Husband have any thing to do with her the first Night of their Marriage.*

**Y**OU are desirous to know what happened at my Niece's Marriage; and having an intire Confidence in your Friendship, I shall make no Scruple to acquaint you with the Secrets of our Family. You must know then that we are in the strangest Confusion imaginable; and when the

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*Stems*

*Storm* will be over a greater Conjuror than my self must resolve you. That young *Fury* my Niece has a mortal Aversion to her *Husband*, and wou'd not suffer him upon the *Wedding Night* to perform the usual *Duties* of Matrimony. We that knew nothing of what had pass'd between them, accosted the *Bridegroom* next morning with the common Questions; asking him how many *Fingers* he cou'd shew? and how often he had trespass'd upon *Madam's Patience*? He on his side receiv'd us very coldly; whereas the young Slut never look'd so gay and pleasant in her Life. I could not imagine what should be the meaning of it, unless it were that the *Bridegroom's* Conscience privately reproach'd him for having given very slender Proofs of his *Manhood* the Night before, and his Wife insulted him for it; tho' at the same time I consider'd, that if the Case were so, his Spouse, in all probability, would not be so merry: For what Woman, that has all her Fortune lodged in a *Goldsmith's* Hands, would rejoice to hear he was a *Bankrupt*? But, in Truth, I was far from divining the true Reason of her *Gayety*, which proceeded from the Pleasure she took in having punish'd her Husband the Night before. Since her *Friends* wou'd force her to marry against her *Inclinations*, she's resolv'd by what I can find, to make her self some amends for it, by playing the *Tyrant* to her Spouse; and the Success of her *Revenge*, which is Meat, Drink, and Cloth, to a true Woman, has given her that Air and Vivacity, that she looks ten times prettier than ever. My Sister, who, you must know, is a very devout Woman in her Temper, is almost at her Wits end, to see her *Daughter* in so fair a way to damn her self. And what is worse, to damn her self for a *Sin*, which perhaps not one married Woman since the Creation was ever guilty of. For this Reason she sent for some of the most

Learn-



*Learned and Able Divines in Paris*, to come and try what they could do with her; who very *piously* advis'd her to discharge the *Duties* of a Wife, as she was in Conscience bound, and quoted a thousand *Passages* out of *Fathers* and *Councils*, out of the *Civil* and *Canon Law*, to prove that she must obey her *Husband in omnibus licitis & honestis*, and not refuse him the *Use* of his own: But this *silly* Baggage answer'd 'em very *pertly*, that for her part, she would neither be govern'd by *Fathers* nor *Councils*; for what Authority had they to controul her? And endeavour'd to justify her *Rebellion* with such foolish idle *Arguments*, that our worthy *Clergymen* could hardly keep their solemn Countenances. When their Learn'd *Remonstrances* were over, in came her *Husband*, who by his obliging Behaviour and tender *Embraces*, try'd to put her in a better Humour; but she was equally Proof against all these different *Attacks*, and minded him no more than she did the Gentlemen in Black. I expected indeed that the *Parsons* would soon conquer her *Obstinacy*; because a Woman is easily perswaded to be complaisant to her *Body*, when she is told that 'tis for the Health of her *Soul*; but as for her *Husband*, I never thought he wou'd advance a Step by any thing he could say, or do to her. In truth, he is so woful a Figure, that although our *Spiritual* Guides had stagger'd her in this Foolish Resolution, yet the very sight of him was enough to confirm her in her *Contumacy*. However, I must do him the Justice as to own, that he *omits* nothing that may help to *reconcile* him to his Wife, and make him appear *lovely* in her *Eyes*. The Perfumer and the Taylor, the Embroiderer and the Sempstress, have taken a World of Pains to set off his Person; but as I told you before, his *Person* is so incorrigible that no Art can amend it. So that to deal plainly with

you, nothing gives me any Hopes in this Affair, but the Bridegroom's *Resolution*, who is not a jot discouraged; But, upon second Thoughts, I very much question whether the *Constancy* of a *Married* Man will hold out so long as that of a *Lover*. For that very thing, wherein he seems to have the Advantage of the *Latter*, I mean, the *Right* he has to obtain what he desires, produces the quite contrary Effect; and is so far from helping him forward, that it proves a Rub in his way. As the World goes at present, a Man sooner comes at what is *forbidden* him, than what he may *challenge* as his due: And after all, I'll appeal to you, whether it would not be better for this poor Husband to be engag'd in a short Skirmish of an *Intrigue* which is soon over, than to be only *Titular* Master of a *Citadel*, which tho' it owns his *Sovereignty*, refuses to open its Gates to him.

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### To the same.

By what means the aforesaid young Lady was at last brought to be complaisant to her Husband.

**T**IS a Concatenation of *Merry* Adventures this *Marriage* of my Neice: She has been of late, strangely indispos'd with the Vapours, which made her see very dreadful Visions, as Deaths-Heads, Winding-Sheets, Church-yards, and the like terrible Apparitions. All the Physicians she consulted, unanimously *prescrib'd* her Husband to her. At first she could not bear the mention of this *Prescription*, and told the *Doctors* flat and plain, that they must find out some other *Remedy* for her. We then *represented* to the young Fool, that nothing but her Husband could cure her; that tho' the *Physick* he administred to her, would gripe her a little at first, yet it would



would go off in a Minute; that it would throw her into a fine *breathing Sweat*, and afterwards into the most *delicious Slumber* that could be. As for me, I offer'd her all the *Duties* and *Services* of a *Lover*, after she had try'd her *Husband* in order to put the *nauseous Relish* of *Matrimony* out of her Mouth, as 'tis the Custom, you know, to take a little *Spoonful* of Sugar after *Pills*, to make one lose the *Taste* of them. As her *Vapours* still grew upon her, they help'd to *fortifie* our Arguments: So, at last, after two Months *holding out*, the *Castle* surrender'd, and the *Marriage-Rites* were *consumated*. It went a little against the *Grain* with our *Husband* to be taken like a Dose of *Calomel* or *Jalap* by the *Doctor's* Direction: But what, I should think, he ought to take much nearer to Heart, he has been too *profuse* of his *Remedy*; and his *Wife's* *Vapours* have gone off too soon; so that now he is afraid that he shall be no longer *necessary* to her; and I fancy, enquir'd of a *Physician* t'other Day, whether there was not some *Secret* to give the *Vapours* to Persons that had them not? I will take care to inform my self better of this Affair. As for the *young Gentlewoman*, she is concern'd too, but 'tis because her *Distemper* has left her so soon; and, in my Conscience, would not complain if it *visited* her again, to see whether her *Husband's* *Receipt* is infallible. It cannot but *afflict* her too to find her good Man triumph upon the *Success* of his Medicine, and value himself as an *important Person*: And indeed, of all the *frightful Visions* she has seen, nothing haunts her at present but her *Domestick Lord* and *Sovereign*, who, to her great Misfortune, sticks closer to her than her *Vapours*; and is harder to be dislodg'd. During the time that she kept off her *Husband* at Arms length, and bid *open Defiance* to him, she had the Curiosity to go to an

*Italian Astrologer* to consult him about her Fortune; and the *Oracle*, by our *Management*, answer'd her, that she should be the *Mother* of several Children, but gave her not the *least* Encouragement of ever seeing herself a *Widow*. This Prediction was somewhat *miraculous*, considering how Matters stood with her at that time; for how could she expect any *Harvest*, while she suffer'd her Ground to lie *until'd*? But as Women are naturally *superstitious* and easie of *Belief*, Sir *Sidrophel* soon perswaded her that this was her *Destiny*. Thus partly out of *Obedience* to the Stars, which foretold that she should have store of *Children*, and partly out of Fear of lying alone when the *Death's* Heads and other *frightful Apparitions* came to visit her; my *Neice* has with great Difficulty been prevail'd upon to comply with that, which she ought to have submitted to out of *Duty*.

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### To Monsieur de F—

*Desiring his Advice, whether he should marry a certain Lady that was recommended to him.*

Dear Friend,

I Never stood more in need of good Advice, than at this present writing; and I conjure you to assist me to the best of your Skill. My Friends wou'd have me marry: But, deal plainly with me, don't you think this Affair somewhat too serious for one of my Temper; and that I am not worthy to be admitted into so honourable a State? For my part, I never had one grave solid Thought in all my Life; yet never found my self the worse for't; and must I now begin to be plagu'd with them? Well, but who do

you



you think they would have me *marry*? Why, Madam *A——*, the most sage and discreet Person in the Universe. Methinks I see her already advise me to lead a more regular Life, love me by *Rule* and *Method*, and take it for granted, that she shall have a *Child* by me every Year. The other Day she gave me an *Item* of her *Resolutions*, which did not a little discompose me. She told me that it was impossible for a Woman of *Virtue* to continue long a *Widow*, without being expos'd to strange *Inconveniences*. Now, nothing but a Woman that was very confident both of her self and her own Reputation, durst maintain a *Discourse* of this nature. But does she think I am the Man that must put an *End* to her dolesome *Widowhood*? Well then, what say you? Are you not of the Opinion that I shou'd be a very rash Man to engage in this Enterprize? What *perplexes* me most of all, is, that the Party, to do her *Justice*, is very deserving in every respect; so that I am reduc'd to the sad *Necessity* of coming to a *grave* Deliberation, or threatned to be posted for a *Sot*, if I don't *comply* with so advantageous a *Proposal*. Better Men by far than my self wou'd be glad to receive it on their Knees. I am inform'd the *Lady* speaks very *favourably* of me in all Companies: Perhaps she proposes the Satisfaction to her self to convert me, and make me a *staid, sober* Husband. If this is her Design, I am undone to all Intents and Purposes. For what will become of me, if ever she reconciles me to that troublesome Companion, *Reason*? I have been considering with my self, whether 'tis not more *likely* that I shall sooner spoil her *Gravity*, than she reclaim me from roving. A verry pretty Design this, for a Man to have in his *Head* when he is going to take a *Wife*. But upon *second* Thoughts, I dare not flatter my self that I shall be able to do this; for I find that in spite

of my Teeth, she commands a Respect from me, which will certainly give her a strange *Superiority* over me. I am not at all afraid of being govern'd. I am afraid of being made a *grave plodding* Fellow. They will put me upon Offices and Imployment, they will plague me with *Projects* and *Designs*, and settling Fortunes upon Children : And for my part, I have not Courage enough to trust my self with any such terrible Ideas. Oh ! that at this present Minute some good-natur'd *Earthquake* would swallow all her Lands and Tenements at one *Gulp* ; that some quick-sighted Lawyer would find out a *Flaw* in the Title of her Estate ; or that some charitable *Pal-sie* would seize her from Head to Foot ! How should I think my self oblig'd to any such favourable Accident that would fairly disengage me out of this troublesome *Affair*, without any Fault on my side : For, by my good Will, I would not be guilty of one ; neither would I give the World a just Occasion to reproach me upon that Head. You cannot imagin how *strangely* I am alter'd for the worse within this four *Days*, since I have had this *Conflict* within my Breast. I never *thought* so much in my whole Life, and find by Experience that *Thinking* is an Exercise which by no means suits my *Constitution*.



To the same.

Wherein he gives him an Account, that the Match is broke off.

In cheerful Airs you Joy discover,  
Hymen's Tyranny is over.  
Sing Io Pæan, every Lover.

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MY Marriage is broke off, God be thanked: 'Tis true I am somewhat in the Fault; but my Honour is safe before Men; and I am resolv'd to make you the *Confident* of my Amour. I went yesterday to Madam A——'s House, being carried thither in spight of my Teeth, trembling, sweating, confounded and distracted with the bare *Thought* that I was going to treat of that dreadful Affair, call'd *Matrimony*. I dare swear never did Girl of Fifteen suffer more from her *Modesty* on the like Occasion. I am sensible that this Comparison is too faint to represent my *Confusion*; therefore I will give you one which will make you much better comprehend my Case. In short, I was so much chang'd, that had you seen what a wretched Figure I made, how *sneekingly* I look'd, and with what *Gravity* I entertain'd Madam A——, You would certainly have taken me——, (nay don't be startl'd at what I am going to say——) for a grave serious Man, the Father of at least half a Score Children. I don't know whether my Mistress flatter'd her self, that this blessed Alteration she observ'd in me, was *purely* owing to the Ambition I had to please her: But if she did, I can assure her, she reckon'd without her *Host*. At last, the Person who negotiated this Affair between us,

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taking me aside, after a World of Cringe and Ceremony, thus accosts me, — And well, Sir, how do you like my Lady? — Does not every thing about her answer the Character I gave you? — You'll certainly live the happiest Life in the World with her. To my Knowledge, there are four Marquisses, and an old Judge keep their Beds, because she will have nothing to say to 'em. After a great deal of such impertinent Stuff, squeezing me by the Hand, and sneering in my Face, Under Favour, says he, I hope you have brought your Writings with you; for we have a Councillor in the next Room who will peruse them in a moment; not but my Lady takes you to be a worthy Gentleman, and so forth; and would sooner have you than the best Peer in the Land: but you know, Sir, that the World loves to be satisfied in these matters.; and who would be so unfashionable to oppose what the World does? A little Love and a little Money, says a good old Proverb. Nothing is to be bought in the Market without a Penny, says another. Four Legs in Bed, cries a third, want something to keep 'em warm: And though my Lady has no occasion for your Estate, yet there is a fourth Proverb which tells us, That it is good to walk with a Horse in ones Hand. The old Gentleman had no sooner concluded this fine Speech, but the Devil put it into my Head to make my Estate much less than it was; a piece of Policy, which I dare swear, has been practis'd by none but my self. Well, I was forc'd to betake my self to this Shift; for the Match must have certainly gone forward, If I had not prevented it by some Artifice. The Offer was so very advantagious, that I could not openly reject it: And for my part, I was glad of any Excuse that would hinder the Proceedings, provided I could do it without being discover'd. Therefore I resolv'd to put this Design in Execution, and frankly told him that my Fortune was not so great as the World took it to be; that my Father had  
very



very much incumber'd the Estate before it came to my Hands; and that there were some Legacies, and two or three Portions still to be paid out of it. Tho' I made my Condition much worse than it was, yet still I was afraid that the Lady would accept me for all this: However, I resolv'd to trust *Nature* with the *Event*; which does not commonly suffer it self to be carried to that Excess of *Generosity*; and thus I expected to receive my Denial with abundance of Thanks and Praises. It happened just as I expected. But what sets me a laughing as often as I think on it; this prudent Lady, as I was *Yesterday* informed, had *carefully* computed whether her and my Estate together would be able to purchase such a Place for her Eldest Son, and such another for a Second, and so on for a Third: For, as she is a Person of wonderful *Regularity* and *Method*, she had already contriv'd Fortunes for all the *Children* she was to have by me; and in my Conscience, she had reckoned before-hand in what Order the *Boys* and *Girls* were to be born. You may imagine what a Pleasure and Satisfaction it was to me to see my self so *happily* deliver'd from so ticklish a *Bargain*; for I flatter'd my self, that let whatever Woman come to my share, I shou'd live full as *happy* with her, as with this *Arithmetical Lady*. The next time I did my self the Honour to wait upon Madam A——, I carried all my usual *Gayety* with me: For knowing now, I was in no danger of *marrying* her, I had no manner of *Awe* upon my Spirits; nay, what is wonderful, I thought her ten times more charming than ever; so that I wou'd have given her a Cast of my Office with all my Heart, if she had been so minded. 'Tis true, she is a grave discreet *Lady*; but there is no Favour in the World I wou'd refuse her, to testifie my Gratitude to her for refusing to *marry* me. In short, I am *damnably* mistaken, if

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she has not some new Graces which I cou'd not discover in her before this Refusal ; and perhaps nothing but the Terror of *Matrimony* hinder'd me from seeing 'em all this while. This, you'll say, is very strange and wonderful ; but upon the Word of a Friend, 'tis as true as that I am

*Your most obedient Servant.*

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## *A Letter of Monsieur de Balzac to Monsieur de la Motte Aigron.*

### The Argument.

*The younger Pliny, in one of his Epistles, gives us a large Description of his Villa or Country-Seat at Laurentum ; to which Monsieur Perrault opposes this of Balzac. Of both these Letters 'tis pleasantly enough said in the Apologie de Balzac, that the latter describes his House like an Orator, but Pliny like a Mason, that had a mind to part with it to the next Customer.*

**WE** had Yesterday one of those fine Days without a Sun, which, you say, resembles the blind Lady, with whom Philip the Second was so much in love. To tell you the Truth, I never was so well pleased in my Life with being alone : And although the Place where I walked, was a large spacious Heath, which could be put to no fitter use that I know of, than to serve for a Stage for two jolly Armies to engage upon : Nevertheless that agreeable Shade which Heaven gave me on all sides, hindered me from desiring that of Grotto's and Forrests. 'Twas a general Peace from the highest Region of the Air, to the Surface of the

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the Earth; the Water of the River seemed to be as standing as that of a Lake; and if our Vessels that go to Sea, were always to find such a *Calm* there, as they could not escape, so they could not be *destroyed* in it. This I say on purpose to make you *regret* the losing so fine a *Day* in the *City*, and to tempt you to make a small Trip into the *Country*, to come and taste the Pleasures of the ancient *Patriarchs*, who quenched their *Thirst* with Fountain-water, and had no other Nourishment but that which fell from the *Trees*. We live here in a small *Valley*, shut up on every side with *Mountains*, from whose ancient Sides some Grains of that precious Metal still descend, of which the first *Ages* were made. When War is busie in all the four *Corners* of *France*, and within a hundred Paces of this *enchanted Spot*, the whole Ground is covered with *Troops* of Soldiers; yet our *military* Squadrons by common Consent spare this humble *Sanctuary*; and the *Spring* which uses to open with Sieges of Towns and other warlike Exploits, and which for these *twelve* Years last past has been *less* expected for the Change of the Seasons, than for that of *Affairs*, shews us nothing new but *Violets* and *Primroses*. Our People preserve themselves in their *Innocence*, neither by the *Fear* of Laws, nor by the *Study* of Wisdom. To do well, they only follow the simple Dictates of *Nature*, and receive more Advantage from their *Ignorance* of Vice, than we derive from our boasted *Knowledge* of Vertue; so that in this happy Kingdom of half a League in compass, we know not what it is to cheat, except it be the *Birds* and *Beasts*; and the vile *Fargon* of that *eternal Babler* the Law, is a Language full as *unknown* to us, as that of *America*, or any other new World, that has escaped the Avarice of *Ferdinand*, and the Ambition of *Isabella*. Those things that destroy Human Health, or offend their

their Eyes, never had any Footing in this charming *Paradise*. We are troubled with no *Lizards* or *Stakes*; and we know no other *Reptiles* but our *Melons* and our *Strawberries*. I will not pretend to trouble you with the Description of a *House* which was never built according to the nice Rules of *Architecture*; and whose Materials are not altogether so precious as those of *Marble* or *Porphyry*. I will only tell you, that before our Gate there is a *Wood*, where at full Noon we have just *Day* enough to let us know that it is not *Night*, and to hinder all Colours from being *black*; so that between the *Obscurity* and the *Light*, there results an agreeable *Mixture* that cannot injure the *weakest* Eyes, and conceals the *Defects* of the most indifferent *Faces*. Our Trees are *green* to the very Root, as well with their own *Leaves*, as those of the *Ivy* that *embraces* 'em; and if they bear no *Fruit*, their Branches are full of *Turtles* and *Pheasants* all the Year round. From this delightful Place we come to a *Meadow*, where we tread upon *Tulips* and *Anemonies*, which I purposely sowed among the other *Flowers*, to confirm me in the Opinion I learnt abroad in my Travels, that the *French Women* are not so pretty as the *Foreigners*. I sometimes walk down to the *Valley*, which is the most retired part of my *Desert*, and which no Man ever *entred* before me. In this Place, which 'tis impossible almost to describe, I choose to contemplate upon my dearest *Recreations*, and to pass the *sweetest*, and most *innocent* Hours of my Life. The Water and the Trees between 'em always furnish us with something *cool* and *green*: The Swans, which formerly cover'd the whole River, have *retired* to this Place of *Security*, and live in a Canal, which *silences* the greatest *Talkers* as soon as they draw near it; upon the Sides whereof I am always happy, whether I am *chearful* or *melancholy*:  
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Upon the least stay I make in this *delicious* Place, methinks I return to my primitive *Innocence*; my Desires, my Fears, and my Hopes, leave me all on the sudden; all the *Motions* of my Soul stop in their full Career; and either I have no Passions at all, or if I have any, they are wholly at my Command. The *Sun* affords us enough of his heavenly Face, but does not *disturb* us with his *Heat*; the Place lies so low, that it can only receive the last Points of his Rays, which for this reason are so much the finer, and shine with a purer Light. But as it was I that first discovered this new Land, so I possess it without a Co-partner, and would not so much as let my own *Brother* divide the Sovereignty of it with me. As for *every* thing else, I have not a *Servant* who is not *Master* of it; every one takes his *Fill* of what he loves; and thus the time passes *merrily* on all sides: So that where ever I see the Corn *beaten* down to the Ground, or the Grass *levell'd*, I immediately conclude, that neither *Wind* nor *Hail* did it, but a *Shepherd* and a *Shepherdess*. Let me go which way I please out of my House, and turn my Eyes towards any part of this agreeable Solitude, I still behold a *Chrystal Rivulet*, in which the *Beasts*, when they drink, behold the *Heavens* as clear as we do, and enjoy that Advantage, which otherwise Men would rob 'em of. But this pretty *Rivulet* is so much in love with this pretty Place, that it divides it self into a thousand *Branches*, and makes an infinite Number of *Islands*, that it may longer enjoy the Pleasure of so bewitching a Prospect; and when it overflows its *Banks*, 'tis only to make the Year more *fertil*, and furnish us with its *Trouts* and *Pikes*, that much exceed the *Crocodiles* of the *Nile*, and the fabulous *Gold* of all the Rivers of the *Poets*. The great Cardinal of *Richelieu* sometimes comes down hither to taste a new sort of Happiness, and leaves  
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behind him that severe *Vertue*, that *Pomp* which surprizes all the World, to take up *softer* Qualities, and a Majesty more *sedate*. This mighty Minister, whom *Heaven* has chosen for its *Instrument*, to perform so many great *Exploits*, and who is never out of my Thoughts, after he had lost a *Brother* so well accomplished, that if he might have chosen one out of all Mankind, he could not have made a *happier* Choice; I say, after he had suffered a *Loss* which *deserved* the Tears of the *Queen*, he came down hither to find *Satisfaction*, and receive from God's own Hands, who loves *Silence* and inhabits *Solitude*, that Relief which is not to be found in the Systems of *Philosophy*, and the Tumult of the *World*. I could bring other *Examples* to convince you that my *Desert* has been visited in all times by illustrious *Hermites*, and that the Footsteps of *Princes* and great *Noblemen*, are still fresh in my Walks: But for my concluding Invitation, I need only tell you that *Virgil* and I expect you here, and that if you'll bring down your *Muses* and your *Papers* with you, we need not trouble ourselves with the Intrigues of the *Court*, or the Confusions of *Germany*. Let me die if any thing can be finer than your Writings, and if the least Paragraph of the Book you shewed me does not infinitely exceed all *Frankfort* Fair; and those unweildy Volumes we receive from the *North*, to which we are indebted for the above-mentioned bulky *Blessings*, as well as Frost and Snow. I know indeed that the famous *President de Thou*, who was as nice a Judge of the *Roman* Eloquence, as he was of the Characters and Qualities of Men, had a mighty Opinion of the Writings of those Countries: But for my part, I cannot imagine what should make him so much in love with a People, whose *Wit* is cast in so different a Mould from his own, and who have not the least relish of  
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the *Latin* Purity, which you endeavour to copy with so scrupulous a Care, and so exact a Niceness. I don't doubt but that you will shew these *Northern* Gentlemen, as likewise those Pretenders on the other side of the *Mountains*, who fondly think that all but the *Italians* are meer *Laplanders*, after what manner Men talk'd in *Augustus's* Age, when Learning and Eloquence were at the height, and before the *Roman* Palates came to be debauch'd. Besides that *Propriety* of Words, and *Chastity* of Stile, which gives so much *Perspicuity* to every thing you write, it must farther be owned, that your *Thoughts* are so *bold* and *free*, that one would almost swear, that the ancient Republick of *Rome* spoke the very same, when she commanded the whole Universe; and that the *Senate* used the same Language in the *Injunctions* they laid upon Kings, and the *Answers* they sent to all the Nations of the *Earth*. But we will talk more of this when you come to my Habitation, where I long to see you, and where for the *Flowers*, the *Fruits*, and the delicious Shade I am preparing for you, I expect you will bring me all the Riches of *Art* and *Nature*. To use the Expression of my Lord Cardinal *d'Offat*, I give you a good Night; but must make bold to tell you, that if you look out for any sorry shifting Excuses to hinder your coming down to see me, I am resolved to be no longer

Your most humble Servant,

Balzac.

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## *A Letter of Monsieur Balzac to Cardinal de Richelieu.*

### *The Argument.*

Balzac here thanks his Eminence for condescending to write a Letter to him, wherein he was pleased to express himself in favour of his Works. As I have already observed, Perrault opposes this Letter to that of Cicero to Lucceius; but with what Justice the Reader will easily discover.

My Lord,

**T**HE Letter you did me the Honour to write to me, has done me as much Credit, as if the Publick had erected a thousand Statues to me, and I had been assured from some infallible Authority that my Writings deserved Commendation. To be praised by the Man, whom our Age opposes to all Antiquity, and whom Heaven may safely trust with the Government of this Sublunary World, is a Happiness which I could not have wish'd without Presumption; so that I can scarce resolve my self as yet, whether 'tis a Reality, or only an Illusion of my Fancy; But if it be true that my Eyes don't deceive me; and if it be likewise true, that you have pass'd your Judgment in my favour; you, who have been chosen by all France to carry her Petitions and Prayers to the King, and by the King to carry his Dispatches and Orders to his Armies and Cities: I must own to you, my Lord, that you have overpaid me before-hand for all the Services I shall ever be capable of doing you; and I should be the most ungrateful Creature upon Earth, if after I have received so distinguishing a Favour, I should pretend



tend to complain of my Fortune. And indeed, since the Preferments and Honours of *this* World are, generally speaking, either the Inheritance of *Folly*, or the Recompence of *Vice*; and *Vertue* is forc'd to content it self with bare *Esteem* and airy *Praises*, ought I not to think my self fully rewarded, I who have received from your Goodness, that which our greatest *Generals*, when they come home attended with *Conquests*, can hardly hope for? In short, when I have every thing which your *Eminence* might expect for your great and immortal *Actions*, if there were another *Cardinal de Richelieu* to reward you for them. But, my Lord, this last is a *Happiness* which will always be wanting to your *Glory*; so that after you have appeased the Fury of an enraged *Multitude* by your single Presence; after you have perswaded the *European* World by the force of your Arguments, to carry their Arms to the *Holy-land*, and deliver from Servitude that Country which had the Honour to behold our Saviour's *Cradle*: After you have brought over to the *Church* an entire *Body* of People, as well by the *Authority* of your *Example*, as that of your *Doctrine*; who is it that can pay to your Merits that *Incense* as they deserve? or where can you find any one to relate the *Miracles* of your Life, as I have done, to encourage my *poor* Studies, and small Performances? This gives me a Satisfaction which I cannot conceal; and my Joy is too just to be secret. Is it possible that so great a Genius, to which *Heaven* has prescribed no *Bounds*, and which was ordained from its very *Youth*, to perswade *Kings*, to instruct *Ambassadors*, and teach the *Statesmen* of four succeeding Reigns? is it possible, I say, that so great a Genius should have an *Esteem* for me? in whose Esteem his very *Enemies* agree; and who, where he is pleased to bestow his *Approbation*, effaces all Diversity of Opinions? If so inconfi-

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derable a Man as I am, pretended to disturb the Kingdom, I should strive to ingratiate my self with the Malecontents; and if I designed to make a Figure in a *populous State*, I should find my self obliged to *court* the good Opinion of all sorts of *People*. But, my Lord, give me leave to tell you, that I never took any Delight in Confusion and Disorder; and that it has been always my Ambition to please a *few* Persons, and those too of the most *exquisite* Judgment. Since you have been pleased to declare your self in my favour, and have brought over the better part of the *Court* to your side, I am not at all concerned at what the rest of the *World* think of me, but leave 'em like so many *Turks* and *Infidels*, who make up by far the *greatest* part of Mankind, to go on in their *Errors*. But, my Lord, I have the Vanity to believe, that there is not in all *France* one Man so well *conceited* of himself, or so fondly addicted to his own Opinion, but will be convinced that I am not altogether without *Merit*, since you *Eminence* has vouchsafed to write me so obliging a Letter, and will readily acquiesce in so *Authentick* a Testimony. If it is certain, that even the *Truth* it self would not be able to keep the Field against you, I make no question, but where these two *concur*, the Judgment they pass will be owned and approved by all the *World*. Thus, my Lord, I repose my self safely on this *Foundation*: And whatever Enemies the Reputation you have *bestowed* upon me, has created me, yet when I consider who you are, and what an *Influence* you have upon all that know you, I am not in the least apprehensive of carrying my *Cause*, since you been pleased to espouse it. I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most Humble  
and most Obedient Servant,

BALZAC.



*To Monsieur de A—— at Paris.*

*Being a short Account of the principal Things he observed in England.*

**I**F the People of *London* talked *French*, a Man wou'd almost fancy himself in the midst of *France*: Both Sexes go exactly *dress'd* as they do in *Paris*, and bating a few things, the manner of living is the same. Since our arrival here we have seen all the *remarkable* Places in this Town, as *White-hall*, *Somerset House*, *St. James's*, *Westminster-Abbey*, *St. Paul's*, *Temple-Bar*, the two *Exchanges*, and several other Buildings, which we shall give you a large *Account* of at our Return. One thing we much exceed *Paris* in, and that is, the great number of *pretty Ladies*, who are most plentifully furnish'd with *Bubbies*. As this is a cheap *Commodity* here, and very scarce in *France*, I was thinking to buy a good *Quantity* of them, and send them you in a Vessel *packed up* by two and two, with red *Ribbons* between them. I concluded that so *delicious* a Merchandise would not be *unwelcome* to you, and that you would be very well *pleased* to furnish some of your Acquaintance with them, who *want* them, and would willingly lay out their Money that way: But upon *second Thoughts*, considering that your Custom-house Officers, who let nothing escape them without *examining*, wou'd fuly them with their *unrighteous Hands*, I laid aside this Design; knowing full well that such *nice Commodities* would be spoil'd with handling, and lose all their *Charms* and *Beauty* before they could come to you. It was a sensible *Mortification* to me that this Obstacle *opposed* my Design, and hinder'd me from affording you

this *Satisfaction*. Since I have mention'd the *English Ladies*, I must inform you that they are *terribly* cruel in their Temper, but 'tis not such a sort of *Cruelty* as gives Occasion to mournful *Elegies*, that makes the disconsolate *Lover* hang or drown himself, that delights in the *Martyrdom* of Hearts, and the *Complaints* of desponding Wretches; for according to the *best* Advices I can receive, they make none of their Gallants die, but by *over-loading* them with their Favours: But they are *cruel* according to the Genius of their Nation, they love *Blood* and *Slaughter*, and after the manner they *talk* of it; one of their humble Servants cannot give them a more agreeable *Diversion*, than by *stabbing* somebody or other in their Company. And this is so certainly *true*, that a Stranger cannot but observe how this *barbarous* Inclination reigns even at their *Plays*, and in their *Theatres*. You know, my worthy Friend, that 'tis an *inviolable* Rule of our *Stage* not to expose any *Tragical* Objects to the Eyes of the Spectators: And therefore our Poets, that know the sweetness of our Temper, never exhibit any *bloody* Representations upon the Stage, nor suffer any *Murders* or *violent* Actions to appear there. On the contrary, the *English* Dramatick Authors, to flatter the *Savage* Humour and *Barbarity* of their Countrymen, make no *Conscience* of shedding *Blood* upon their Theatre, nay, *adorn* their Tragedies with the most cruel *Catastrophes* that can be imagin'd. Hardly a *Play* is acted but somebody is either *hanged* or *torn* to pieces, or *murdered* in it, and at such Passages the Ladies clap their Hands for Joy, and are ready to *burst* their sides with *laughing*. I had almost like to have forgot that they never *fail* once or twice a Week to see the Prize-Fighters *hack* and *mangle* one another at the *Bear-garden*, who, to please these



these *good-natur'd* Spectators, cut large Collops out of one another's Carcasses. By this you may judge of the Temper of the *English* Women: However, I wou'd not have you conclude from hence that they are *cruel* in all *other* Respects; for, as I have already observ'd, they are *favourable* enough to Lovers. 'Tis a frequent thing to carry them to the Tavern, where they'l take their Brimmers *heartily*, till they can scarce find their way out of the Room, and then to be sure they are not in a *Humour* to deny their Gallants any thing. There is a famous Publick House near *Moorfields*, where the Master keeps a parcel of *Fidlers* and *Dancers* in constant pay, who have nothing to do from Morning to Night but to *divert* those that come thither to drink. Here the whole *Quintessence* of their Gallantry is to be seen at one view: They are never without abundance of *merry* Fellows that carry their *Mistresses* thither; the House is somewhat built after the manner of an *Amphitheater*, and the principal Sport being in the *middle* of the Room, the Company behold it at the greatest *ease* imaginable. I have been *there*, and had my share in the *Diversi-*  
*on* it affords. We likewise went to see *Hampton-*  
*Court*, where the Court is at present, and which is the *Fountain-bleau* of *England*. We had the *Hon-*  
*our* of seeing their Majesties there: The young Queen is *low*, and of a *brown* Complexion, and by her Face 'tis easie to discover that she has a great deal of *goodness* and *sweetness* in her Nature. She has brought some four or five *Portuguese* Ladies with her, that are the most *deformed*, ill-looking Devils that ever bore the Name of *Women*. When a Man sees them among the *English* Maids of Honour that attend her, he would be apt to swear that *Heaven* and *Hell* were jumbled together, and that *Angels* and *Furies* were lately reconciled

to one another. But this is not all the *Trumpery* which the Queen has brought with her out of her own Country; for her Majesty has a Consort, as 'tis called, of Citterns, Harps, and the Lord knows what *Instruments*, that make the most wretched Harmony that ever was heard. Going to hear Mass, we were oblig'd to suffer this vile *Persecution*, and tho' I have none of the *nicest* Ears, I never heard such hideous Musick since I was born. As for *Hampton-Court*, 'tis a magnificent Pile of Building, but upon my Word comes not up either to our *St. Germain's*, or *Fountain-bleau*, no more than *White-hall* is to be put in the same Scale with the *Louvre*, or *St. James's House* with *Luxemburgh Palace*. When I was shown that dismal Place where the late King had his Head cut off, I could not forbear to pour out a thousand *Imprecations* against this rebellious Nation, and was infinitely pleased to see the City Gates, and other eminent Places adorn'd with the Heads and Limbs of those execrable *Regicides*. *Cromwell's Head*, of accursed Memory, was very much to my Satisfaction, placed over *Westminster-Hall*. I wish that the publick Examples of these *Criminals* may deter all *Rebels* for the future, and secure the Peace and Dignity of the *British Throne*, which has hardly recovered the terrible Shock it receiv'd in the late calamitous *Disorders*. And now, Sir, having seen all that is worth the seeing, we begin to think of taking our leave. Our Pockets have been most cruelly emptied since we have been here, for *Shilling* is the Word upon every Occasion. 'Tis impossible to make a visit to an *Englishman*, unless the *Shilling* marches in the Van. For my part, tho' I understand as little of their Language as I do of *Arabick*, yet methinks they talk of nothing but *Shilling, Shilling, Shilling*, everlastingly. In short, for this and twenty other good Reasons,



sons, 'tis *high* time for us to prepare, for our *departure* ; but alas ! 'tis with some *regret* we take up this Resolution. The Sea us'd us so *discourteously* in our Voyage hither, that we would not, if we cou'd possibly avoid it, *expose* our selves again to its *Fury* : Therefore, Sir, if you desire to see us once more in *France*, you must with all Expedition build us a Bridge from *Dover* to *Calais* : Otherwise I don't see how we shall get over.

I am

Your most Obedient Servant.

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To Monsieur des A—, from Antwerp.

Giving a Description of what our Author observ'd  
in Flanders.

WE are now at *Antwerp*, and in a few days intend to visit *Holland*. 'Tis worth any *curious* Man's while to make the *Tour* of *Flanders* : Here are a world of noble Cities, infinitely *finer* than ours in *France*. I had sent you a *large* Account of them if my Friend Mr L. B. had not *prevented* me in my Design, for he has acquitted himself with so much *Care* and *Exactness*, that 'tis impossible to *add* a Syllable to what he has written. By *virtue* of his Letters you'll *see* every thing as *distinctly* and *plainly* as if you had it before your *Eyes*, so that they give you all the *pleasure* of our Voyage, without ever stepping a foot out of *Paris* for't. However I am afraid that at our return he'l make you *pay* your part of the *Expence*, for 'tis not *reasonable* you should contribute nothing towards it, who receive the same *Satisfaction* as we,  
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yet suffer none of the same *Inconveniences*. Thanks to the *Relations* he has sent you from time to time, you have *beheld* every thing that is beautiful and remarkable in *Flanders*, sitting perhaps at your *ease* in your Elbow-chair in *Paris*, while we are *jumbled* to death in some cursed Waggon, that almost *shocks* us to pieces: Not to *inflame* your reckoning by telling you, that we are forced to take up with the most *pagan* Food that ever was known, to have *Butter* mingled in all our *Sawces*, *Butter* in the *beginning*, and *Butter* in the *conclusion*. To this I might *add*, that in abundance of places, they *understand* our Language no more than *Greek* or *Hebrew*; so that if I desire the *Servant-maid* of the House to bring me a little *Water*, ten to one but the *Gipsy* lays a huge *Loaf* before me. Not but that we have that *necessary* Animal call'd an *Interpreter* with us, but *Heavens!* What a *damn'd* plague is it to *talk* by an *Interpreter*? If the Fellow *leaves* you but a moment, all that while you must lose two of your *Senses*, and resolve to be *deaf* and *dumb*: Besides, Sir, consider how it must put a Man to the *blush* to ask for *certain* things that shall be *nameless*, by an *Interpreter*? and what a cruel *pennance* it is to a Person of my *intriguing* temper, not to be able to *whisper* a few *civil* things into the *Chamber-maid's Ears*, especially if she's *handsom*? Thus I have shewn you some of the *Inconveniences* we lie under: However, our Friend Mr L. B. as *tender* and *nice* as he is, has perfectly inured himself to all these *Hardships*. That *sickly* Gentleman, who cou'd not have rid from *Paris* to *Drancy* for his Heart, and who wou'd not have gone a *Mile* without a *Coach* to purchase the *Indies*, is the *easiest* Man in the World now, when he's in a Waggon, stow'd up between some *Tun-bellied* Monk, and some jolly *Flemmish* Hostess, ly-upon a *wholsome* Bundle of *Straw*, were he displays all his Stock of *Dutch* at once, to make himself understood in such *illustrious* Company. Wou'd you not be wonderfully *pleased* now to see him in this *merry* Equipage? But as I hinted to you above, he that was so mighty *squeamish* and *sickly* at *Paris*, is grown as *robust* as *Hercules* in his Travels, and I can assure you has no other *Illness* about him but that of not *sleeping* so well a nights; but the *Mischief* on't is, that he makes me bare a *good* Share of his *Illness*. When he can't sleep *himself*, he wishes all the World were *awake*, and is stark *mad* to see any one enjoy his *rest* when he's *without* it. And yet one wou'd think he uses *Exercise* enough in all conscience to make him sleep, for we hardly pass through any Town of note, but he must make the *Tour* of it upon the

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Ramparts, and this for the most part on foot, for a Coach is a Convenience that is not always to be had. This is not all, he must get you up to the top of the highest Towers and Steeples, that are of a prodigious height in this Country. Five hundred Steps of Stone or Wood, and above these five hundred Steps, four or five confounded Ladders, with some thirty or forty Rounds in each, terrify him no more, than if he had serv'd an Apprenticeship to a Mason. 'Tis to no purpose to tell him, that unless he had learn'd to dance upon the high Ropes, he must expect to break his Neck, and that he wou'd not get a Minute the sooner to Heaven for dying so high above ground: All Remonstrances of this nature are perfectly lost upon him; nay, what is worse, he obliges me to follow him in all these Frolics; me, I say, who to purchase all the Wealth of the Universe, wou'd not be hit in the Teeth with dying in the Air, for fear of dishonouring my Family; and who besides am not altogether so curious as he is, to see the Fortification, Plan, and Situation of every Town we pass through. These are his constant Recreations every day that passes over his Head, and yet he does not sleep a jot the better for't. The perpetual jangling of the Chimes too in all the great Towns of Flanders, is no small Ear-sore to us. 'Tis a sort of Musick that pleases a new Comer for twice or thrice, and one that was never us'd to it before, must needs be surprized to hear a Set of Bells play all the Notes of a Courant or Fig as distinctly as a Spinette or Harpsichord: So that the Fellow that looks after the Clock, may set every Family in any of their Towns a dancing, without putting them to a farthing Expence for Violins and other Instruments. As I told you 'tis a pleasant Surprise enough, but take my word for it, a Man soon grows weary of the noise; for this Harmony stuns one every quarter of an hour: So that the Lord have mercy, say I, upon all good Christians that live near these Steeples, but especially upon such as like our Friend Mr. L. B. have no great Inclination to sleep. Heaven be praised we shall remove into another Country to morrow, where the Bells are not so clamorous and importunate. Before I leave this Town, I cannot but own to you, that Antwerp is one of the finest Cities a Man can desire to see. The Magnificence of the Churches, the Cleanness of the Streets, the fine Furniture of the private Houses, is a quite different thing from what we have in France. There is hardly a Tradesman's House without abundance of good Pictures in the rooms, for most of 'em have a natural Genius to Painting: The People are honest and industrious, the Women beau-



*beautiful* and *free*, and for that reason not given to *Gallantry*, whatever *Stories* you may have heard of the many *Conquests* the *French* made at *Brussels* among the fair Sex. I think 'tis impossible to give a *stronger* Demonstration of their Chastity, than that there are certain Societies of Religious Women call'd *Beguines* here. In some places you may see eleven hundred of them lodge together, who take no *Vow* upon them, go about the Town when they *please*, receive *Visits* from Gentlemen in their Chambers, and use all the innocent *Freedom* imaginable, yet it was never heard that they were *suspected* of the least *Gallantry*, or charged with any the least *scandalous* Disorder. Having told you this, you may easily conclude, that the *Flemish* Ladies have no mighty *Inclination* to love. I dare pawn my Reputation, that if we had such Houses in *France*, where young Women might *dispose* of themselves as they *fancy* best, without any Guardian, or Relations, or Husband to *controul* them; that *Intriguing* wou'd be much more in *vogue* among them, and that our *French* Ladies wou'd not be altogether so reserv'd and cold as those of *Flanders*. I am

Your, &c.

*To the same.*

*A Description of Holland.*

THE Persecution I suffer from Mr L. B. daily *increases* upon me. A Man that travels in his Company ought to *renounce* Sleep for good and all: Because forsooth I sleep a little better than he does, he immediately concludes I take too large a Dose of it, and everlastingly buzzes in my Ear, that it may be *prejudicial* to my health. Ever since we came from *Delft*, where, besides the famous Tomb of the Prince of Orange, we saw that of Admiral *Tromp*, whose Epitaph begins with *Hic jacet qui vivus nunquam jacuit*, he daily recommends him to me as an *Example* to follow, and to qualify me for having such an *Inscription* upon my Tomb when I am *dead*, wou'd never have me go to *bed* by his good will while I am *alive*. Let me conjure you, Sir, the next time you write to him, to desire him to give civil *Quarter* to your humble Servant, and endeavour to persuade him, that such *Persons* as I, who have more Body than Soul, ought to be allow'd half as much Sleep again as *other* Mortals. You may *back* this, if you please, by representing to him, that during our Stay in *Holland* he ought at least to give me *Liberty* of

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*Conscience*, which is the *best* and most *staple* Commodity of these Provinces. Since I have mentioned the Word *Liberty*, it may not be *amiss* to observe to you, that these fat Gentlemen keep a *furiously* pother about it. A Man that hears them talk of the *French* and their Government, wou'd swear we were nothing else but a pack of *Slaves* and *Vassals*, with the *Rod* always at our *Posteriors*, to make us *mind* our *Business*, and that no People are so fit to *command* the *Universe* as the *Dutch*. They talk of *Crown'd Heads* with as much *Arrogance* as the ancient Citizens of *Rome*: They rail incessantly at our Constitution, at our *selling* of *Offices* and other *Places*, pretending I know not how many *Abuses* are occasion'd by it, and say that nothing but true *Merit* and *Virtue* advances a Man's *Fortune* in their Country. If what they say is *true*, 'tis certain that *only* those that have the *biggest* Bodies, and *greatest* Bellies, have the most *Merit* to recommend them; for I have remarked that there needs no *other* Qualification to make a Man a Counsellor or Burgomaster, but a *mighty* Paunch; for which reason, if our Friend Mr. L. B. has a mind to *continue* in these Provinces, I believe without *flattering* him, he may justly pretend to the *highest* Preferments of State; for altho' he sleeps very little, yet the *Butter*, *Cheese* and *Beer*, upon which at this present Writing he feeds as heartily as a natural *Dutch-man*, have so exceedingly *improved* the bulk of his Person, that you'll *bless* your self to see him at his return. However, I don't believe he'd *settle* his abode here, tho' to possess himself of the *highest* Post in the Government; for as you know him to be a very good *Catholick*, the difficulty of going to *Mass* here will be an *invincible* obstacle in his way. The truth on't is, I am exceedingly *scandalized*, that those Sons of *Circumcision*, the *Jews*, should be allowed more *Elbow-room* at *Amsterdam*, than honest *Catholicks*. Your *Bawdy-houses* at *Paris* live not in half the *dread* of that *Heathenish* Animal, the *Commissary of the Ward*, as the poor *Mas*-houses here. However, I have had leisure enough to observe, that not the Men but the *Government* has this aversion for our Religion. The *Hollanders* don't so much hate *Rome* as they do *Madrid*, and for my part 'tis an Article of my *Faith*, that they wou'd sooner be prevail'd upon to submit to the *Pope*, than the King of *Spain*. Happening to be in Company with some *Butter-boxes* t'other Morning, a Friend of ours, that was in the *bantering* Strain, told them that the *Inquisition* was certainly going to be put down, that a *Protestant* Minister had lately got leave to preach publicly at *Madrid*: In short, that his *Catholick* Majesty was  
upon



the point of declaring himself a *Hugonot*. Upon this, a fat *Hollander* in the Room twirled his *Whiskers*, and in the *fulness* of his Heart replied, That if the *Spaniard* turn'd *Hugonot*, the *Hollanders* would find themselves obliged to turn *Catholicks* the next moment after. And now, Sir, I leave it to you to determine whether they have any real *Affection* for their own Religion, or any positive *Aversion* to ours. It may justly enough be affirmed of them, that they hate nothing in the World but the *Spanish Tyranny*, and love nothing cordially but their *Silver*. Were it not for this, they would infallibly be the *honestest Fellows* in the Universe. As for their *Women*, you may take it for a general Rule without Exception, that they are fair complexion'd and pretty to a Miracle. In *North Holland* particularly, all the *Lasses* have such *delicate Heads of Hair*, and so agreeable a *mixture* of white and red in their *Cheeks*, that the most indifferent among them wou'd pass for a *topping Beauty* at *Paris*. At the same time I must frankly own to you, that the *generality* of them are little better than so many *Images* in *Wax-work*, and have no greater a share of *Understanding* than meerly to *distinguish* Beer from Wine, and Butter from Cheese; so that a Man needs not put himself to any great *Expence* in Oaths, to perswade them that he's in Love with them. Altho' they have no great inclination to *Gallantry* on Nature's side, yet 'tis no *difficult* matter to draw them into the Net. They do out of down right *Stupidity* that which our *Women* in *Paris* do out of *Gayety*, but then their *Caresses* are so cold and *phlegmatick*, and they have so wicked a relish of *Joke*, that, as I am credibly inform'd, in the very *Crisis* of Pleasure, and in the most *transporting* Moments of Blis, they'll eat Apples and crack Nuts. But this is not all I have to surprise you with: In the Business of *Gallantry* nothing can be so diametrically *opposite* to *Paris* as *Amsterdam*: For here none but your young *Maidens* will grant you any Favours, but when once they are got within the Circle of *Matrimony*, and have pronounc'd those terrible Words for better for worse, you may sooner borrow Money of an *Usurer*, than prevail with them to show you the least *Civilities*. While they are at your own disposal, you may make them fetch and carry, lie down and do what you please; but when they have taken the dismal Name of *Wives* upon them, all the Wealth in the *Indies* will not tempt them to injure their Husbands: And indeed they derive no little *Advantage* from this *politick* Self-denial, for they govern their Husbands at Discretion, who are such tame passive Creatures, that to this very Hour it was never known that a married Man in *Holland* bestow'd any Conjugal

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*Discipline* upon his Wife. If a Man should administer a few transitory *Kicks* to his crooked *Rid*, tho' the *Provocation* were never so *just*, he must expect to be sent to *Bridewell* for his Pains, and do three or four Years *Pennance* in *Prison*: And the Reason is, because no Man is allowed in this *blessed* Country, to do himself *Justice*. Nay, a Master or *Mistress* that should be so *ill-advised*, as to give their Footman or Servant-maid a *Box* in the *Ear*, wou'd certainly be called *coram nobis* for't, and forced to pay them a *Years* Wages, tho' they had lived but five *Days* in their Service. After this I leave you to judge how insolent these *Vermin* are, and whether you wou'd chuse a *Valet* out of *Holland*. But if this Custom is *faulty*, they have others that deserve to be *imitated*. As for the *Crosses* and *Afflictions* of the World, they have the *best* Maxims that can be imagined. Not to displease those *worthy* Gentlemen the *Stoics*, who have preached so long upon thole *Thread-bare* Topics of *Constancy* and *Resolution*, the *Hollanders* have put that in *practice* which the others have only recommended in *Theory*. Certainly no People in the World receive Misfortunes with less *Emotion*: Let what Accidents soever *besal* them, they comfort themselves that something *worse* might have happen'd to them: If they chance to break a *Leg* or an *Arm*, they think themselves *favourably* dealt with that they did not break their *Necks*: If a *Tempest* at Sea *sinks* some of their Vessels, they thank Heaven for *sparing* the rest; or if their *Houses* are burnt down by *Fire*, they are well enough pleased that they escap'd it *themselves*. Thus, Sir, you see what admirable *Consolations* they give themselves in *Holland*, which are not so *commonly* practis'd in our Climate. I should swell this Letter to too enormous a *Bulk*, should I pretend to set down all those *useful* Maxims that are establish'd here for the repose of human Life: For then I should be obliged to *wast* a great deal of Paper to acquaint you with those *just* and *solid* Notions they have of *Love* and *Honour*, how much they despise these two *foolish* *Chymera's*, and how they laugh at us for paying a *servile* Adoration to a brace of worthless *Idols* of our own making. Besides, if the *Hollanders* can't boast so *ready* a Wit, and so *fruitful* an Invention as ours, yet they may *justly* boast a *greater* Application to *Business*, and more *Industry* than we. 'Tis indeed *prodigious* to observe that a Country, which *hardly* produces any thing of its own growth, shou'd yet have *Plenty* of all that the Universe *affords*; which is intirely owing to their infinite *Trade*, and the good *Constitution* of their Government. The Limits of a Letter are too *confin'd* to recount to you a thousand *remarkable* things, as the Magnificence of the *Stadt-house* at



*Amsterdam*, the neatness and rich Furniture of their private Houses, which are *exactly* built so as to answer one another, the Beauty and vast numbers of their Canals in the midst of their Streets, all of them planted with great Trees on each side so regularly, that a Stranger can hardly tell whether he sees a City in a Forrest, or a Forrest in a City. To this I might add with what Art, as well as Expedition, they can build you a Ship or a House, the vast Expence and Trouble they are at in keeping their Dikes, and what wonderful Correspondence which their Traffic gives them in all the Corners of the World. In short, Sir, I should be forced to write an *entire* Volume, to give you a tolerable Account of all the Wonders of this little Republic. But I may very well spare you the trouble of my Relations, for you are in great danger, let me tell you, of meeting a greater Persecution than you'd expect. Our worthy Friend Mr. L. B. is *almost* resolved, since he's in the humour of travelling, to make a Visit to Denmark, Sweden, Poland, and the rest of the Northern Countries. However, I am in good hopes we shall make the best of our way to *Liege* through *Bois le duc* and *Maestricht*, and when we are got safe thither, we shall soon determine how to dispose of our selves. Thus, Sir, you see that in spite of the Proverb, I am like to leave *Holland* without making my Fortune there; not that I have been wanting to my self in any respect to bring it about, but the mischief on't is, that I have not as yet been able to find out any Employment that Suits my Inclination, except it be that of teaching your young Wenches of about fifteen or sixteen, the French Language, with whom their Masters take all the familiarity you can wish, and perswade them to do every thing they have a mind to, provided they tell 'em 'tis the Mode and Fashion of France. If I knew but a little Dutch to introduce me, this wou'd be the fittest as well as the most agreeable way of turning the Penny; but as 'tis my Misfortune to be able to speak no other Language but what I learnt of my Nurse, and a few Fragments of Latin, which I pick'd up at College, I am forced to leave *Holland*, as I told you before, without making my Fortune there. However, I can honestly assure you, that I am not in the least mortified at it, since I should be ashamed to find it any where else but in your Friendship, as being with the utmost Sincerity

Your most humble

And most obliged Servant.

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FINIS

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